This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07576775 0

a

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THEODORE;

OR, SUMMER AND SEYMOUR HALL.

"It evidently issues from the mind of one who has made the early working of children's minds his study and delight. It has this excellence, that young children can perfectly understand it; and mothers who are really interested in the training of children may read it with great advantage. Many an erring parent will perceive the early snare, which had it been detected and corrected in time, would have spared many a future pang. In fact, the book must be read; and mothers, when their children read, may also mark, learn, and inwardly digest it, to their own profit and edification."—*Era.*

"Has a higher aim than is generally taken by books of its class. . . . There are, besides, a few fairy tales, with excellent morals,—so that the sugar and salt are judiciously made to succeed one another."—*Illustrated London News.*

"The author has accomplished his design very successfully."—*Critic.*

THE ISLAND OF LIBERTY;

OR, EQUALITY AND COMMUNITY.

"The writer is perfectly successful."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

"Carried out in many passages with wonderful power. We can cordially recommend it."—*Melbourne Argus.*

"We hope it may do good."—*English Review.*

GABRIELLE.

A TALE OF TWO HEROINES.

"Worth reading, worth purchasing, and worth keeping."—*Bookseller.*

"Agreeably written, and full of much sound teaching."—*Churchman's Companion.*

"An interesting story."—*Publishers' Circular.*

"A tale designed, among other lessons, to teach the sad effects of a bereaved mind feeding upon its own sorrows; and, on the other hand, the blessed influence of religion in sustaining another, called to pass through a similar trial."—*Record.*

WHO WINS?

BEING THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

SAMUEL BASIL CARLINGFORD,

M.D.

THIRD EDITION.

"Fronting the question without ruth
Not ignorant that evermore,
If men will stoop and kiss the truth
She lifts them higher than before."
The Angel in the House.

LONDON:
JARROLD & SONS, 12, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1867.

M.L.S

574668

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. AND W. RIDER,
BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

HAVING been requested to correct this work for a Third Edition, within one year of the last, the Author must again express warm thanks for the kindness with which it has been received.

A few trivial alterations have been made in this edition; but as the book is in nowise either a medical or controversial work, and merely professes to be a narrative of facts, it is not of a character to require much change.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

My Parentage—Family—Birth, and Name 1

CHAPTER II.

My early years and my mother's death 4

CHAPTER III.

My cousin Sylvia 6

CHAPTER IV.

Youthful anxieties in the art of healing 9

CHAPTER V.

Going to school, and turning to be a doctor 15

CHAPTER VI.

My study of medicine, and the death of my brother Henry . 16

CHAPTER VII.

Conclusion of my studies—Illness of my brothers—A young Quakeress and her "little chest" 19

CHAPTER VIII.

Shows how the young Quakeress was converted by her little dog to become a votary of the "little chest" 21

CHAPTER IX.

About the renewal of cousinly intercourse being more difficult than formerly—and "trifles" for the "jealous" . . . 23

CHAPTER X.

Whereupon I make myself miserable, and return home to real trouble 26

CHAPTER XI.

A paper on popular delusions 28

CHAPTER XII. PAGE

Personal delusions partially dispelled 31

CHAPTER XIII.

The "rural ceremony" of "rush-bearing" 34

CHAPTER XIV.

The preacher and the poet 38

CHAPTER XV.

Rydal Mount 40

CHAPTER XVI.

Summer excursions which did not end in marriage—and winter walks which revived jealousy 43

CHAPTER XVII.

Changes at home and abroad 46

CHAPTER XVIII.

Gloomy meditations, and their remedy 48

CHAPTER XIX.

I discover my prospects to be much better than I thought them to be 50

CHAPTER XX.

A most unlooked for turn of events 52

CHAPTER XXI.

On there being two views of the subject—even now 54

CHAPTER XXII.

A very hard passage over smooth waters 57

CHAPTER XXIII.

A portion of my history which has been better told by others—and a portion of which I had better tell myself 60

CHAPTER XXIV.

A violent remedy in a severe case 63

CHAPTER XXV. PAGE

A certain shield which had two sides 65

CHAPTER XXVI.

Something unexpected at last 69

CHAPTER XXVII.

Personal experience produces personal conviction 72

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Another convert, and the causes of his conversion 75

CHAPTER XXIX.

On the unpleasantness of taking what we have given . . 78

CHAPTER XXX.

Upon certain practical experiences and discoveries, and certain disbelief of the same 81

CHAPTER XXXI.

About its being more expedient to nurse young olive branches than vain regrets. and sundry hindrances thereto . . 84

CHAPTER XXXII.

A case in which a man may be glad to find himself in the wrong . 87

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A case where a man may be sorry to find he has been mistaken, and what became of jealousy 90

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Who and what the lady was, and where the gentleman met with her 92

CHAPTER XXXV.

What were "the consequences," and what "everybody said" . 93

CHAPTER XXXVI.

About a little new honey found in an old hive 96

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Old hands in new shoes 98

CHAPTER XXXVIII. PAGE
"Seeming and being" 100

CHAPTER XXXIX.
About little things having little stings 102

CHAPTER XL.
Little plagues and great blessings 106

CHAPTER XLI.
The way to train little minds to little deceptions . . . 109

CHAPTER XLII.
About a little poison going a long way 112

CHAPTER XLIII.
The "little chest" proves a great blessing and a great barrier . 115

CHAPTER XLIV.
The course of "true love," and how it "did run" . . . 119

CHAPTER XLV.
Patience becomes a virtue of necessity 122

CHAPTER XLVI.
Old prejudices change into new pleasures 125

CHAPTER XLVII.
The "little chest" causes great trouble 126

CHAPTER XLVIII.
The "little chest" works wonders 128

CHAPTER XLIX.
The laughing and winning 131

CHAPTER L.
Containing a much more important life than the preceding one . 134

WHO WINS?

CHAPTER I.

MY PARENTAGE—FAMILY—BIRTH AND NAME.

My father was a country squire, of small means, but unencumbered estate, of the name of William Carlingford, in the county of Westmoreland. He traced his origin to a certain knight who came over with the Conqueror, as he scrupled not to call him; accounting the previous independence of Britons to be in no ways affected by the will of Edward the Confessor, but that his own good sword had given him a right to possession. Whether any honour might accrue to his family by being in such company or not, it is certain his name and estate were down in the Doomsday Book, and had descended by entail from father to son, during a period of eight hundred years.

The Carlingfords had, at different periods, distinguished themselves both in church and state; but it was a generally received opinion that no Carlingford had a head for business; and any unfortunate member of the family who engaged in this pursuit generally lost all he had, and returned penniless to the ancient domain; or, ashamed of his ill success, passed his life as a lone bachelor in some obscure and unknown retreat. The consequence was, that the family estate, having various drains upon it, had not been increased as time went on. Its honour, however, was not counted by its wealth; and many distinguished families, at various periods of time, had felt it no degradation to mix their blood with the lovely daughters of our house.

My father had married in early life the only daughter of a distant relative, who died young, covered with the laurels of military glory, and bequeathed his widow and infant child (my mother) to the care of my grandfather.

The fruit of this marriage was a numerous offspring of delicate

children. Three Williams were lost in succession; the first, it was said, from a mistake of the nurse in administering its medicine. My father had been called away on urgent business about the time of my mother being taken ill. He was detained in the south longer than he expected. On his return, using all possible haste, in those days of dilatory posts and travelling, he preceded his letters by one post each day. When he reached home, he found his firstborn already laid in its last earthly resting-place.

The second child died from convulsions in teething; and the third, in infancy, from the whooping cough. Another fine boy was lost when about five years old from an attack of croup. But, notwithstanding all these trials, my parents reared beyond the age of childhood three sons and three daughters, of whom I must give a slight sketch, and then proceed to my own entrance into life, which event happened some years after that of my brothers and sisters. My three brothers who grew up were called Robert, Richard, and Henry, after grandfathers and grand-uncles time out of mind. My three sisters were called Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne, on the same principle; all good English names, as they were then esteemed.

My sister Elizabeth died about the age of seventeen, from a violent cold caught at an evening party, after being heated with dancing. Though the most prompt measures were immediately used to subdue the inflammation, she never rallied; and sunk, as my poor mother often said, from not being able to bear the remedies. Her delicate constitution never revived after the application of bleeding and other approved treatment, and she was laid in one week beside her infant brothers, beneath a large four-sided monument, in the churchyard of Grasmere.

My second sister was afflicted as an infant with an affection of the skin, which my mother was very desirous to have cured. An outward application was made use of, and the face and skin apparently resumed the natural state. But as the child lay in the cradle, my mother perceived a deep red appearance about one eye, the inflammation from which increased till the eye was entirely gone, and she remained with a clear skin, without any hope of the recovery of her sight. The other eye became extremely weak, and she was subject to violent pain and continual headaches. For this, she endured the frequent application both of blisters and leeches, but her general health seemed to droop more and more, and she found no permanent relief from these remedies. After the death of her sister she gradually faded away, and was followed by my last sister in decided consumption not very long afterwards.

All these events happened while I was so young that I scarcely recollect any of them personally; but on my poor mother they produced a deep and lasting effect, and made her most painfully solicitous about her yet remaining children.

There was an interval of at least ten years between my youngest brother and me. Having duly kept up the names of their forefathers in those given to my brothers, and having never expected another son to carry down those honours to posterity, my mother was indulged in the privilege, then very rare, of choosing "a fancy name" for me: and an extraordinary fancy her choice was considered in those days, when there was none of their "kindred" who was "called by that name."

Samuel, then, was her first choice, because it was a Scripture name; and she regarded the early history of the illustrious judge of Israel as a perfect model of childlike obedience and faith, which she trusted to see exemplified in the child who bore his name.

My second name—an unusual thing also in those days, for one was considered an abundantly sufficient designation—was Basil.

Now my mother was very sentimental and very poetical. She was regarded, among the sober housewives of her day, as a very remarkable woman; and it was considered a wonder that, with all her strange fancies, her house and her children were managed so well. It was in the early days of what were then called "the Lake Poets"—and a strange, incomprehensible set of beings they were thought to be. Their poetry was regarded as yet more strange and incomprehensible than themselves; and those few who attempted to read it could seldom "make much out from it." The subjects were so extraordinary, the metre so difficult; and altogether they "did not think there was much in them."

How different from the simplicity of those flowing verses, which anybody could understand,—

> "My banks they are furnished with bees," &c., &c.

Or the plain and interesting narrative,—

> "Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest;
> The young who labour, and the old who rest."

This last, by the way, was long a puzzler to me; as, while I read the easy cadence—which, so musical in its flow, I am ashamed to say never caught my attention enough to divine the meaning—it left me in a state of perplexity as to whether the excellent man of Ross portioned the maids and apprentices himself, or was portioned by them; the "portioning" being an act the meaning of which I never looked into at all.

Forgive my digression. My gentle mother, however, took extreme delight in the incomprehensible productions of these strange aforenamed "Lake Poets." Of Southey especially she never wearied. Her earnest desire to have a son bearing the name of the good bishop he commemorates in one of his "rhapsodies" was fulfilled in me; and I was christened "Samuel Basil."

CHAPTER II.

MY EARLY YEARS AND MY MOTHER'S DEATH.

And so, up to the age of ten years, I was my mother's darling. I use the expression as a simple fact; I do not wish to infer any deduction from it. My brothers were all pursuing their education away from home; my gentle sisters were taken from the family circle; and all the fondness of a mother's tender heart was, during this period, chiefly centred in me. I was her constant companion; my childish amusements were carried on by her side; she liked having me with her continually, to divert her mind from recent sorrows. As my mind and years gradually advanced, she herself superintended my early education; and with unswerving patience enabled me to acquire the difficult art of reading, in addition to the simpler power of writing and arithmetic. She carefully instructed me also in grammar, by familiar illustrations making me thoroughly comprehend the various parts of speech. After this, she taught me, with the greatest accuracy, the rudiments of Latin; never permitting the slightest mistake to be passed over, and making attentive care in the learning and repeating of my lessons so absolute a point to attain her approbation, that it necessarily became a habit. She never gave me long lessons; but all I did was to be done well and thoroughly. My poetry, geography, history, all acquired a charm under her teaching; and habits of application were early implanted in my mind, while the hours given to them were far from being prolonged, so as to cause fatigue and inattention.

"Now go and play." How her words still sound in my ears, when my morning tasks were duly completed. And these words were with me as imperative as—"Do not bring me your book till you can say your lesson perfectly."

Prompt obedience, perfect truthfulness, and entire trustworthiness, were qualities from which my mother never permitted the slightest deviation. Any disregard of her injunctions, I knew perfectly well, would be followed by punishment.

"I love you too much to permit you to be naughty, Basil."

And often was the fault confessed to her, with the certainty in my own mind of the punishment that would follow it, when, but for my own confession, it would never have been known.

My mother never swerved from her word; there was no caprice, no uncertainty in her conduct towards me. When dismissed after my morning duties, I was allowed to play as might best suit my inclination, within the prescribed limitations. I always loved the open air, and was permitted the indulgence of several pets to amuse me, for I was for several years a lone child. Often when thus engaged with my little mute companions, my father passed by

where I was playing, and I heard the words, "Poor Basil!" escape from him.

"Poor Basil!" thought I, "and why poor Basil? I am very happy."

It was many years afterwards before this exclamation received its solution in my mind; but it was one from which my father rarely deviated, when he spoke of me, as long as I can remember. He had made up his mind that I ought to have been a girl, to comfort them for the loss of their daughters. He could not take me himself from my mother's care and tuition, for he hated teaching, and felt he could not deprive her of so great a solace as her care of me had proved. He thought anxiously of the future—how with his small means he could educate another boy. He was persuaded that my mother would spoil me, and that I should grow up "a good for nothing"—never be fit to rough it, or come to any good.

Every trait in my character which my mother repeated to him only evoked a sigh at her fond partiality, and confirmed him yet further in the belief that I must be spoiled.

He knew not *how* my lessons were conducted; but when he saw me at play, with liberty to amuse myself for nearly one half of the day, he believed I learned nothing; he thought my time was wasted; he was convinced I should never turn out well. And instead of all this, I was really growing up a fine healthy lad, with plenty of intelligence and common sense. I learned a great deal from my pets, though they often came to unfortunate ends, as is proverbial with domestic animals in such cases.

I shall not dwell here on the various calamities from which they suffered; but when some unforeseen accident had occurred, or some illness had rapidly carried off one of my favourites, my heart, like all affectionate children's hearts in such cases, was filled with very deep grief.

"Dry your tears, Basil, it cannot be helped," said my mother. "If I allow you to keep pets, you must expect such accidents as these. Bear it like a man."

And like a man I determined I would bear it; aye, and every other event that, in this world of changes and chances, could not be helped. Up to this period I had had but very little intercourse with my brothers. The disparity in our ages was too great to render companionship of a boy's kind possible; and when at home, they were happiest engaged in long rambles among our beautiful mountains, too far for me to accompany them, or in such sports as were far beyond my age and powers to unite in.

They all adopted my father's view of my capabilities and prospects; and "poor little Basil" was their general expression about me. I felt inclined to rebel against this designation; but the conviction that my mother must be obeyed in those things in which she restrained me, prevented my giving a spirited demon-

stration that I was more of a man than they thought me, and could climb the hills or wield a bat with as much energy, if not equal power, as themselves. These restraints were, I have no doubt, forced upon my mother's mind by the conviction that her children were not endowed by nature with strong constitutions, and must be carefully nurtured in their earliest years. However it might be, Providence did not leave me much longer to the watchful guidance of this most excellent mother. When I was ten years old she was taken from me, after a long and gradual decline, which was scarcely known, except to herself, and perhaps to me.

"Basil, when I am gone you must be a good boy, and remember all I have taught you, and not forget your prayers." And another time she would say, "When I am gone you must not cry much, for we cannot always be together here, and we ought not to cry over what cannot be helped." I scarcely understood or heeded her words when spoken; but they were too soon recalled to my mind by the fulfilment of her expectations, and then I did not forget them. Gentle mother—have not her early teaching and her admonitions been ever engraved on my heart?—may they never be effaced!

After her death my eldest brother, Robert, who had taken a respectable degree at Cambridge, went to learn practical farming in Scotland. My second brother, Richard, through great interest, procured a secretaryship to one of our ambassadors in a foreign court; and my third brother, Henry, remained at college, intending to "go into the church." For me—I had lost my mother and my teacher, and for some time was left without instruction. My father then sent me to learn whatever the curate at Ambleside could teach me; and though the distance was considerable, I still found time to play with my cousin Sylvia. Sylvia! But for her I must commence a new chapter.

CHAPTER III.

MY COUSIN SYLVIA.

My cousin Sylvia was one of the loveliest and sweetest little beings ever clothed in mortal flesh. She was a sunbeam that brightened and gladdened every spot where she appeared, and no common heart could be insensible to the winning charm of her gentle voice, her soft smile, and joyous laugh, even from her earliest childhood. And this bright little being was my cousin, my playfellow, my companion, through the most important period of my early and maturer youth.

We were but distantly related; still there was the tie of kindred, and to us it was all-sufficient. We were cousins. It

formed the first bond between us. But the ties of affection were yet stronger; she was my cousin, my sister, my friend. She was all in all to me, especially after the death of my beloved mother.

Our mothers had been great friends before us, and so had our grandmothers; indeed, the families of Carlingford and Kennicott had always been upon the most friendly terms with each other, even when not united by the ties of relationship through marriage; though from time to time, during many generations, the bonds of friendship had been thus drawn closer between them.

My grandmother and the great-grandmother of Sylvia, whose Christian names respectively were abbreviated into Betsey and Nancy, had for many years, according to the fanciful custom of those earlier days, corresponded under the names of Amanda and Delia. Amanda, in her younger days, had been apostrophized under that name by a poet whose verses never reached a second edition. And Delia used to find the missives of her faithful swain tied with true lover's knots in her garden, concealed where attention was most sure to be provoked by one so fond of flowers, beneath a rose bush or among the lilies. Here, on her first morning entrance into her garden, she would discover them, glowing with devotion and wet with dew. Our mothers lived in an age when these fancies were discarded, and what was deemed "common sense" was all predominant—an "age of reason." Yet was not their friendship one bit less real, less warm. Each in their generation had esteemed themselves cousins—relatives—friends.

Sylvia's mother had come from a distance—what in those days was accounted a great distance—and was the daughter of a merchant in a large town. He had made a good fortune, and was anxious to make himself a good family. His own son now lived in a princely mansion; his daughters each had portions of about two thousand pounds.

So small a sum was deemed unworthy of settlement in the marriage preliminaries. Mr. Kennicott was an honourable man and a gentleman, living on his own inherited estate. He never spent beyond his income; he had no needy relations. The sum was accounted as secure in his hands without settlement as with it; and so it was left.

This lady, whose mind had been highly cultivated for the age in which she lived, had died some years before my mother, at the birth of her first child, my Sylvia, who was at least five years younger than myself. Encouraged by my mother's example, she had, previous to her death, chosen a fancy name for her child, should it be a girl.

She loved the fair hills and woods, the lakes and streams of the country, into which she had come but a short time before as a

youthful and happy bride. She loved the poetry, too, of those fair regions; and discarding the sensible names by which all her family had hitherto been distinguished, she struck out into the erratic path my mother had already chosen; and in compliance with her wishes, in spite of great opposition and extreme dissatisfaction among her own friends, her husband faithfully adhered to her request; and as my mother held the unconscious infant in her arms at the font, Sylvia, and Sylvia only, was the name she gave.

Sylvia!—now, my dear reader, can you believe it possible in days so little removed from our own—from these enlightened times, when prejudice on any subject, and especially on the subject of names, is a thing entirely unknown,—can you, I say, believe it possible, that from the simple fact of her name—because it was neither after mother nor grandmother, aunt nor great-aunt, but especially because it was not after her mother's mother—this poor child was deprived of all interest from these wealthy relatives, and almost forgotten by them as to her very existence. She lived far away; she was not "called after any of them;" "they were not good enough for her to bear their name." "What had they to do with her?" And so very little indeed they had to do with her. And the family not being congenial to her father, who was too proud to seek their favour towards his child, that little became less, until all intercourse with his wife's relations ceased entirely. For some time after the first year of his widowerhood "everybody" expected Mr. Kennicott would marry again.

He was young, handsome, and agreeable; but though it was frequently said he was going to marry this or that lady, years went on, and he still remained the same. He was a literary man; wrote in the periodicals of the day; loved the country; loved quiet; loved his infant child almost to idolatry; had an aunt of his own to superintend his household; and remained a widower, till everybody said that "Mr. Kennicott never would marry again."

My mother loved the infant Sylvia most tenderly; though Mrs. Kennicott had been many years younger than herself, it had not prevented the most entire friendship and sympathy between them. After her decease, the child having been already commended to her care by her departing parent, my mother took the most lively interest and watchful charge over this precious infant, whom she felt doubly bound to her love by the affection she had had for her mother, and also from her own loss of fostering maternal tenderness.

Miss Kennicott was an excellent woman, who looked after all her nephew's concerns with faithful care, and understood well all she undertook. She allowed my mother, however, to look after Sylvia as much as she pleased, and often frankly confessed

she understood nothing about children. The consequence naturally was that Sylvia was continually at our house. The properties, though separated by a mountain and a lake, adjoined; and these were but trifles, far from being impassable, even in our early years. I had a donkey, the descended favourite of all her children. Often and often did I canter along the winding road, nearly two miles distance, which led from our house to Mr. Kennicott's, to bring Sylvia over to pass the afternoon with us. I was not, indeed, trusted at this time without a servant on such expeditions. I felt, notwithstanding, almost an equal amount of independence and protective care towards my little cousin, as I could truthfully feel I had been to fetch her. To my care apparently was she entrusted by her good aunt, with injunctions often repeated, rarely or never disobeyed, to be sure "and bring her home before dark."

After my mother's death I was a more frequent visitor to Sylvia than she was to me. But by degrees we fell into our usual habits again, and as our years increased, though Sylvia was, as I said, several years my junior, we were permitted to wander together as we pleased, with little restraint upon our movements, provided we were always punctual at meal-times; and so, our mornings being mutually devoted to our lessons, and strict attention required while about them, the afternoons were generally at our own disposal, except one hour for needlework, on which Miss Kennicott always insisted for Sylvia; and rather than be parted from her, if this hour was not over when I arrived, I confess, without shame, that I learnt from Miss Kennicott to knit, to net, and to knot,—nay, even to sew, to make nightcaps in "the shepherd's purse-stitch"—the modern crochet,—and was regarded by her as a very good boy, who might be trusted with Sylvia, and who never got into mischief.

CHAPTER IV.

YOUTHFUL ANXIETIES IN THE ART OF HEALING.

When my brothers were at home, they now took much more notice of me than formerly. My brother Henry took me with him in boating, bathing, and fishing expeditions. My eldest brother, Robert, let me accompany him in long rambles over our beautiful mountains, and often in severe scrambles up craggy rocks, where my dear mother would have trembled to think of me. But I had a steady head, a stout heart, a firm foot, and full confidence in my guide. I was sure that, wherever he thought right to take me, it was proper for me to go, and no uncertainty or doubt ever assailed my mind in following him. He frequently took me with him also to visit a dairy farm which my father had

in the neighbourhood of Kendal; and at these times the variety of the drive, and all I saw at the farm, was a source of great delight to me.

Amongst my rustic acquaintances I had a great friend, an old mole catcher, whom I consulted on various matters, to me of great importance. He knew much about herbs and roots; also of the habits and complaints of many animals. He was counted a good doctor for all domestic animals for many miles round. I told this old man of my trouble when my rabbits were ill, and asked what could be done.

"You must give them a branch of holly," said he, "with the bark on, cut from the tree, and they will soon be well."

On my return home from Ambleside that day I ran to the garden, and with my stick-knife soon cut some small branches among the thick holly trees. In the morning when I went to see them, having given them the holly the preceding evening, I found every branch stripped entirely of the bark as though a carpenter's tool had been upon it. I gave them this holly for a few days, and they became quite well, always clearing the boughs of every particle of the bark. I sometimes wondered in later years if what cured a rabbit could cure a man.

My friend the mole catcher assisted me often in catching wild rabbits in the woods. I also often went long expeditions with him in search of wild pigeons' eggs—which I gave to my doves to hatch,—and found in him a valuable helper in many other early tastes. One day, when I was returning from a long ramble with him in search of wild pigeons' eggs, which I had carefully placed in a net of my own making, I met our family doctor on the Windermere road, returning from visiting a patient.

"You are far from home to-day," said he, kindly. "What have you been after all this long way? Get up into my carriage, and I will take you as far as Ambleside."

I thanked him, but hesitated, so fearful was I of breaking my hardly-acquired treasures.

"Come, give me your bag, my boy," said he, kindly stretching out his hand, "and you will be up in a moment."

When seated beside him he made various inquiries after my pastimes.

"And pray what do you intend to be by-and-bye?" said he.

"To be?" I replied, doubtfully.

"Yes, when you are as old as your brothers, what line of life will you like to follow?"

"Oh, sir!" I said, eagerly, "I should like best either to be a mole catcher or a doctor!"

The good doctor laughed heartily.

"Very well, my young friend," he said; "then when you find the mole-catching business does not answer, come to me, and we'll see what doctoring can do."

"But I have never been at school yet," said I, doubtfully.

"Have you not?" he said; "have you not found plenty of schoolmasters in the woods?"

I did not then quite comprehend his meaning, and was silent.

We were now at Ambleside. I heartily thanked him, and trudged home, bearing my precious burden, unconscious of fatigue.

From this time the idea of doctoring the sick took possession of my mind, though unknown to any one else. When any death occurred among my little dependents, I made a careful post-mortem examination, and made what were to me real discoveries about their natural structure, and the causes of their death. I confess, so far, to little book-learning; my observations were chiefly from nature. At this time my poor donkey fell lame, and was turned out for some time unfit to use. He had been my companion from my earliest years, a foal my father had brought up.

He was an affectionate, excellent creature, required neither whip nor spur, would canter like a pony, and always looked for a morsel of bread and a caress, when Sylvia or I approached him. His name was Prince, and a prince among donkeys he certainly was. We were both very fond of him, and had long been trusted to play with him without saddle in the fields, when the reins were arranged by me, and we felt the delights of independence. A few days after his lameness was known my father said to me at breakfast,—

"Basil, your donkey is incurably lame. He has a complaint in his foot which gives him great pain. He must be shot at once."

The tears started to my eyes, but I knew it was no use to urge anything against what my father's mind was made up upon. I rushed into the stable where my donkey was standing, and throwing my arms round the poor creature's neck, wept unrestrainedly.

"Nay, Master Basil, you must not take on so," said the manservant. "The poor beast is in great suffering; it cannot be helped; nothing can be done for this complaint."

After the first burst of sorrow, I quitted my poor old friend, and climbed a far distant hill, farther than I had ever been before, to be out of sound of the gun-shot. When I returned home in the evening the turf was smoothed over the grave of my poor favourite.

I heard through my friend the mole catcher of a beautiful little dog, of the King Charles' breed, which could be had from a friend of his at Bowness. I had long been very desirous to possess such a one, as a present to give to Sylvia on her birthday. I found this little fellow would be fit to take from the mother about that time, and having been over to Bowness to satisfy myself that he was a pretty dog, of the kind I wanted, I bar-

gained with the man who possessed him for ten shillings, and promised to come again for him in six weeks. Ten shillings, and six weeks! How long a period to wait for the attainment of my wishes! How large a sum to be procured before I could attain them!—I, who did not possess at that time sixpence that I could call my own.

Where could ten shillings be obtained to purchase the dog for Sylvia? I had no fear but it might be procured in time, when I made my bargain at Bowness. Miss Kennicott had told me that if I could make some large nets to cover the fruit trees, and keep them from the birds, she would give me five shillings for every net I made. Here was an inducement to work; and to work I set immediately. Early and late in my leisure hours I sat within the sound of the rippling waters of the Rother, which bounded the lower part of our domain, with my mesh, needle, and twine in busy progress; and how sweet was the air that then breathed upon my cheek,—how soft the murmur of the waters, how joyous the notes of the birds that reached my ear from the woods beyond! Sometimes I was visited by a busy bee, which stopped its flight to dip its tiny proboscis in the sparkling water as it rested upon a friendly stone. Nature!—beloved Nature! was before me, and my fingers plied with the rapidity of a light and happy heart; and so, before the appointed day, my nets were completed, and I carried them over to Sylverdale to Miss Kennicott, who approved of my work, and, to my great delight, drew from her purse a bright golden half-sovereign, and put it into my hand.

"I hope you will make as good a use of it as you have been industrious in earning it," said she, desirous to improve the occasion. "Come with me into the garden, and we will have the trees covered with these nets at once."

My little Sylvia, delighted with my success, accompanied us, clasping with her tiny hand the one in which my bright prize was not held, and with her joyous smiles gave me that sympathetic pleasure in my success which ever rendered it yet doubly dear.

"I am so glad you have done them so well, Basil, and that my aunt is pleased with them," said she.

The next day, soon after three o'clock in the morning, I was afoot on my way to Bowness to procure the little dog, my half-sovereign carefully tied in my handkerchief, and a crust of bread in my pocket. Oh, how delicious were those early mornings! what a fragrance was there in the air when the sun first broke forth in his brightness above the tops of the mountains, and tipped the opposite hills with a glow that nature alone can give! How my heart bounded with delight in the very feeling of life and motion, and in the almost unconscious ecstacy of a healthy frame amid such beauties of nature! How the bright lake of

Windermere charmed my eye when I first came upon its broad sunny waters, shining like a mirror before me, and reflecting in deep shadows the grim mountains which encompassed it, as though they were another fairy world beneath, of vast, immeasurable depth!

But I must not linger; no, not even to bathe in this warm sunlit lake. I had one object before me, and that alone must I pursue.

I had a good lift in a carrier's waggon between Ambleside and Bowness, and found I was very ready for my crust when set down at the end of my journey. But here was a predicament I had never contemplated. The little town of Bowness was still wrapped in slumber when I arrived; the day appearing to me to be already half gone. There was no help for it! I went down to the lake, and now indulged, in a sheltered nook, in my much-desired bath.

When the shutters of the little town began gradually to open I retraced my steps thither, and found, to my great joy, that the little dog was quite ready for me, and wonderfully improved in appearance by his increasing age; and I was quite sure Sylvia would be delighted with him. On my way home I had another lift on the Whitehaven mail. The coachman was a great friend of mine, and he assured me I had made a very good purchase, and that if the dog got over the distemper, I should have no reason to repent my bargain.

"Got over the distemper." Here was a circumstance which I had never taken into account. However, hope is strong at twelve years old, and my fears of the distemper vanished in another moment; and Sylvia was pleased—oh, how pleased, with this pretty little playfellow! We called him Carlos, and many and many were the happy hours in which he was our merry companion, frisking, barking, and darting here and there from mere joy in existence, as happy, as merry, and as free from care as ourselves.

So it went on throughout the summer; then—then poor little Carlos fell ill of the distemper, and all his merry gambols ceased. There he lay, poor little fellow, scarcely able to move, transferred from the parlour to the stable, and poor Sylvia crying bitterly.

"I will go for the mole catcher," I cried; "he can do him good if any one can."

Already Mr. Kennicott's man and our own had done all they could, and both were esteemed clever in their way. For the mole catcher I went—a good day's walk—but counted as nothing. The mole catcher came, and Sylvia, with streaming eyes, held my hand as we led him to the place where the poor little creature lay. He looked very grave, examined him carefully, and then said he had never known a dog so ill as he was recover; never-

theless, we must continue the dose, a table-spoonful of castor oil three times a day, and give him a chance of getting well.

All had been done right hitherto; that was satisfactory. Nothing had been neglected,—everything had been done that could be done. So far all was well. The poor little creature had first been well dosed with sulphur balls; but as these had not proved effectual, three times a day had Sylvia held him—her delicate little hands encased in thick gloves, for fear of any risk—held him with tender care, gently keeping open his poor unwilling jaws while I poured down the nauseous draught, made large enough to secure an ample potion, even if a part were spilt. And yet, in spite of all, it seemed the poor dog would die. His appetite was entirely gone,—indeed, he had only been allowed gruel and slops. He appeared blind of both eyes, with a heavy discharge which disabled them altogether from opening, and lay without the power or desire of motion, patiently enduring till death should come to his release.

The mole catcher came again.

"He cannot recover, I fear," said he; "suppose you try giving him a bit of meat: it cannot make him worse."

A bit of meat was soon procured. The smell tempted him, and he took a little morsel; scarcely had he tasted it before he showed a desire for more, and in a few moments more he actually stood upon his legs, with his poor blind eyes, snuffing for the welcome restorative.

"I would give him as much meat as he will eat," said the mole catcher, as he departed; "it cannot make him worse."

And so we did: but we gave the castor oil as well, by way of precaution. However, as he grew a little stronger, the castor oil was resolutely refused, and but little of it really swallowed. He carefully held his mouth shut after the bitter potion was given; but he contrived, nevertheless, to let it slip out at the sides, and did not get much.

And so it came to pass in the end, that, after much suffering on his part, and great anxiety and pains on ours, Carlos did not die. He recovered at last entirely, with this exception—he lost one eye. It did not show very much; it became of a dull blueish colour, with no pupil; or a film covering the entire iris concealed perhaps the appearance of a pupil.

And we rejoiced in his recovery, and believed that but for our ceaseless care and treatment, our little favourite would never have been restored. He lived after this time at least ten years, was always a healthy, merry, good-natured little fellow,—not too fat,—and was Sylvia's constant companion indoors and out.

CHAPTER V.

GOING TO SCHOOL, AND TURNING TO BE A DOCTOR.

I REMAINED at home till I was fourteen; my eldest brother then went to reside on the farm, and my brother Henry, having been ordained to a curacy, was almost off my father's hands. He now thought he might venture with prudence to send "poor Basil," who had been "idling at home so long," to a good grammar school. The one at Newcastle enjoyed a good reputation at this time, and thither I was sent for four years. My work had been good as far as it went: what I knew I knew thoroughly,—and I soon made rapid progress when put among other boys, and under the care of as first-rate instructors as the day permitted. Though strict in our studies, we still had time to boat and bathe in the sparkling Tyne, to birds'-nest in the woods, and strengthen our muscles with cricket and football. We always went to bed at nine; and yet the school turned out many men who have since distinguished themselves in the very highest posts under the crown.

At eighteen I returned home, a tall, lank boy—my trousers still short from the last half—with many prizes, and a good character from my master. My brother Henry, meantime, had, to his great sorrow, found the duties of his calling too arduous for his delicate health. A bad cough, loss of flesh, and other alarming symptoms, compelled him to return home. My father, advised by our excellent old friend, Dr. Tremorne, sent him to Torquay, in hopes that the mild climate might restore his health.

But this was a new drain upon his income; there was nothing to spare to put me to anything; so, in spite of my willingness to help Robert at the farm, I was left knocking about at home for six months. During this period I occasionally met Dr. Tremorne, who asked me, in a friendly way, if "I was tired of mole catching?"

I was ashamed,—a great tall boy like me to be doing nothing!—and tried to avoid him. At last, however, the kind-hearted man called upon my father, and with such delicacy as could not hurt even his independent pride, begged him to send me to him, to learn whatever he could teach me as a doctor, and that without fee of any kind. He knew well my poor father could not afford this.

"I am an old-fashioned man, Mr. Carlingford," said he, "and I dare say there are many new and better ways come in since I learnt to be a doctor; but I am an old friend of yours, and am getting into years. I have no son to help me, and none to require my help. Send your boy to me; he will be worth all I can teach him in the assistance he will give me,—and it is a pity for a lad like him to be doing nothing."

So I went to Dr. Tremorne to become a doctor.

CHAPTER VI.

MY STUDY OF MEDICINE, AND THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER HENRY.

I NOW devoted myself assiduously to the study of the profession upon which I was to enter. For more than two years I remained with Dr. Tremorne, and experienced under his roof, and from his care and instruction, such kindness and such advantages as fall to the lot of few during this season of preliminary preparation.

Dr. Tremorne was a very enlightened man for the age in which he lived. He had a kind heart, an excellent practice, an easy income, and a sincere desire to benefit the son of an old friend. He did not keep me during this period in a small, dark back room—half stifled with offensive odours—to the wearisome labour of the pestle and mortar; but he placed the best works in my hands, and gave me time to read them. He generally took me with him at least once in the day when he made his rounds to visit his patients; and during these often lengthened drives in his extensive country practice, he both questioned me on the subjects of my reading and gave me valuable descriptions of cases under his own eye, and in his own practical experience. He led me to express to him openly any difficulties under which I laboured, and never turned a contemptuous ear to my crude observations, especially if they came from nature, from my own observation, and experiments.

He was fond of chemistry, and many were the delightful evenings we passed together in the practical experiments of a science so wonderful and so interesting. He possessed also an electrical machine, with which he permitted me to try my own experiments, and learn for myself. The long mountain rambles in which I still frequently indulged were now devoted to the collection of plants and the study of botany. Here I sometimes still encountered my old friend the mole catcher, and his readily-given experience of the valuable properties of many plants and herbs were all collected in my note-books and placed among specimens, to be one day tested by experiment.

"I am a long way past my eightieth year," said this old man to me one day; "but I never suffer from a day's illness. I have always found the fresh air the best medicine for the stomach, and I love to see how the country looks, how the corn is growing, and the shadows on the hills. Oh, the country is very beautiful! I could not stay in-doors was I ever so bad."

I had at this moment stretched forward to gather a plant I was in search of. My attention was divided, and among some loose stones my foot slipped, and I received a severe sprain in my ankle. I said nothing about it at first; but by-and-bye my com-

panion perceived that I was walking lame, and then I told him what I had done.

"I'll soon cure that," said he; and we had not gone very far before he gathered a common plant growing by the wayside, which the country people call "feather-fowl;" but, as they say, "They don't know how to speak them words right."

"Bathe your foot well with this when you get home," said he, "and you will soon be well."

I took the plant; but my pain was severe, and my road home was most tedious and painful. After leaving my friend, I recollected that in one or two instances when I had prescribed for a sprain according to rule in the case of a working man, I had been rather mortified, on another visit, to be told, "If you please, sir, I could not afford to lie by, and keep my foot up, so I went to the herb doctor, and it got well with what he gave me; and I was able to go to work again yesterday." However, I determined to try the potency of this herb now for myself. When I reached home my ankle was so swelled and inflamed I could scarcely put my foot to the ground, and the pain intense from the prolonged walk after the hurt. I feared two or three weeks' rest, at least, would be requisite to restore it. I bathed it well with a warm decoction from the plant, and then went to bed. What was my astonishment next morning to find the inflammation gone down, the pain almost entirely removed, and but a slight stiffness remaining. One or two more applications of the herb doctor's remedy entirely restored me, and I was able to walk as usual without any inconvenience. In our next drive I recounted this to Dr. Tremorne.

"Those country people," said he, smiling, "are often clever in hitting off an occasional remedy; but they know nothing of the science of medicine. When I was in Switzerland I met with a peasant who was regarded with great reverence by his ignorant countrymen for the cures he performed. This man would gather plants like your friend the mole catcher, and was said to have, in the language of that country, 'un don' ('a gift'). He was consulted far and near, and believed by them to perform miraculous cures. It was a Romish canton, and he was regarded with great reverence. I have heard of others who similarly pretended to this character and power, and were always spoken of by the peasantry with great reverence, and said to possess 'un don.'"

"And do you know in what their 'don' consisted?" said I. "What did they use? or did they really perform cures?"

"Nay, that I cannot say," he replied. "They gathered plants that grew on the mountains; but imagination has much to do with many cures in ages and countries of ignorance and superstition. Not that I would deny the benefit of many simple remedies; in many cases they are very efficacious; but you cannot depend upon them."

"I shall feel very much inclined to order my cure for the next sprained ankle I come across," said I, smiling.

"Do so, if you please," replied Dr. Tremorne, smiling also. "But you will soon find that what may answer well enough for the country people does not satisfy your paying patients, and they will send for further advice, unless you prescribe something *secundum artem*."

Sometimes I used to express to Dr. Tremorne the difficulty I felt from perceiving the very various opinions of the authors I read, and their diverse modes of treatment.

"Sometimes even," said I, one day, when out on a long drive with him, "an author appears to differ not less from himself than from another writer on the same subject. Which opinion must I take?"

"You cannot form your opinions merely from books," he replied. "Read the best authors; study them well; learn in the best schools; attend to the opinions of the best living instructors; and then make your experience for yourself: no man can do this for you. The human body, and the diseases which affect it, vary very much in different periods and generations. What may have answered well at one time will not do at another. A man's own experience will not answer in every case, because there are various contingencies and differences to be taken into account. Much as the custom of regular bleeding has been in vogue, I sometimes doubt whether it does not do more harm than good. Therefore, what may have answered well in one age may be equally prejudicial in another. I can remember the time when bleeding at the spring and fall were accounted a man's duty."

I treasured up the judicious advice of my old friend, and kept it by me, among my other stores, ready to act upon when occasion called it forth. Somewhat more than two years after I went to Dr. Tremorne had, however, scarcely elapsed before another trial awaited my poor father.

My brother Henry had not recovered his health, as was hoped, by a winter's sojourn in a milder climate. For two years he was subject to those flattering variations which so peculiarly characterize the fatal malady which had attacked him, and then he sunk beneath its power, and one more name was recorded on the side of the great family tombstone. I returned home for a short time to be with my father after this affliction; but he soon felt as though it was selfish in him to keep me at home from further advancement; and, by the request of Dr. Tremorne, he now laid before me my future choice in life.

"The years you have passed with our kind friend, Dr. Tremorne, will never be lost, Basil," said my father; "but I wish you to know that, from the death of your poor brother, I can now do something more for you than hitherto. Is it, therefore, your own wish to be educated for a doctor? It is a profession of

hard work, great anxiety, and often little pay. Do you still wish to follow it?"

"Indeed, my father," said I, with much gratitude for his kindness, "it is entirely the choice of my own taste and wishes. I wish, with God's blessing, to relieve human suffering as far as I am able."

"Very well," said my father, "then Dr. Tremorne now advises my sending you to London, for the advantage of lectures and hospital practice."

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION OF MY STUDIES—ILLNESS OF MY BROTHERS—A YOUNG QUAKERESS AND HER "LITTLE CHEST."

To London, therefore, I went, and afterwards to Paris. In both places I saw the most approved practice of the day carried out, and very different theories advanced. I devoted myself entirely to my object in study; and during the recesses from lectures, and in vacation times, still pursued them with an ardour which was inspired by the deep interest I felt in the subject itself, and not merely from the desire of excelling my compeers.

I was now thrown in some degree upon my own resources in new circumstances. I gained many prizes and many honours, but my father still regarded me as "poor Basil," and I had yet to prove what my teaching could do. After I had passed through the usual course, and been several short voyages during the recesses, having completed my education, I passed my final examination, and obtained my diploma as M.D.

I was in London, just about preparing to return to my father's house, after an absence unusually long. My room was filled with the accumulations of some years' unsorted stores; my certificates of honour, my gold and silver medals, and other important professional treasures, lay on a table beside me. I was about to return to my father in the height of youthful ardour. In my hand, most treasured of all, was a small, faded portrait of my beloved mother, taken in the dress of the day, just after her marriage. She had bequeathed this precious relic to me—my gentle mother! It had never been separated from me. It had ever recalled her sweet image and her tender counsels to my mind. From how many evils had I not been saved by those earnest maternal admonitions! My beloved, my inestimable mother! She could be no witness of my success; but I brought forth her cherished image and gazed upon it,—dearer, more precious, more truly the stimulus of my life, than all the hard-earned trophies around me! I gazed upon that gentle face till my eyes were dimmed with tears; and then I sunk upon my knees, with it still pressed to my lips, and earnestly besought a

blessing on my future career from Him whose Spirit had ever guided the faithful heart, which could no more bestow either counsel or blessing on the son she had truly loved. I had scarcely risen from my knees when a double knock at my door announced a mid-day post—the north mail. Why had I a letter to-day, when returning home so soon? Did it contain bad news? It was from Dr. Tremorne. What had he to say to me just then, when I should see him so speedily? I opened it with some apprehension; it contained, alas! twofold bad news. My poor brother Richard, who had now been abroad some years, had long concealed his increasing delicacy, not to alarm my father; but a severe winter in Austria had tried him dreadfully, and striving to keep up with his duties had been a yet severer tax upon his unequal strength. He had at length been unable to contend further against his weakness, and was now, if yet alive, in such a state as left little hope of his finally rallying. But this sad news was made worse by the intelligence that my brother Robert had been so deeply affected by hearing of his poor brother's state, that, being himself very far from strong, it had brought on hæmorrhage, from which he was suffering severely, and, for my father's sake, Dr. Tremorne urged my immediate return home, without any delay. Now, again, did I feel the blessing of my precious mother's guiding and instruction. She had indeed taught me where to seek consolation in all sorrow—the only true source of consolation; but she had also taught me, as a *habit*, that self-command and restraint over the feelings, the want of which, in some excitable natures, may be productive of the most fatal results. Never had I felt so strongly till this moment the value of this moral training, of body as well as mind, nor how true was her estimate of its necessity in the delicate constitutions of her children. My arrangements were soon completed. I could travel as fast as the post, and a few hours saw me on my route for a night journey. I thought myself fortunate that I could reach Westmoreland at all, by hard travelling, even on the afternoon of the following day. The railway had, indeed, been opened part of the way; but, being a cross line, I had many detentions, and only reached the pretty town of Lancaster, with its ancient castle and its beautiful church, in time to have a hurried breakfast before starting again in the early coach for Kendal. The outside of the coach was almost entirely taken up by a reading party from Oxford. I felt little inclined to enter into their light-hearted mirth, excited by their freedom in the fresh air, and the exquisite scenery through which we were to pass. I could often have sympathized well with the high spirits they manifested; but not to-day. I therefore stepped into the inside, and found myself the only passenger, except a pretty, delicate-looking girl, who was leaning back in one corner, and whose face was really shaded by her bonnet. The simplicity and

peculiarity of her appearance soon convinced me she was a young quakeress, who, in those days, was not exempt from the penalty of a style of dress which, however becoming in some cases, must always render them observable. I was not inclined to talk, and our journey appeared likely to be passed in silence. But though equally disposed for silence with herself, I could not help observing, from time to time during our journey, that she drew out a small case from her reticule, and, opening it, took from a minute bottle something which she put in her mouth every now and then. After a little consideration I came to the conclusion that this young lady had embraced the opinions which were then becoming known in England, of those called homœopathists, and that her little case was no other than a genuine homœopathic medicine chest, containing, as I supposed, some thousands of doses within the space of three inches square! I had never happened to fall in with any one before who was infatuated by these delusions, and was rather amused, in spite of myself, by observing her. My curiosity at length prevailed to hear what was her belief on so irrational a subject; and when her small case was again drawn forth, I said in a respectful tone, though I could scarcely help smiling,—

"Do you find much benefit from those tiny doses?"

"I do, indeed," replied she, in a very sweet voice, which I instantly detected to be south country. "I was very ill before I tried this plan, and am wonderfully better now."

"And what were you suffering from, if I may venture to ask?" I inquired. She slightly blushed, and spoke of a cough, and other symptoms, which I, of course, received upon her own word. "And now that you can leave home and travel about a little, you find yourself better?" said I, inquiringly.

"I see thee do not believe me," said she, hesitating, and again blushing, from the evident trial she felt in speaking the peculiar language education and habit had enforced upon her. "I did not believe in homœopathy at all once. It was my little dog which convinced me."

"Your little dog!" I exclaimed, unable to restrain a smile. "And pray how did that take place?"

CHAPTER VIII.

SHOWS HOW THE YOUNG QUAKERESS WAS CONVERTED BY HER LITTLE DOG TO BECOME A VOTARY OF THE "LITTLE CHEST."

My curiosity was fairly roused to see how she would make out her case, and I listened in an attitude of attention.

"I had often," said she, "heard people talk of homœopathy, and laugh at it, as one of the absurdities of the age. But though I

had heard others speak of it as an incontrovertible truth, I did not believe anything about it myself for a long time." (She could not have been more than seventeen or eighteen years at most.) "However, I had a little dog which was a great favourite of mine, but ever since it had the distemper it had been subject to a most unpleasant twitching in its limbs and a severe cough, by which it was so distressed, that my father and mother wished the poor creature to be drowned. But it was my sister's dog—she left it to me—and I could not bear to part with it."

Here the tears started to her eyes, and I turned to look out of the window.

"I had had frequent advice, and tried various things to cure my poor dog, but he became no better, and I was almost afraid he must be condemned, when a friend came to see us who had been much abroad, and said he could cure him if I could trust him in his hands. I was delighted to hear this, and promised to trust him at once; but when I found he trusted to the efficacy of a little chest like this," she added, naïvely, drawing it forth, and smiling as she did so, "I half regretted my confidence, and wished it could be withdrawn. However, he took the dog, and cured it in the course of two or three weeks, entirely, so that he has never been ill since."

"I have cured spasmodic fits in a dog with castor oil," said I, smiling, and not in the least shaken by her evidence; "and I have known a case in which fits were entirely cured by a change of sleeping accommodation. The dog had been kept too warm; but when permitted a free circulation of air the fits left him. I, however, heartily congratulate you upon your friend's success, and the restoration of your poor favourite. I am very fond of dogs."

She looked a little disappointed, but added, simply,—

"Since that time my father has had the same style of treatment used with great success both for his horses and cows—I do not know much about them, but I know the horses are not laid up nearly so often as they used to be; and we have not the provoking disappointment, when we are intending to take some long drive or pleasant excursion, of hearing that 'one of the horses is ill,' which used to be such a frequent occurrence."

I smiled again at her credulity. "And do you believe it possible," said I, "that an amount of medicine, equal to a grain dissolved in the entire atmosphere, can produce such effects? I am sincerely glad your horses are not so frequently ill; but you may depend upon it, there is some delusion in the victim, or deceit in the operator, which can attribute such effects to such causes."

"I do not understand anything about it," she replied; "but as far as my own experience goes, I know that I was very poorly, and my mother, having lost all but me, was very anxious about me. She was at length, after the cure of my dog, induced

to consult a homœopathic doctor for me, and I am now so much better, I am not like the same person. I had not been from home since I was taken away ill from school two years ago, and now I am safe to travel a long distance, and have been much benefited by the change. Whenever I feel the pain come on in my side I take one of these, and it immediately relieves me," she added, pointing again to her "little chest."

"Will you allow me to look at it?" said I. She gave it into my hand. It contained some dozen minute bottles filled with the still minuter globules, with various peculiar names labelled upon them. "May I try the effect of a dose upon myself?" said I, smiling; and pouring half a bottleful into my hand, taken at random from the chest, I swallowed the whole. "I fear I shall suffer severely from so large a dose," I said, smiling again.

"I do not think thee will," she replied. "It probably will not affect thee at all, if thee do not require it; but if thee took a dose three or four times a day for some weeks, thee might feel ill, perhaps."

I concealed my amusement at her simple confession of the entire inefficacy of the potions, if administered without faith and imagination on the part of the recipients, and returned her the case without expressing any further opinion upon the subject. I soon found that she was on her way to the neighbourhood of Ambleside, where it was possible we might meet again. Her servant, however, who was outside, took charge of her at Kendal, though not before I had seen the neat direction on her boxes,—"Rachel Roundtree, passenger to Kendal and Ambleside." I permitted no detention to delay me, but hastening forward as soon as the coach had changed horses, I left Miss Rachel to continue her journey at leisure, with her "little chest."

CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT THE RENEWAL OF COUSINLY INTERCOURSE BEING MORE DIFFICULT THAN FORMERLY — AND "TRIFLES" FOR THE "JEALOUS."

At Ambleside the coach waited an hour for the passengers to dine. I was well known to the coachman, and leaving my luggage to come forward with him, I walked on without delay along the pretty road round the head of Windermere, between Ambleside and Rydal. The day was sultry, though the summer had been late; a haze of warm atmosphere had scarcely risen above the mountains as we first approached them towards Bowness; but now, when actually amongst them again, their fair outline and proportions came out beneath the afternoon sun, and the still lake glowed in its beams like a mirror of silver. I felt once

more the enchanting influence of freedom and nature; and, though sobered by the mournful tidings I had received, I felt, even in that trying hour of suspense, the soothing influence with which the mind is affected by the sight of this beautiful world. My heart was strengthened and refreshed to bear with fortitude whatever might be awaiting me from the hand of Him who had created it,—and me,—and appointed my portion as He had seen best. When I came within about half a mile of my home, I saw, a short distance from me, a slight, graceful female figure, standing among the rocks and brushwood on a bank somewhat raised above the road. Even at that distance I thought my sight could not deceive me; and, though turned with her face from me, and shaded by a broad, deep straw hat, such as was then worn, I involuntarily exclaimed, "Sylvia!" At the sound of my voice she started, and turning hastily round, her foot slipped from the narrow ledge on which she was standing, and, but for my prompt assistance, she might have had an awkward fall. I was at her side in a moment, and, carefully balancing myself, held her firmly till she regained her footing, when we descended the bank together.

"Basil!" she cried; "is that you? how well you look! I came out thinking I might perhaps meet you. Your father is pretty well again, and your brother Robert much better. He is considered out of danger."

I clasped the little hand warmly in my own, but I could not speak. Innocent child! always the same; always anxious to comfort others, never thinking of herself. But to me, how changed she seemed! She was, indeed, a child no longer. I felt it impossible to offer the cousinly salute which had hitherto always marked our meetings; and, the first moment over, I dropped her hand, and felt we were no longer children. She looked at me with a tender glance of sympathy, and then said, in a tone of gentle sportiveness,—

"I believe I should have fallen just now had you not saved me; but had you not been there at all, I should have come down quite safely."

"You are a firm-footed mountaineer," I replied, endeavouring to appear more unconcerned than I felt, "but you must not be too adventurous, and especially when alone."

"Ah, Basil, had I been alone, I should have been safe," said she, smiling; "but you startled me so when you spoke. I did not expect you for an hour, and I saw this beautiful little '*fragilis*,'" she added, holding up a delicate little fern she had been gathering, "growing in the crevice of that rock, where the stream is but trickling down this hot weather, and I wanted to gather it when I was able to do so. It is often too wet to go so near the waterfall."

I took from her her basket, in which were some other collections from her walk.

"You must be very tired," said I, "this warm day, you have walked so far."

"I crossed the lake in the boat," she replied. "I felt sure you would walk from Ambleside, and I wanted so much to tell you, as soon as possible, that your father and brother were better. There has been no further mail from Vienna, but as your brother Robert is better, you must hope, dear Basil, that your brother Richard is also."

How gently the soothing accents fell on my ear, and those words, "dear Basil"! I had heard them a hundred times before, and yet they seemed to me now more precious than I had ever regarded them hitherto; but Sylvia was my cousin; of course I should be pleased to see her again; and to see her still so artless, so unchanged, after the longest absence I had ever yet had from home.

"I will see you across the lake," I said. "It is too hard work for you rowing this hot weather; and I shall be at home by Loughrigg Terrace still before the coach passes our gate from Ambleside."

"Do not let me detain you," she said, earnestly; "I am used to rowing. There is not a breath on the lake to-day to ruffle it, and our boat is so light."

I made no reply, but accompanied her to the water's edge, and she left me to do as I pleased. We crossed the lake almost in silence,—that fair, tranquil lake; sometimes so agitated, now "calm as a child's repose."

"I will tell my father and my aunt that you are arrived," said she, as I assisted her out of the boat; "they will be very glad to see you, when you are able to come and tell them how you find all at home;—and Basil," she added, "you will not forget the Sunday after next is the rush-bearing at Grasmere; you will come and help me with my rushes and lilies, as you used to do when we were children, will you not? The lilies are rising above the water already, and will soon be in full bloom."

"As we did when we were children!" Was Sylvia at heart still but a child? It rather grated on my ear; and yet how many bright and happy memories it recalled!

"I will come soon and see your aunt," I said; "but you must have learned long since to deck your rushes better without me than with me."

I could not bear to see the look of disappointment which followed.

"You must let me see the pride of Grasmere's rush-bearing all done by your own hands," said I, smiling. "You must have learnt long since to depend upon yourself, as far superior to any one who can help you."

"I cannot well manage the boat alone," said she, sadly. "When I am gathering the lilies I am afraid of overbalancing."

"Do not, I entreat you, go alone," I said, with an earnestness I could not suppress. "You must not be so venturesome, Sylvia; what would your father do if he lost you? he has only you. I will come, if possible, and help you to gather the rushes and lilies."

I then drew the boat on shore; I could scarcely touch her hand in parting, and walked somewhat sadly along the natural terrace which overlooks the lovely lake, thinking, I am ashamed to say, less of my home at that moment than of Sylvia.

CHAPTER X.

WHEREUPON I MAKE MYSELF MISERABLE, AND RETURN HOME TO REAL TROUBLE.

"BASIL, I am so sorry for you."

These words were said with gentle earnestness as we parted, and for one moment her deep, dark eyes were raised to mine, glistening with the tears which still trembled on their long silken lashes. What could any reasonable man desire more from the pretty little cousin with whom he had played from childhood? And yet I felt a strange unaccountable dissatisfaction in my mind, and a jealousy—yes, a jealousy, even of my Sylvia. I knew her too well not to be quite sure she had spoken of the rush-bearing in order to divert my mind by some pleasing associations from painful thoughts. How gentle and considerate had she been in her thoughtfulness, in awaiting my arrival, to greet me at the earliest moment with more hopeful intelligence! And yet I was dissatisfied; I felt as if Sylvia had done too well without me! as if she cared too little for her own sake for my return. Unreasonable, unjust suspicions! Surely they were "trifles" even lighter "than air," which could occasion them! As a child, I knew she had loved me beyond all her companions, all her friends. I was her cousin; it was right that she should do so; perhaps she might even now tell me that she did so still; and yet her very assurance that it was so would not have satisfied me. I felt just then as if I did not care whether I was her cousin or not, but wished to be preferred for my own sake alone. This I felt, an unpleasant suspicion, was not the case; and then came the question, who did Sylvia prefer to me? who did she like better than me that was *not* her cousin? My jealous fears soon built themselves a castle, dark, dreary, and desponding as that of the old Pilgrim's Giant in his doubting domain; and my mind, already depressed with other troubles, made no effort to banish it as a vision as devoid of foundation as most castles in the air generally prove to be. I recollected the curate,—yes, the "new curate" of Grasmere, of whom, as Dr. Tremorne had duly informed me, all the ladies in the neighbourhood were talking.

Tall, handsome, with a good carriage, a good preacher, with high connections, and high church tendencies, which at that time were something extraordinary, and could boast at least the charm of novelty. Already the green mould on many of the tombstones and the church floor had been cleaned off; the clerk alone no longer conducted the entire responsive and choral part of the service through his nose; some talk there had been of open seats instead of the high, irregular, square pews, and a painted window in the place of the lattice of green and white glass, full of knots and blemishes, which now surmounted the dingy altar-cloth. Some young ladies were already at work to provide a new altar-cloth and carpet within the rails, and book-markers for the service-books. Alas! alas! no doubt my Sylvia was engaged heart and soul in the fervour of improvement and decoration; and her anxiety about the rush-bearing was but to obtain the approval of "the new curate"! Following up these pleasing reflections, I succeeded entirely in rendering myself miserable; and as I descended the rough steps which led from the end of the terrace over the Fell to where my home was situated, I had fully convinced myself there was not a more unfortunate man living than myself. As I passed under the old beech trees, spreading their wide branches beneath the shelter of the great mountain above, and heard the gentle ripple of the stream which ran below, other thoughts took possession of my heart. The home of my childhood,—the tender ties of earliest affection and care,—the image of my mother,—the real grief of my poor father in his old age,—the uncertain state of the sons to whom he had especially looked as the prop of his declining years,—all these thoughts rushed upon me with new force from their momentary banishment; and I hated myself that, at such a time as this, I could even for an instant have indulged thoughts in which my own personal happiness alone was concerned. I was met at the door of the low hall entrance by our ever kind, ever true friend, Dr. Tremorne. His cheerful greeting reassured me; but it was only now I learned the sad state in which my poor father had been; an attack of paralysis had affected his left side, and almost deprived him of speech. He was, however, gradually recovering, and my name was the first word he uttered, as he pressed me in his arms and cried, "My poor Basil!"

My poor father! Now I must be all that son could be to him. I pressed the hand of my brother, who still lay in a state of great weakness, and he needed not to say, "Basil, you will comfort and help my father:" words between us were unnecessary; our hearts spoke the vows our tongues could not express.

CHAPTER XI.

A PAPER ON POPULAR DELUSIONS.

I TOOK my solitary breakfast, and having heard a pretty good report of my father and brother during the night, I set out for an early call at Silverdale. I was ushered at once into Mr. Kennicott's study, where he was already at work, his table covered with books and papers in all the mystical confusion preceding a literary amalgamation of materials.

"How are you, my dear fellow?" he cried, extending one hand to me with cordial greeting, and with the other removing some papers, so as to free a chair for my occupation; "glad to hear your father and brothers are better: sit down, sit down, Basil, you are the very man I wanted."

"I fear I am interrupting you, sir," said I, "I am too early a visitor to intrude upon you thus; I will pay my respects to Miss Kennicott, if you will permit me, and not interrupt you."

"Not at all, not at all. I should have sent for you had you not come. My Sylvia told me you were returned, and was sure you would be here at your earliest leisure moment; and I have been at work this morning already, with a few finishing touches upon an article I am sending to the *North Briton Quarterly* on which I want your opinion;—that is to say, your overhauling as a professional man, just to see I have fallen into no blunders which may be turned against us; for I am no doctor myself, you know; and it is something bold, is it not, to attempt a medical review?"

I thought it was something bold indeed, and was surprised so clever a man as Mr. Kennicott, and one whose articles in the *North Briton* had been so deservedly popular, should attempt a subject to which he was not fully equal. He put the papers into my hands, but when I saw what was the real subject, I no longer felt surprised that so able a man as Mr. Kennicott should have attempted it. The paper was on popular delusions of past and present times, and specially on the tendencies and fallacies of homœopathy. This was a subject on which I felt his keen satire and ready wit might well expend themselves, and was sure the article would take.

"Well, what do you say to it? you are not one of the school of humbugs; of course you have heard of their absurd professions and yet more ridiculous practices; but you are fresh from the seat of science, and will see at once if I have advanced anything untenable on the other side. Though, indeed, as to argument, it needs none; it requires no proof; it needs but to be shown up in the words and practices of its own advocates, to display it to the best advantage, in all its absurdity and folly, against which the common sense of the most ignorant Englishman must revolt."

I soon became engrossed in the pleasant language, easy flow of ideas, and most amusing, pungent satire of my author. He watched me for a moment or two as I could not repress a smile, even in the very opening paragraphs; then he turned to the revision of another article he had in hand, on "Rubrical and Ritual Observances, and Tractarian Tendencies and Sympathies," which, though I am no controversialist, was, I doubt not, equally pungent, and equally crushing in its character.

Mr. Kennicott was a man still in the prime of life, and full vigour of health and strength in body and mind. He had been educated for the bar, but had never pursued his profession, choosing literature rather as an amusement and occupation for a life of leisure, than for any necessary dependence upon it. He had kept up his club in London, where he went regularly for at least one month in the year, mixed with his old friends, heard new opinions, saw all that was going on, laid in a stock of new books and fresh ideas, then returned to his life of country ease and retirement, and sent forth papers into the world which were read and discussed through the length and breadth of the land. I was not disappointed in his present article. He was a shrewd observer, a keen critic, full of ready wit, which always made all he wrote most readable; and in an age when smart writing had already taken its position as the best style that could be cultivated, it was not surprising that with the strong weapon of ridicule on his side, against a weak subject like homœopathy, he should entirely crush his opponents, and leave them, after his *triturations*, less ground than their "highest dilution," or "greatest delusion," as he termed it, to stand upon. I need not enter here into the cases or arguments he adduced, as he said it required no proofs—a mere statement of their *delusions* was sufficient. I doubt not my readers are already well acquainted with equally pungent articles in other periodicals of established merit, authority, and reputation, which render any repetition of the argument quite useless on my part.

"The profession are very much indebted to you," said I, smiling, as I turned the last page of the manuscript. "In controversies such as these, all that can be done is to make use of the *argumentum ad absurdum*, which is, indeed, admirable in your hands; and, for myself, I really pity those who have been so bewildered as to embrace its tenets, when they see how justly ludicrous it becomes in the hands of a writer of common sense. I can only hope their minds may be enlightened by such a plain discovery of their views, and themselves led to entertain a just notion of their bewilderment."

My mind at this moment reverted to my pretty fellow-traveller, and her "little chest." She could scarcely fail to hear of an article which would make such a noise throughout the country, on a subject at present so much controverted, when she was stay-

ing in the very neighbourhood of its author. What would be her opinions when she saw her favourite system thus held up to ridicule? I confess I pitied her; and, innocent as I regarded the delusion to be in her case, and one for the profession, and not the public, to be made judges of, I heartily hoped the magazine would not happen to fall into her hands.

"These things are all effected by imagination," continued Mr. Kennicott. "It is one of the most powerful agents in our composition; and when we consider what it has done in past ages, we cannot be surprised at its being influenced even in this nineteenth century by new and specious delusions. Look at Basil Hall's 'Professor of St. Gothard,' at the delusions of animal magnetism, mesmerism, table-turning, and the Stigmata of Switzerland. I class them all together; and, by-the-bye, this leads me to another article, less perhaps in your way than the last, but an equal delusion in my opinion. What are all these Oxford men doing, turning the churches and society upside down? I regard them all as nineteenth century delusions of the imaginative propensities of man. Perhaps we have been a little too cold, a little too commonplace; but here faith and reason must come to an issue. I mean both in the ardent observances and belief of this Oxford school, and the imagination and faith of the patients of homœopathy; nay, I am willing to suppose even its actors themselves to be sometimes under a sincere delusion from their own bias and temperament."

"I have been little in the way of controversies lately," said I, "though the most indifferent cannot close their eyes to the fact that there is much going on in that way, both in the religious and the medical world; but they are not very much in my line, I confess, as regards religion."

"You cannot help yourself," said Mr. Kennicott; "whether you will or no, you will be drawn into it; it is a vortex to which society is at present absolutely exposed, and you must go out of the world if you will be out of controversy. Why, even here, in this quiet valley of Grasmere, we are not exempt; and already my Sylvia has fallen in with the 'new movement,' as it is called."

Here I began to be more attentive, and Mr. Kennicott proceeded to say,—

"Who must come here as an advocate of the new doctrines but an 'honourable and reverend,' in expectation of an excellent family living, to fall vacant at the death of an uncle of seventy-five! Who would not turn the heads of all the young ladies of a neighbourhood in such circumstances! Not that my Sylvia's head is so easily turned, either; but she must needs be teaching singing twice a week now to a parcel of dirty children in the schoolroom, and has even persuaded me to let her have them up here one evening a week besides! They are practising now for a

new style of procession and singing at the rush-bearing;—by-the-bye, you will be with us on our grand day, will you not? we shall count upon you; and my old friend Joshua Roundtree's daughter is staying near Ambleside; she will be here with Sylvia to witness the ceremony. Shall we not see you there?"

"I don't know," I replied,—somewhat curtly, I fear,—and muttered something about my father and other engagements. "Thank you all the same; I must pay my duty to Miss Kennicott."

"Ah, do," said he, "and look in again to-morrow, when I shall have finished my other article."

Miss Kennicott received me with the kind, affectionate welcome she always gave me, and brought out her choice home-made wine and cake.

"My dear, I am so sorry Sylvia is out; she is gone to the school, where Mr. Granby Ravenshaw, our new curate, has got her to teach the children singing. Will you go down, and walk back with her to luncheon here?"

I thanked her, but said I could not, and took a very long walk on the hills instead.

CHAPTER XII.

PERSONAL DELUSIONS PARTIALLY DISPELLED.

The next day was Sunday. I did not feel equal to encountering the Honourable and Reverend Granby Ravenshaw, at Grasmere Church, where we had always been in the habit of going, so walked over to a distant church, where I was not likely to meet any one I knew, and even in a very perturbed state of mind, felt the influence of the lovely scenery by which it was surrounded. I confess, such subjects having been lately put forward a good deal, I could not help thinking more of the slovenly way in which things were conducted during the service than I had hitherto done. The whispering among the school children was continually so loud as to disturb my devotions, not to mention the cracking and transfer of contraband nuts and apples. Long used now to town churches, where at least there was the outward semblance of decency and reverence, my mind was not less revolted by the slovenly behaviour of the congregation, than that of those conducting the ministrations. Many of the lowly class, whose piety has often been justly held up for imitation to those above them, felt it no desecration to the church floor to use it for the same purpose as their own kitchen hearths, and the noisy scraping of their wooden shoes after this performance was over was scarcely less annoying to my ear and disturbing to my attention than the fearful squeaking of a dreadful wind instrument, and the horrible yell of a fiddle, neither of them keeping either time

or tune, accompanied, a decent interval after each cadence, by the nasal-twanged dirge of the clerk, who appeared well satisfied to have it all in his own hands, here at least. Of the clergyman I do not speak. There are few who have been in the habit of attending country churches, and can remember the time to which I allude, who have not met with most excellent aged men, who have long faithfully performed the duties of their office, but whose great seclusion and disregard of outward things has in some cases, I will not say many, led them to forget the impression which such disregard must produce upon others, especially those not accustomed to it from habit. I was surprised with the painful effect these little negligences produced on my mind; and yet it readily recurred to me that in the days of our excellent old curate, now deceased, I had been as familiar as my fellow-worshippers with all that now struck me so unpleasantly. "Surely," thought I, "it would be desirable in these days of progress, when our houses and carriages are repainted and refurnished, when our ladies sing in drawing-rooms as could once only be heard at the opera or in a concert room, when our behaviour before our friends must be governed by the politeness of society, surely it would be well to let the advancement of the age give a little more attention to the state of our churches, the conducting of our services, and the behaviour of our people." And I felt no longer angry that Grasmere Church should be better swept and cleaned, should have a new carpet and service-books; nay, my heart turned in admiration to Sylvia, whom I felt that morning I could not bear to hear leading in the singing, and I praised the readiness with which, dear child, she had done what she could in this matter. I confess I can see no religion either in slovenly habits or in dirt, though they may have been handed down to us through several generations. I kept away from Silverdale during this week, notwithstanding my enlightenment with regard to the curate's objects and efforts. I felt I could not meet him, or run the risk of meeting him, who had such influence over Sylvia as to induce her to enter, however laudably, upon such a new course of action,—one in which I could have no part.

The next packet from abroad brought a few lines from my brother himself, stating a decided improvement in his complaint, and that he hoped before long to be fit to travel, so as to go to a warmer climate before winter, which his doctor strongly recommended. Egypt was the proposed place, and there Dr. Tremorne strongly advised my brother Robert to join him as soon as he was fit. Our farm was, therefore, let upon a lease; and Dr. Tremorne now wished at once to have my assistance in his extensive professional engagements. This was agreeable to all parties; and I found myself very soon with no more leisure on my hands than could be claimed by my father and brother. I could not, however, disappoint Sylvia in assisting her with her lilies against

the important ceremony of the rush-bearing. This ancient custom was still retained in many places in the country round, from the days of our forefathers, when on a particular Sunday in July the churches were neatly strewn with clean, fresh rushes, instead of the straw I have sometimes formerly seen in country churches, where rushes do not grow. This is now almost universally superseded by thick matting, an improvement in civilization which appears to me, like many other things, an advancement in human arrangements more suited, in our churches, to our general improvements, than having them neglected while all around makes progress. The rushes were to be carried to the church on the Saturday evening, according to the usual custom, prettily described by the poet of our valley, of whom we were justly proud. They remained in their freshness and beauty over the Sunday, and were left there after that period as suited inclination or convenience.

I had not seen Sylvia for some days; but on the Saturday morning I rose almost with the sun, on that long July day, and carrying with me an ample basket, intended to surprise her before breakfast with a store of fresh lilies, gathered from the lake before the sun became hot. The lakes, however, were as yet embosomed in a heavy mist. The flowers would be too wet to gather yet. Their delicate petals must be a little raised by the sunshine before they would be sufficiently open for Sylvia's wreath. I therefore clambered up a rugged path which led from my father's garden to the top of the Fell behind, and roamed on till I came beyond the Goat's Crag, to what was called the Three Lake Point. Here I stood for some time looking down on the landscape below, as now enveloped in mists; they gradually cleared away, rising like an airy sea of waves here and there and everywhere, and then the three lakes burst forth beneath my view, and the broad breasts of the mountains shone in the clear sunlight. Then I hastened down to the lake side, and was soon in the midst of those little forests of lilies which love the peaceful waters of that fair lake—to float and expand themselves in luxuriant beauty, undisturbed by the hand of man. While I was thus engaged gathering the best of all that were beautiful amid a little cove of reeds and rushes which almost concealed me from view, I heard, I thought, a rustling in the water near me, but imagined it to be merely the movement of some water-newt, or other little creature disturbed in its morning occupations. When I had exhausted the stores of this spot, I pushed my boat from amid the sedges into the open water, and again I heard a rustling sound, but this time I was not deceived. It was a boat that was before me,—and that boat, pushed with insufficient strength from amid the rank vegetation of the lake, had fallen into a current which forces in this place a rapid stream between the Lakes of Grasmere and Rydal Water; and was now rushing forward without any guidance from the one slight figure whose oars were already laid in the sides of the boat,

while she sat pale, calm, and silent, awaiting—she knew not what. In a moment I was by her side; wading with my oar in the water—for it was too narrow for two boats to pass,—I quickly formed a barrier between the rocks to stop her progress.

"Do not be alarmed, Sylvia," I exclaimed, "you will be safe in one moment."

She looked at me with gratitude—fear and self-command struggling in her countenance—but she neither spoke nor moved.

"Do not stir," said I, "and all will be right."

In another moment I lifted her trembling from the little boat, and seated her upon a firm rock, against which I had rested the oar to stop the boat.

"Dare you stay here alone," said I, soothingly, still supporting her, "while I look after the boat? and then we must jump from rock to rock till we come into clear water again: all is quite safe. You need not be afraid."

"Yes, I will stay," she replied. "I am never afraid when with you."

"Why did you go without me?" I cried with tender reproach.

"I feared you were too busy to come and help me," she replied, "and the lilies fade so soon if not gathered early."

"Ah! Sylvia, it was my own fault, I have been very unkind; but I did come to get them for you, hoping to be in time."

"I should have trusted you," said Sylvia, smiling through her tears.

Then, when the boats were secured, I held her hand as we sprang from rock to rock to reach them.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RURAL CEREMONY OF RUSH-BEARING.

It was a happy day, that rush-bearing day. In the evening I returned to Silverdale, as Mr. Kennicott specially requested me to do, when I parted from them in the morning, after seeing Sylvia safely home. Their party were all assembled for a light summer meal, a sort of evening *déjeuner à la fourchette*, after which we were to proceed, in their own boat and my father's, to the school-house, where the procession was to be formed. The rush-bearers were to walk together, while the rest of the party were to go on at once to the church, from whence the rustic procession could be seen for a considerable distance winding along the road, and singing their simple carol as they came.

"I must show you my rushes," cried Sylvia, as she saw me coming up the path that led to the house, and leading me to a garden-house where it was deposited, she pointed to her pretty device. The rushes were bound together in the form of a simple cross, and a flowing wreath of white lilies was gracefully thrown

over it, so as to conceal every place in which they were fastened together.

"It is beautiful," said I, smiling at her girlish eagerness; "and your own device entirely?"

"I took the idea from a picture in a little story I had been reading," she replied; "but I am so glad it looks so pretty, and is so much what I wished and intended it to be. Ah, Basil, but for you, who knows where I should have been this rush-bearing evening. Perhaps at the bottom of Rydal Water!"

"I hope not," said I, with more emotion than I cared to show; but the touching earnestness of her manner had so reassured me that I was in excellent humour, when, a few moments afterwards, we met the new curate, walking with Mr. Kennicott and Dr. Tremorne, who could never be left out of such a party as this.

Sylvia simply said to me as they came towards us, "That is Mr. Ravenshaw," and then ran hastily forward to meet her new friend, Rachel Roundtree, whose aunt's carriage had just stopped at the door. Mr. Ravenshaw looked after her for a moment, but I was not just then in a humour to condemn the evident admiration with which he regarded one so lovely and so loveable; on the contrary, I was quite pleased with him, as we almost immediately fell into conversation together, and thought him a very intelligent and sensible man. He had not seen Sylvia's cross of rushes, nor heard anything of her adventure in the morning while gathering the lilies. I was pleased to meet my pretty coach companion again, and after tea, while Sylvia was completing some final arrangements as to carrying her precious burden to the school-house, where they were to begin their procession, Miss Kennicott, Mr. Ravenshaw, Rachel, and I, were requested to walk down to the lake, followed by the rest of the party, and I then took an opportunity of claiming a renewal of acquaintance with her.

"I ought to have been very ill by this time, Miss Roundtree," said I, smiling, "instead of being able to enter with so much pleasure into the ceremonies of the day." She looked at me earnestly for a moment, and then a deep blush overspread her transparent countenance as she recalled me to her mind, and the circumstance to which I alluded.

"I said it could not hurt thee," said she, smiling, as she recovered her self-possession.

"And why will it not hurt me?" said I, smiling in reply; "why am I to be impervious to the effects of that 'little chest,' which has produced such wonders on yourself?"

"Indeed I cannot tell," she replied, a little troubled and perplexed; "but I have been told that every medicine does not affect every one the same. It is according to the state they are in when they take it, and whether it agrees with their state or not."

Here Mr. Ravenshaw joined in.

"You seem to be discussing some very deep subject," said he. "Pray may I be allowed the benefit of your explanations, Miss Roundtree? for I confess I have been quite unable hitherto to comprehend anything about it."

"I do not understand it at all," she replied, simply, "I only know that I was very ill, and the doctor ordered me this kind of medicine, and I found myself very much better, and have continued to take it when required."

Poor girl! it was unfair to bait her any longer, and I was about to speak of the ceremony we were going to witness, but Mr. Ravenshaw said, rather addressing me,—

"I cannot understand this riddle at all; for I hear from some that these wonderful globules are nothing at all, and that all the effect produced is by imagination and faith in the recipient; and from others, that it is a dangerous matter to dabble in; that the homœopathists only employ poisons, and those of the most powerful character, and that very serious results have ensued from incompetent and ignorant practitioners."

"It is not a subject I have considered worth my attention while studying medicine," I replied, unwilling to speak uncourteously about it before its fair advocate. "You must learn the arguments for it from this lady, rather than me, as she is no doubt much more competent to answer."

I am afraid there was a little satire in my tone, though I was unwilling to hurt her feelings, and left them to discuss the matter together, while I went forward to unfasten the boats. They were still deep in a case where a wrong medicine had been given with most direful effects, as they came up, and I could not help catching the last words of the fair credulous Rachel.

"I had taken the same medicine myself," said she, "by the doctor's order, and I could not believe but it would do my maid good, as she was suffering very much, and would not consult a doctor, so I gave her only the very same dose, and you may judge how terribly alarmed I was to hear that she was completely salivated. I determined, in consequence, I would never give any one any medicine myself again."

"A very wise resolution," said Mr. Ravenshaw. "Your experience appears to confirm the dangerous character of this style of practice."

"Yes," said she, simply, "if people do not understand it. But I think it proves also that there is an effect produced by what some regard as so powerless."

"I hope your poor maid recovered these powerful effects," said Mr. Ravenshaw, smiling.

"The doctor was sent for immediately," she replied, "and gave her the antidote, and she was quite better the next day."

"Pray take care, Miss Roundtree," I said, rather wearied with this jargon, "or you will be slipping into the water and drown-

ing yourself in this clear lake of Grasmere, and it will be a long way to carry you and dip you in another lake to restore you."

We all laughed, and this was the best end of the discussion.

It was a pretty sight that rush-bearing, though not quite so rural in these days as the poet describes:—

> "This day, when forth by rustic music led,
> The village children, while the sky is red
> With evening lights, advance in long array
> Through the still churchyard, each with garland gay,
> That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
> Of the proud bearer. To the wide church door,
> Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore
> For decoration in the Papal time,
> The innocent procession moves," &c., &c.*

Now, in my time, the churchyard was surrounded with carriages and horses, and men-servants, and all the intellectual and fashionable "nobility and gentry" of the neighbourhood. Perhaps the simple lay of the bard had attracted them to the "rural ceremony," more even than the innocent procession itself. Any way, it was a very pretty sight; an ample space was afforded for the village children to move softly forwards to their rustic music; and there, among the foremost, moved my gentle Sylvia, with her clear, rich voice leading the carols of the children, who all kept time and tune in the simple, pretty strain; and among the garlands gay of those proud bearers were crosses of various devices, serpents, circles, and mere garlands, bound with bunches of rushes and flowers, mostly decorated with streaming ribbons of various colours, which relieved the sombre hues of the rushes. But whose sceptre-like burden, as it o'ertopped the head, could compare with hers in its simplicity and graceful beauty? that plain cross, into which her rushes were bound, and that fair wreath of lilies which was thrown over it! After the procession with their garlands had passed through the wide church door, all the carriage visitors departed. They could not keep their horses waiting any longer; but those on foot, and among them the white-haired bard, who sang the "tributary lay" to this "day" of "annual joy," followed the rush-bearers into the house, where they deposited their burdens. Then the short evening service of prayers, with a sermon of a few minutes' duration from Granby Ravenshaw, completed the general festivity "with calmer scenes."

The devotion and earnestness of Granby Ravenshaw could not but impress the most indifferent or preoccupied heart. I felt he was sincere and real in his convictions, and respected him from that day forward, though it is not for me to dwell now on the anguish his name caused me in future years. No; he was, I know, misrepresented, calumniated, evil spoken of,—especially by

* Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Part III., No. xxii., "Rural Ceremony."

people at a distance,—who knew nothing of him; he was called by the most opprobrious terms which very religious persons think it right to make use of towards their fellow-Christians. But let me here bear my testimony to him, that during all the time I knew him, I never saw or heard word, action, or behaviour, inconsistent with his high calling and profession in the church of his fathers.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PREACHER AND THE POET.

"You gave us a real homœopathic sermon," cried Mr. Kennicott, shaking Granby Ravenshaw by the hand, as they met after church. "The smallest possible amount of matter, but that matter of one kind only, and going direct to the point. Upon my word, I think you preachers generally require as much reformation as the doctors! You generally give us too *ponderous doses*, and so many ingredients mixed together, that one counteracts another, and it is impossible to derive benefit from any of them."

"You must forgive me, Dr. Carlingford," he added, with mock ceremony, as he pronounced my name impressively, "but you know I have been cramming on this said subject lately, and I suppose the only thing I can do now to take it off will be to have a little more of it. Ha! ha!" and Mr. Kennicott laughed, and I laughed too.

But there was our white-haired bard chatting with Sylvia and her friend Rachel; and leaving Mr. Kennicott and Dr. Tremorne to escort some of the elders of the party, Ravenshaw and I joined them.

"My yellow poppies could not have improved your wreath," said the poet, with gallantry, bowing to Sylvia as I came up; "but come and see them by all means, and bring your friend with you, on Monday morning, if you please."

Sylvia was delighted. She wanted an excuse, of all things, to take Rachel to Rydal Mount, but did not like to be intrusive. There were certain yellow poppies in his garden which, though not honoured by a ballad, like the yellow daffodils at Grasmere, were still highly esteemed by their possessor, and the only ones which grew in the neighbourhood. Sylvia had often wished to possess some of these yellow poppies when in seed, to sow in her garden; and as the invitation to visit Rydal Mount was quickly extended to Ravenshaw and myself, all parties were highly pleased, and we bid good-bye to the courteous old man with the affectionate reverence he always inspired, especially in young people, with whom he was always so frankly and amiably willing to engage in conversation. Rachel was to stay over Sunday at Silverdale, and now all that could be desired was a fine day.

Her young mind was filled with the poetry of the lakes, and her enthusiastic nature expended itself in warm admiration on subjects that were not proscribed by the religious tenets of her sect. Sylvia had been a favourite and a plaything at Rydal Mount from her infancy. Children were always loved and welcomed there, if characterized by the simplicity and modesty which form one of the greatest charms of that sweet age. I too, unworthy though I was of such notice, had been ever welcomed for my parents' sake, and honoured by many inquiries and much interest in my youthful years, respecting my various mountain and woodland pursuits. These always delighted a poet so warm and true in his affection to nature, and who loved to see the mind early turned from the mere commonplaces of life to find "in Nature" something "that is ours." So on Monday morning, the day being glorious, and I having an hour I could devote to such a pleasing engagement, between my morning and afternoon rounds, we all set out for Rydal Mount.

We crossed the lake, according to our custom, in the little boat, and then walked together along the pleasant road, the rocks covered with ferns and mountain vegetation on one side, the lake of Rydal Water soon coming into view on the other. We soon entered the pretty garden of a non-resident gentleman, who kindly permitted his friends to see the beauties of a situation peculiar for its loveliness. We rose by a terrace-walk on to a higher level, and then struck up through the woods by a steep, narrow path, which led to a small gateway that would be a difficult entrance to fashionable ladies in the present day. This little gate opened from a sort of rustic paling amid the rocks that continually cropped up in every direction, and was the division in this place between the grounds below and those of Rydal Mount, the poet's home. Beside the gate was a great stone of picturesque beauty, half embosomed in moss. Sylvia pointed to the stone, and directed our attention to an inscription which had been carved upon it. Rachel came forward with eager curiosity and interest, and would have carried the stone away bodily, inscription and all, I believe, had she been able. It ran as follows:—

"In these fair vales hath many a tree
At Wordsworth's suit been spared;
And from the builder's hand this stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the Bard;
So let it rest, and time will come,
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed."

That time has come now; and those who revisit that stone in these latter days will do so with peculiar interest; but then we felt it needless to stay to sigh over it; full of health and life ourselves, and on the way to see the living Bard, what had we to

do with sighs? So on we passed, through the small gate, and entered upon a pathway which, a little later in the season, was gay with the most beautiful hedge of hollyhocks I ever saw. At present they had not come into blossom. We soon came to the cottage on the mount, which will ever be associated with the memory of him whose inscription on the stone we had just read. We were shown into that library of classic interest to even more than his warm personal friends and admirers; but the works once collected there are now, alas! scattered. Well, never mind; scattered, say, among his most ardent admirers, and perhaps more individually cherished even now in memory of him, than they could have been if still remaining in his study. The woods, the mountains, the lakes, Nature itself was his study, his teacher. These still remain, and will never be dissociated from him who so long dwelt among them, who so ardently loved them,—who strove with such unwearied efforts and such unusual success, to turn the hearts of others to learn to admire and love those exquisite creations with which our world is so lavishly strewn; and who has had more to do than perhaps the present generation are fully aware of in forming those tastes, which now so earnestly penetrate into the most secret recesses of the wondrous world in which we live.

CHAPTER XV.

RYDAL MOUNT.

Mr. Wordsworth received us with affable courtesy, and led us into a parlour where the kind and excellent Mrs. Wordsworth was sitting.

"I have not seen your father lately," said he, addressing me. "How do his walks proceed now?"

These were some zigzag walks which my father had been cutting out of the rock, and making at intervals during many years, from his own garden up to the top of the Fell behind. Mr. Wordsworth took much interest in these walks, and had frequently been to inspect their progress and make suggestions respecting them. One little terrace had a seat placed upon it, called by his name, where, at his suggestion, an opening had been made in the wood, which displayed a beautiful distant view of Windermere. I remember seeing him, with my parents, seated on this spot often when I was a child; but though they always were a work on hand, these walks had not made very much progress lately. His kind sympathy was expressed for my father's present anxieties; and while Mrs. Wordsworth made more particular inquiries from me as to the present state of my family, he led the others to an ancient cabinet of beautiful dark, carved oak, and gave them interesting particulars concerning its antiquity and its

long possession by his family. I think it dated from the time of Henry VIII., and was highly valued by him. I could not but be struck with the kindness and delicacy of the man, which led him to point out an object of such interest and value to himself to a young stranger like Rachel, who would no doubt long treasure every word she heard from him, and impress every image connected with him deeply upon her memory. There was no egotism, nothing of himself, as the great poet that he was, celebrated throughout the whole of his own country, and to climes and ages far distant; but still it was this very man, this very poet, talking familiarly, and almost as a friend, to a young girl of scarcely nineteen, on a subject which really interested himself, and making her, as it were, a partner with him in that interest. It was soon proposed for us to go into the garden, when, Rachel being the greatest stranger, he again addressed himself particularly to her. He led us over his mossy lawn to a knoll surrounded by trees, but where, in front, a space had been entirely cleared to open out a view of the lakes and mountains; and a view it certainly was, which was worthy in its selection of the possessor of Rydal Mount. Many picturesque stumps of trees, half overgrown with moss, were scattered about here and there in sheltered nooks, inviting to rest and meditation such as poets love. But the woods were his favourite resort; there he might often be heard reciting his poems while in the act of composition, believing himself alone with imagination and Nature. After we had contemplated the wide view spread before us, being almost the entire reach of Windermere, he lead us to a raised terrace walk, approached by rustic steps cut partly in the rock, and partly formed of mossy stones, where little ferns nestled and peeped out in every crevice, and grew with a luxuriance which no pruning knife or ruthless hoe was permitted to disturb. Rachel begged one little remembrance from him, and while she was carefully removing a small root, Mr. Wordsworth gathered a handful of the yellow poppies which Sylvia had desired, dry and withered indeed, but full of the precious seed she so prized. He gave some to Sylvia and some to Rachel, presenting them with a smile and bow, as he said,—

"They are said to send people to sleep, like the poet's poetry!"

Rachel was too shy to make any disclaimer on this head, and he did not require it. He knew those two modest young girls were delighted with his present, gathered and presented by his own hand. He then led us along the terrace to a pretty sort of hermitage at the end. It was built of wood, dry and warm even in that moist climate, with a small table in the centre, and stained glass in the small windows, which cast a mellow light over the little chamber. Mr. Wordsworth, I noticed, stood outside, and did not enter this hermitage. Sylvia and I had often been here before, but it was new to Rachel and Granby Ravenshaw.

"Basil," said Sylvia softly to me, "you must open this door for me, to let Rachel see the view of Rydal Water."

I raised the latch of a small door in the panels of the hermitage, and there burst before us, clear, bright, and glorious, such a lovely view of Rydal Water, with its deep shadows and glowing lights; with its wooded islands and calm water; with its wide mountains beyond, and quivering beeches beneath, as ever struck my eye with new delight, often as I had gazed upon it. We were all silent for a moment, then Sylvia said,—

"This is the view which Queen Adelaide was so delighted with when she visited Mr. Wordsworth, and of which, when he opened this door, and it burst upon her, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. Wordsworth, I do not wonder now that you are a poet!'"

And again I felt the modesty of the man, who, when he knew this little incident might be referred to by his young favourite and frequent visitor, Sylvia, stayed out of hearing even of the praises of royalty. After we quitted Rydal Mount, we went to the woods of Rydal Park, to show the waterfalls to Rachel. There had been much rain the previous day, which was good for the waterfalls, and, indeed, the clearness of our views to-day was unclouded by the haze of mist which is so often seen in this district among the mountains in summer. To-day it was bright and cloudy, which gave more variety to each scene, more distinctness to every object. The woods, notwithstanding, were very damp; and I half feared for my fair companions as we stood contemplating first one fall and then the other, rushing down in one mass of white foam amid the rich vegetation and moss which their waters nourished, and dashing over the rocks below with a force that made the spray rebound again. There was a small hermitage near the lower fall, which had been a favourite resort with Sylvia and myself when children, and Rachel, anxious to visit every spot connected with these interesting regions, was desirous to go in and sit down there, being also, I dare say, somewhat fatigued.

"You will find it very damp," said I, and rather proposed returning.

"Not more than enough to counteract the damp of these lovely walks, perhaps," said Ravenshaw, smiling; and they went into the hermitage, while Sylvia tried to gather a tempting little fern that held its ground on the edge of the waterfall in spite of all the continual shocks it received.

"I have never found the 'Filmy fern' yet," said she; "it ought to grow about here. This, I see, is not different from what I have," as she took it from my hand, all wet with spray.

"We must make a party to Lodore," said I, "to find the 'Filmy fern;' it grows there."

"That will be charming," said Sylvia; "I will persuade

Rachel to remain longer with us, and then we can go to several places with her. I am sure she will like it."

"I am sure she will," said I.

"And Mr. Ravenshaw also," said Sylvia, eagerly.

"Yes," I replied, rather shortly, "if he can spare time."

"We must fix a day when you will both be able to accompany us," said Sylvia. This pacified me, and she added, "When I have finished my collection of ferns, I intend to get all the wild flowers I can find and make a book of them, and try to learn all their properties, and write them down beneath. I think I shall copy all the flowers in their natural colours, and put the real flower, pressed, beside the copy."

"It will be a nice occupation for you, and give you much interest in your country rambles; but you will find the classification of your flowers difficult in some respects."

"I shall try to classify them by my books," she replied; "but I also intend to put beneath, in English, what their properties are, as far I can learn them. Rachel tells me so many of the common plants, which grow both wild and in our gardens, are poisonous by nature, but still some of the most valuable medicines we possess.

"My dear Sylvia," said I, slightly put out with this allusion, "do you think that what Miss Roundtree tells you is new to you and to her, or new to all the world? Do you think she is the first who has studied the properties of the plants which grow around us? Study them yourself if you will, and learn about them what you can, but do not, my dear Sylvia, become infected with the foolish absurdities, I can call them nothing else, to which Miss Roundtree's education and imagination have predisposed her to give credit. I cannot bear to see women dabbling in matters which they do not and cannot understand; not that I would accuse Miss Roundtree in the slightest degree of being unfeminine, but I should be sorry to see you imitate her in any of her peculiar notions and fancies."

The hermitage where Rachel and Ravenshaw had been lingering having proved damper than was anticipated, we now joined company again, and all returned together.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS, WHICH DID NOT END IN MARRIAGE—AND WINTER WALKS, WHICH REVIVED JEALOUSY.

And so Rachel came to Silverdale for one clear day, and remained there a month. She was a nice companion for Sylvia; it was new to her to have anyone of her own age and sex of whom she could make a friend. During this month we made severa

pleasant excursions, not only to Derwentwater and Lodore, where it happened the day we were there, there was very little water to "come down" at all, so that we saw neither the "dashing" nor "splashing," nor any other of the varieties in its fall so eloquently described by the poet of Keswick; but we also ascended to the top of the "mighty Helvellyn," and saw the "lakes and mountains beneath" us "gleam misty and wide." When we went, the eagles were not so plentiful as in the days of Sir Walter Scott, and the stillness at the top was not disturbed by the "fits" of their "yelling." None of our ladies fainted with the excitement of the height, and though we carried a small brandy flask, they would not condescend to apply to it. This may partly be accounted for by our choosing the easiest route. We ascended up Dunmail-raise, the celebrated hill of Wordsworth in his "Waggoner;" thence proceeded to Wytheburn, where we had a comfortable breakfast; and then, following our guide, Sylvia, Rachel, and one or two other ladies, with Mr. Kennicott, Ravenshaw, and myself, stepped it out famously, and walked to the very top of Helvellyn and down again, without more than an occasional rest, and with neither refreshment nor fainting, as I said before. I had often before sought to "mark the sad spot," "'mid the brown mountain heather," where the unfortunate Gough fell, who is so beautifully commemorated by Scott in his poem upon the mountain. I once possessed a descendant of his faithful dog, but all traces of him have been long forgotten, and, but for the poem of Scott, both his memory and that of his mute companion, "who chased the hill fox and the raven away" from the remains of her beloved master, might, ere this, have perished entirely. Beside these longer expeditions, there were many charming nearer rambles to the Sunset Point, made classic ground by the memory of Dr. Arnold; over the top of Loughrigg Fell, in search of the stag-horn moss which grows there; up Nab-scar, and over Fairfield—and to Helm-crag, where Wordsworth describes the "dread pair that, spite of wind and weather, still sit upon Helm-crag together."

Then came a return visit from Sylvia to the neighbourhood of Ambleside, near Lowood, on the banks of Windermere. Mr. Kennicott most unselfishly spared his only daughter for the pleasure of visiting her friend Rachel; and the excursions on this side, both far and near, were all new to Sylvia. How happy was I when I could snatch a few hours' leisure on some occasional day, and join them in their researches for ferns on the Raarig wall,—that treasure to all fern collectors,—or in a yet longer ramble to Orest Head, through the woods of Elleray, the residence of Professor Wilson, from whence issued "The Recreations of Christopher North." Here, on our way to the summit of Orest Head, we found the red-cup moss, so prized by those who were in search of it. At other times we had a boat

upon the lake, the wide expanse of which we could see from the summit above Elleray, and, content with a narrower range of view, sauntered upon the banks of Windermere, or visited its many wooded islands, so inviting in their verdant beauty. Among these there was a special mysterious charm to my fair companions, in that said to have been the retreat of Christian after the Mutiny of the Bounty. Whether the tradition be true or not, or can be maintained in these later days, to them imagination gilded the charms of romance, and lent it more than all that certainty could have bestowed.

I could linger long upon these happy days; but perhaps to my readers all these places may be but as mere names, of which they can read far better descriptions in any guide-book to the lakes; to me they are still bright pictures to be recalled at will to the mind's eye, full of recollections and associations, dear still even after the lapse of so many years—years which have told on many of those scenes, in changes even greater than on those who visited them. I have also not undertaken merely to narrate the excursions of a few bright summer days, or the experience even of weeks or months of mutual intercourse, which, after various hopes and fears, successes and reverses, terminated in marriage, and living happily ever after; no—even were this agreeable period to have been arrived at, at all,—I have undertaken to give the experiences of more than half a lifetime, and must not dwell too long upon its details.

Sylvia's visit to her friend came to an end, and Rachel departed to her own home. There were mutual promises of friendship made between them, but I had not the satisfaction of hearing that Rachel was engaged to marry Ravenshaw. Had this been the case, it might have spared me much future trouble; but her visit was ended, and my fears about the curate and Sylvia again revived.

Dr. Tremorne visited a Hospital, an Infirmary, and a Dispensary. I had, therefore, numerous engagements besides his private patients, and but little time to spend upon young ladies, however attractive, when the long days of summer began to decline. My brother Robert also had made very little progress towards health, and it was thought advisable for him to pass the winter in Madeira, and then proceed, if possible, to join my brother Richard in Egypt the following season. My poor father felt the departure of his eldest son deeply, and every hour I could snatch from my profession was indeed due to him. After my day's work was over, I strove, during the long winter evenings, to divert his mind and while away his time, with games which once I might have despised, had I not learnt their value in a sick-room; and deeply did I now feel again indebted to my kind old friend, Miss Kennicott, who, to keep me quiet, had taught me the principles of numerous games, and made me play them,

taking both sides by myself, if Sylvia was not at liberty, by the completion of her studies, to join me.

I heard the improvement of the children, as they sang in church. I knew that Sylvia conducted them with an harmonium, which Granby Ravenshaw had presented, and that all the music was selected by him, and carried out by her. I knew that she visited the poor in their own cottages, and read to the sick, and administered relief to them under his direction, and from the liberality of her father, who never denied her anything. Sometimes in a turf-roofed cabin of extreme poverty and sickness I met this gentle ministering angel, on her missions of charity. Sometimes,—but very seldom,—when she wanted medical aid for those she visited, she applied to Dr. Tremorne. But I knew not how often she might be thrown with Granby Ravenshaw in her labours of love, and his faithful discharge of his duty in the cure of souls committed to him. I knew not, and of whom could I ask? Miss Kennicott was now sinking into a period of great age and infirmity. My visits at Silverdale were rare and short; and though Sylvia came very often to see my father, and cheer him with a little pleasant conversation, it so happened that these visits always occurred when I was out on my rounds. The unrestrained happy intercourse we had once had together, seemed to be interrupted by an unaccountable barrier raised between us when we were together. I could no longer demand an explanation from her of her most trivial actions, as I had once done. She appeared more silent, more reserved with me, than even with a common acquaintance. Alas! when I met them together, I felt she had more subjects in common—that she could talk more freely—with Granby Ravenshaw than with me.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHANGES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

And so time passed on—and its changes came gradually upon us—marking the future, perhaps, even more deeply than the present.

The first break-up in our valley was the death of Miss Kennicott. She died in a good old age, after a happy, peaceful life, always spent for the good of others, and always cheerful in its promotion. Both Mr. Kennicott and Sylvia felt the death of this aged relative very much. But her life had latterly become burdensome to her; and Sylvia had long taken all domestic management upon herself. There was, therefore, little apparent change in the household from this event, as Miss Kennicott had for some months been confined to her room. Sylvia's well-disciplined mind did not permit her to give way on this occasion to unrestrained grief. She shed many tears indeed over the memory of one who had been

to her, from her earliest years, in the place of a mother. But the tender affection she bore to her father did not permit her to indulge in gloomy and protracted mourning; and she rather strove, by increased attention to his comfort, and greater efforts to enliven his otherwise lonely hours, to fill the place of the valuable friend and counsellor whom he had lost, as well as that of the cherished darling she had always been to him; the only link between himself and a youthful wife, early lost, but most tenderly beloved. And thus, though the gossips for some time after Miss Kennicott's death, said Mr. Kennicott, "would now marry again;" though "everybody" thought it must have been her influence which had hitherto prevented so agreeable a man from finding another partner in life, time went on, and "everybody" was once more convinced of being mistaken in such an anticipation. Moreover, Joshua Roundtree and his wife, with their pretty daughter, Rachel, came to live at the cottage below Rydal Mount, and the friendship which had been formed between the two young girls became yet warmer, when they were able to have more permanent intercourse.

Joshua Roundtree was a cheerful, intelligent man, an old friend of Mr. Kennicott's; his wife was a kind, excellent, motherly woman, to whom Sylvia could apply in every emergency; his daughter was her most frequent companion, her greatest friend. And when it had been seen how this new arrangement went on, and how well the friends suited, without anything more coming of it, "everybody" positively affirmed now, that Mr. Kennicott "never *would* marry again."

In my own family these two years brought more mournful changes. Neither of my poor brothers regained such health as to enable them to return home. Each lingered a victim to those flattering deceptions, which hope is still so fain to believe are real; and about the same time—each in a foreign land sunk into a foreign grave, far from their home, their country, and their friends. My poor father could bear up no longer under his accumulated sorrows. The threatening of paralysis, which had hitherto been partially kept off, now laid him prostrate. Everything was done for him which the tenderest skill and most anxious solicitude could suggest. I need not here enter into details which availed not to retain his spirit. He passed from a life which had been marked by many griefs, to join, as I firmly believe, a goodly company of beloved ones who had preceded him, to a land where sorrow and parting are unknown. The unceasing care of my poor father diverted me from my grief on the first announcement of the death of my two brothers; but this did not last very long, he sank away more rapidly than might have been anticipated; and almost before I had time to realize my position, I found myself a lone man in the house of my fathers.

I need not dwell on the scenes which followed. My father lay beside the wife of his youth, and upon that one stone were

gathered now the names of all his descendants—but one—all but me.

Life and health were still strong within me; but my heart sank at the appalling record, which my name only—was wanting to complete.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GLOOMY MEDITATIONS AND THEIR REMEDY.

I WAS sitting alone in my father's study, with piles of letters, books, and memorandums around me, when a friendly tap, followed immediately by the door opening, announced Dr. Tremorne.

"How are you?" said he. "This will never do, sitting in-doors all this fine day. I want you to visit a patient for me beyond Bowness this afternoon. Come, put up your papers for this morning, and come home, and dine with me."

I had, I confess, been dwelling upon past recollections connected with the papers I had been examining, till I felt myself the most miserable man in the world; and though I was unwilling to disappoint my kind friend, I felt the greatest possible disinclination to comply with his request.

"You must not go on in this way," said Dr. Tremorne. "Why need you look at these papers at all? There is nothing for you to attend to in them, I imagine. Your father was a most regular man, always paid and posted off his bills at once; and as for letters, you may leave them at present as you found them."

"They must be attended to some time," said I, sadly; "and it is better to finish all at once. Here are letters my poor mother had preserved with care during her whole life, and many which had been addressed by her to friends, containing joyous details of her early married life, and many sorrowful ones about things which, to me, have been hitherto almost unknown. I cannot make up my mind to destroy them, cherished as they have so long been by my father, in memory of her."

"Do not destroy them, then. Put them aside. Put them all where you found them; one day you will feel differently about them. Basil, you must travel."

"Travel!" said I, mournfully. "Where shall I travel?"

"You must go and take a walking tour in Scotland for two months. Then you must go up the Rhine, through Germany and Switzerland to Rome. You may stay away one year if you please, and you will be another man when you return."

"I feel no interest in travelling now," said I. "There is no one who would care to know where I had been."

"Nonsense! you must marry, and take a pretty young bride with you."

"Marry," said I, still more dolefully. "Whom shall I marry? who would care to marry me?"

"Well, you must be very hard indeed to please, if you cannot find among all your acquaintance any one that would suit you; and as to no one caring to marry you, that is, indeed, nonsense again. I can tell you there are many mothers who would be only too well pleased to commit a daughter to your care, with such a comfortable prospect as you could give her in marriage."

"Dr. Tremorne," said I, with decision, "I will never marry a woman because her mother thinks I could give her a comfortable home! That is not my idea of marriage."

"Well, then," replied, Dr. Tremorne, smiling, and humouring my whims, "there are pretty girls not so very far from you, who both have no mothers to be pleased by such a connection, and also whose mothers are noways anxious to part with them for any connection at all, I imagine."

"I do not care for a mere pretty girl; besides, I am not going to steal any girl from her parents without consent."

"You are bad to please, and yet you might, I should think, have found a nice girl, with every qualification to make you happy, without being obliged to run off with her. I do not think Mrs. Roundtree wishes to part with her daughter, but Rachel is a very nice girl. What say you to her? And she will also have a very nice fortune of her own."

"I do not want a wife with a fortune. I had rather have one without. Rachel is, I know, a very nice girl, and I should be glad to see her happily married to a man that would love her, and be kind to her; but she would not quite suit me. And to tell the truth, Dr. Tremorne," I added, speaking with considerable energy, "I never can, and never will, marry a woman who carries about with her one of those absurd 'little chests!'"

"Oh," said Dr. Tremorne, thoughtfully, "that's it, is it? Sylvia carries no 'little chest'!"

"Sylvia," said I, mournfully, "she would never have me."

"Never have you! and why not? Have you ever asked her?"

"No," said I, the colour mounting to my temples. "I have never done that. But her behaviour to me is so entirely changed from what it used to be, and she always seems so much to prefer the society of—of—of others to mine, that I cannot suppose she entertains the slightest regard for me."

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,'" replied the good-natured old man. "You cannot always judge of the regard of a modest young woman by the pleasure she manifests in your society. Go, Basil, and ask her yourself what she thinks of you."

"I cannot ask her so suddenly," said I, hope reviving in my bosom once more. "I feel certain if I did so she would reject me at once. I cannot go frequently to the house under her present

circumstances, without permission from her father to do so. But I will speak to her father, and, with his sanction to visit her—perhaps——"

Dr. Tremorne looked doubtful. "Speak to her father! Yes, that is, I suppose, the proper way. You are a good boy, Basil, and I wish you success with all my heart. Go and speak to her father this afternoon, if you please. I will visit my patient myself."

"You are only too good to me," I exclaimed; "I will call at Silverdale to-morrow. I cannot at once broach so important a subject to her father. I have not seen him yet since my own poor father's death. And what will he say to my stealing his daughter from him, and leaving him a solitary man?"

"Mr. Kennicott has been faithful to the memory of his wife for many long years. He has brought up her child with the tenderest affection. He is still in the prime of life, and a very pleasant man. Depend upon it, my dear Basil, the best thing that can be done for both, will be for Sylvia to marry, and her father to do the same. She must not for ever be condemned to single life, dear child, for him, tender parent though he has been to her."

CHAPTER XIX.

I DISCOVER MY PROSPECTS TO BE MUCH BETTER THAN I THOUGHT THEM TO BE.

Hope once more smiled upon my heart, from the cheering prospect opened before me by Dr. Tremorne. To think that I might now gain her father's permission to become the acknowledged suitor of Sylvia; that I might at length obtain from her a return of that love which had become a part of my very existence, filled me with new life, gave strength and purpose once more to my actions, and made me feel a walking tour in Scotland was entirely needless to restore the tone of my body and mind. Painful as were the circumstances which had led to it, I no longer felt myself in a position unable to compete with Ravenshaw. Hitherto I had always felt weighed down with the incubus of poverty whenever I had contemplated any future relationship towards her. This had been one of my greatest trials in witnessing her happy, unconstrained intercourse with my rival. He was a man already in easy circumstances; but his future prospects, independent of the high sound of an alliance with nobility, were what most persons in my position would regard as brilliant. He only waited the death of an old uncle without children to enter upon a family living of a thousand a year, with light duty, and all the savings which a bachelor uncle might have accumulated during a fifty

years' incumbency. What had I, the youngest son of a poor man, weighed down by heavy expenses from the sickness and necessities of two elder sons, what had I to offer Sylvia, to compare with such a lot as this?

I had fully made up my mind long ago that I never would marry any woman for her money; but I was well aware Sylvia had at present little or nothing of her own; her father might marry again, and have a son to inherit his estate, and I would never be so selfish as to bring the woman I loved into the hardships and trials of a life of poverty, and continual struggle for daily bread. No; my Sylvia, I often felt, could not be mine, deeply as I loved her. So many years must pass ere I could offer her a home, such as I should deem fit for her to enter; that long before that time could arrive, her cherished hand would, I feared, be promised to another. Her heart, to me worth more than any other heart on earth, must, I feared, be won by Ravenshaw. But now the circumstances were altered; though till the time of my conversation with Dr. Tremorne I had never realized the change. I was now possessed of an unencumbered income from my father's estates of about five hundred a year, besides a comfortable house, a productive garden and grounds, with a good field or two, and a barren mountain to back all.

Lightly as I had spoken of my prospects to Dr. Tremorne, I felt they were such as I need not be ashamed to offer to the woman of my choice, and such as her father would be perfectly justified in regarding as every way suitable for his daughter. I had, in addition, what might be almost regarded as half an excellent practice with Dr. Tremorne, and in time, the probable reversion of the whole, if I chose to follow my profession. And so, thinking over all these things, I began to consider that I could offer any woman a most comfortable home, and very satisfactory prospects; that my family and character were regarded by the whole neighbourhood as unexceptionable; that the Kennicotts and Carlingfords had been friends from time immemorial, and already frequently connected in alliance by marriage; that I had always been a great favourite with Mr. Kennicott, and also with his aunt, and had, from my earliest years, been treated by him more like a son than as a relative, bound only by distant ties; that Sylvia and I had from our childhood upwards entertained the most lively affection for each other, and that it might be entirely a mistake on my part to suppose this to be in any way diminished. In short, I felt such a gush of hope and joy in my heart as it had long been a stranger to. The future had become suddenly gilded with the brightest anticipations. I felt it was impossible that Mr. Kennicott should reject me; and Sylvia—I began once more to indulge the joyful belief that, if Sylvia did not already love me, I might yet win her love!

CHAPTER XX.

A MOST UNLOOKED-FOR TURN OF EVENTS.

And so I now began to feel I must take life as I found it, and make the best of it; and that perhaps, after all, it would not prove so very bad. I determined to go to work cautiously, notwithstanding. I felt sure Mr. Kennicott had never yet regarded me in the light of a husband for his daughter. Probably he had never thought of any man in that light; nay, it might never have crossed his mind at all that such a girl as Sylvia was likely to have many suitors for her hand; and it might be well for him to encourage one who would be likely to make her happy in future years. It might never have occurred to him that his Sylvia was anything but the innocent child, with long brown curls, whom he used to press to his bosom in the years of his early widowerhood, and call "his only treasure—the brightest solace of his life." I felt all this extremely probable, and was unwilling by too hasty a movement on my part to ruin my game. I therefore paid two or three evening visits at Silverdale, where Mr. Kennicott always made me welcome; and it seemed to me that Sylvia herself was not displeased with my coming in again in the easy way that had so often been my custom long ago. Moreover, I learnt incidentally, in this way, that Ravenshaw was not a frequent visitor at the house, and that, however busy Sylvia might be preparing chants and tunes at his request, or arranging work for her school classes, or making garments for her old women, she never was so busy but that, if I came in, she could lay aside her employment and sing to me my favourite airs, or take a hand with me for her partner at whist; while now that poor Miss Kennicott was gone, Mr. Kennicott was content with dummy for his partner, and no one ever suggested asking Granby Ravenshaw to drop in and make a fourth. So far, all was satisfactory; and I began to think the game almost in my own hands. Surely the time now had arrived to speak to her father. I could not go on for ever with these friendly visits in a house where Sylvia was the only lady. Mr. Kennicott himself would soon perceive this, and perhaps put a stop to my visits in a way which might render my opening the subject more difficult than at present. So one fine morning, when I knew that Mr. Kennicott might be found in his study, and when I felt pretty sure Sylvia would be out on some errand of charity, I called upon her father, with "*important*" no doubt written upon my face, and found him, as I anticipated, alone. After some trifling observations, according to the way of Englishmen, upon the weather and the news, which I for one could not at that moment have expressed one clear idea upon for any money, I went straight to the point, and said plainly,—

"Mr. Kennicott, I have called this morning in hopes that I may receive from you your sanction to my paying my addresses to your daughter, to win whose love and make her my wife will be the dearest, proudest object I can attain in this life."

Mr. Kennicott appeared for a moment struck dumb. Had I been too hasty? had I spoken injudiciously? Oh, what would be his reply? what could I say to better my position, or to smooth away any unpleasant impression my speech had given? I was silent too.

"To make her your wife!" replied Mr. Kennicott, at last; "my dear Basil, I am very sorry such a thought has ever entered your head. I hope and trust you have never said anything of this to Sylvia."

What a reply was this! With compressed lips, and assumed firmness, I answered,—

"No, Mr. Kennicott; warmly and most kindly as I have ever been received in your family, I should deem myself unworthy of your friendship could I, unawares to you, have purposely stolen the heart of your daughter. But tell me, Mr. Kennicott, why is not an alliance with me deemed good enough for the child of our common ancestors?"

"Basil, my dear Basil," said Mr. Kennicott, kindly laying his hand upon my shoulder, "do not speak to me thus. You have been almost as a son to me hitherto, and I had fain hoped the happy intercourse you have had in my family might always have continued the same. Alas! I grieve to tell you, as much as if you were my own child; but, Basil, I can never consent to this union for my Sylvia. It is impossible. Forget it; put it from your mind; my child's peace is, I trust, uninjured; be to her as a brother, as you have heretofore been."

"A brother! Mr. Kennicott, you mock me! Why have you permitted me to grow up in the atmosphere of your child's loveliness, and now tell me it is impossible she can be my wife? Impossible! What can render it impossible? Where is the barrier which can divide us, if your daughter loves me, as I firmly believe she does?"

"You think she loves you! Oh, no. Do not add that drop to my cup of bitterness! Basil, my child has not a thought but what is openly expressed to me. Do not force from me my reasons; forget that this subject has been spoken of between us; and let us ever be friends as we have hitherto been; true and warm friends." And he held out his hand to me. I could not take it.

"I cannot leave your house, Mr. Kennicott," said I, still warmly, "until I have from yourself the reasons which render the marriage of your daughter impossible with one whom you have hitherto admitted to your house on the most friendly terms, and permitted to have unrestrained intercourse with her."

"Alas! I have been ill-judged," he replied; "I ought never to

have permitted you to see my child. I hoped that very intercourse of relationship would have prevented all this. With Sylvia I am sure it has. She looks upon you but as a cousin—as a relative—no nearer ties could ever bind; but you, my poor Basil, do not force me to give you my reasons. I would fain spare you that addition to the sorrow it is, alas! too late to prevent."

"Your reasons, Mr. Kennicott," I cried, with much excitement; "your reasons! I will not leave this house till I have your reasons!"

"Basil," said he, very sadly but firmly, "my child is a tender flower, which has been carefully nurtured and shielded from every blast. I would fain spare you,—but go look at the names upon that tomb at Grasmere,—and tell me if you think my Sylvia would not sink even sooner than your poor mother sank, were she exposed to sorrows such as hers—and you would be left to mourn the vacant place of her you loved—as—as—as I have been."

Mr. Kennicott's voice grew thick, and his hot tears fell upon the hand that I had refused to take. As he made this allusion, which I had brought upon myself, to the fatal malady of our house, I stretched my hand out to him and grasped his almost convulsively, without a word. We both were silent for a few moments, then Mr. Kennicott said,—

"Basil, I know you love my child too well to run the risk of disturbing her peace in this matter. I am persuaded, dear child, that no thought has ever crossed her mind such as you have spoken of to me this day. I sincerely hope and trust it never may."

"Mr. Kennicott," I replied, "you need not fear me; to-morrow I shall start for the Continent." And so we parted, but not in anger.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON THERE BEING TWO VIEWS OF THE SUBJECT EVEN NOW.

It is impossible for me to describe the feelings with which I returned home that day, and I shall not attempt it. The cherished happiness of my life seemed for a moment to have been held within my reach, to be rudely and for ever dashed from my grasp. I passed the remainder of the day entirely alone. In the evening, when I knew it approached Dr. Tremorne's early hour for retiring to rest, I sent him a short note, begging him to excuse my attendance; that I had taken advantage of his kind offer to spare me to travel; and circumstances had induced me to decide upon starting by the early coach the next morning, on my way to the Continent. I promised to write to him again soon. I felt at that moment even a visit from him would be more than I could endure. My love to Sylvia sustained me sufficiently to induce me henceforth to place for ever an impassable barrier between

us, rather than endanger her peace of mind. I had decided upon my course of action. I would leave the home of my fathers, and become an exile for life, rather than cause her the risk of anguish like my own. "Happy child!" I thought; "it may indeed be true, as I have heretofore so often dreaded, that she regards me but in the light of the cousin and playfellow of her childish years, and can never regard me otherwise." That dread, alas! was now my only hope. So all my preparations for the journey were speedily made, and night closed upon the most wretched day which had ever yet dawned on my life. Early morning came again, and I was astir betimes. The coach passed our gates, and joined the railway now at Kendal; from thence I could proceed rapidly in the course which suited me best, for the seaport I had selected. I had not told the old housekeeper,—who had stuffed my pockets with raisins and oranges from the store-cupboard when a boy,—the full extent of my intentions. I merely spoke of an immediate journey which I must take, and, early as was the hour, she had made every preparation for my solitary breakfast in comfort. My breakfast, however, was not to be solitary, for before I was seated, I heard the carriage wheels of Dr. Tremorne, and ere he was announced, he had entered my room, where my carpet bag and other necessary articles of travel were placed, all ready for departure. He was at first about to address me in a rallying tone on the sudden speed of my arrangements. But he saw in a moment this could not be responded to by me at present, and taking my hand kindly, he said,—

"Come, now, Basil, tell me all about it. What is the matter? I am your oldest friend; treat me as a parent."

And I did treat him as a parent, and told him the whole truth, —though scarcely had I even yet realized how the vision of my life was destroyed,—how Sylvia's image was bound up with every fibre of my past existence,—with every hope I had ever indulged for the future.

"You are right to go abroad," said my kind friend, very gravely, when I had concluded, and I felt my narrative had grieved and astonished him almost as much as myself. "But, Basil, you must not give way to despondency. Your case may not be as hopeless as you imagine. Mr. Kennicott may yet relent, especially if he sees Sylvia drooping after your departure. I will keep my eye upon her, and, depend on it, you shall hear from me how all goes on, and if I think your return desirable."

"Alas!" I replied, "I must not desire that Mr. Kennicott should relent. I would rather myself endure a life of lonesome misery, than bring the woman I love into circumstances of sorrow and wretchedness."

"You take too gloomy a view of your case altogether, Basil. Were Sylvia my daughter, I would give her to you to-morrow, and think it the happiest day of my life when I saw your hands

united. It is a mistake, Basil, for us to think to alter the constitution of the world in which God has placed us, and reject the greatest happiness He has given us for our solace in this life, because of the sickness and sorrow which He has also wisely appointed shall be our portion therein. It is not the tomb at Grasmere on which you must look. Raise your eyes above," he added fervently, looking far into the deep blue sky, "raise your eyes to that Paradise where, I fully believe, all the members of your family are now reunited in joy and endless happiness. Think you your parents would have foregone one short sorrow of this transitory life to have that goodly company above in anywise diminished? I have seen the tears your mother wept over her three fair daughters, just rising into womanhood—I beheld her anguish as babe after babe was enclosed from the mother's sight in its narrow coffin—think you that now she counts those ransomed souls too dearly bought by death and sorrow here?

"Oh, when the mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Has she not then for all her cares,—
The day of woe, the anxious night,—
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An overpayment of delight?"

How often have I comforted her with those words of her favourite Southey. Think you she does not now feel their truth realized ten thousand times?"

The old man had spoken with an energy to which he seldom gave way, but he carried me along with him, and I felt a higher hope and calmer emotions once more dawning in my breast.

We sat down to our coffee in silence, for my old housekeeper had at once provided for my friend.

"Now, Basil," said Dr. Tremorne, in a different tone of voice, after our social meal had commenced,—"Now, Basil, as I said before, you must go abroad,—and I will look out and tell you how the land lies. When I see a fitting opportunity I will commend you to Mr. Kennicott; tell him what a fine, strong young fellow you are," he added, smiling. "Indeed, you have done credit to your poor mother's early care. I told her to attend to the development of your body rather than your mind, for the first ten years, and to keep you with strict discipline in moral duties, obedience, and truth. Poor woman, with her earlier children she had cultivated too active minds too highly for their delicate frames,—and she had seen and lamented her error in time to adopt a new plan with you, Basil. They are with her now, and you will join them one day, and bless the mother's care that watched over your early years."

It was wise in Dr. Tremorne thus to speak of my mother; it soothed my mind while smarting under deeper grief. When the breakfast things were removed, Dr. Tremorne took out a map.

"Now let me see where you are going," said he. "I have been much abroad. Think you, Basil, that these white hairs have gathered round my temples without my having passed through such an ordeal as yours?" and the veins in his forehead started at the recollection of sorrows for which I had never given the old man credit. Then, with a pencil, he traced a route for me through some of the most interesting parts of Europe, and by this time the Whitehaven Mail had passed my gate. Dr. Tremorne knew this well enough, and so did I; I did not care now.

"And what will you do with your house and all your belongings?" asked he.

"My greatest desire is that you should come and live here, and just look after the garden and man-servant a little, till my return."

"I will, Basil. My own lease is up next month, and I did not intend to take my house on. I will come here at once."

He then spoke of rent, but this I could not hear of. I begged him to take all as it was, in remembrance of our friendship.

The good old man was too charitable to be rich, and I was deeply indebted to him in every way.

"But I cannot live with all these high laurels shutting out the sun and air, Basil," said he. "They were cut when you were born, and kept low, while your mother lived, by my advice. They will stifle me."

"Cut everything just as you please," said I; "I can entirely trust you."

"Then you start for London to-morrow."

And so it was settled.

CHAPTER XXII.

A VERY HARD PASSAGE OVER SMOOTH WATERS.

I ARRANGED all my business that day, and by evening everything was completed which I had to attend to. Dr. Tremorne's visit had certainly revived hope in my breast, though I scarcely knew how to trust it; still I was not so desponding as the day before.

It was a calm, clear autumn day, the evenings were short, but the harvest moon seemed to prolong the daylight. I wandered out about this time, to take a solitary ramble once more among scenes that were so dear to me, and which, perhaps, I might never again revisit. The hour was not late, though the evening was closing in, and as I stood by the shore of the lake, watching the first ripple on its bosom illuminated by the rising moon, I saw at a little distance the light figure of one whom no distance of time or space could, I thought, cause me to mistake. Her little boat was moored against the bank, and a young lad who

was with her was assisting her to unfasten it from its hold. Could I resist such a moment? It may have been wrong, weak, dishonourable, nay, what shall I not call it?—but she was my cousin, and I could not resist it. I was by her side in a moment.

"Basil," she exclaimed, rather sadly, "is that you? My father told me you were gone abroad." Then, turning to the boy, she said, "Fergus, you may return home; my cousin will see me safe across the lake."

What could I do? The boy was gone in a moment. I took the oars as I held the boat, while she stepped in.

"I did intend to have gone to-day," I replied; "but I was detained till after the mail had passed this morning. I shall leave early to-morrow."

"And without bidding us good-bye!" she said, with tender reproach in her tone, which cut me to the heart. "Are you going for long, Basil? Surely it is a very sudden resolution."

"I called at Silverdale yesterday," said I, little able to make out a satisfactory excuse. "I saw your father, but you were out. You are late, Sylvia, to-night. Will not your father be uneasy?"

"It is a poor woman who is ill," she replied. "She was taken very suddenly, and I did not like to send for Dr. Tremorne this evening, till I had seen her myself. Fergus is a stout boy, and went down with me, and would see me home. My father knew where I was gone, and who I had with me. He is a kind father, Basil. He never denies me anything."

Here was a temptation. Oh, if I could make her promise one little word, could she not persuade that kind father to relax his stern resolution? But no—I felt I was bound in honour, though not by any promise, to breathe nothing to Sylvia of the desires of my heart. Her father trusted me; I could not betray his trust.

"Dr. Tremorne," said I, after Sylvia's last words, "has been wishing me to travel for some time, and circumstances have arisen, which have made me think it desirable to set off immediately. I told your father of my intentions yesterday."

"Yes," said Sylvia, again very sadly, "and will you not write to my father, and shall we not hear where you are, and what you are doing?"

"I shall write to Dr. Tremorne," I replied. "He is coming to live in my house at the Fell, and will look after all there for me. And you will visit him sometimes, Sylvia, will you not? Poor old man! he is but lonely in his age. It is a shame in me to leave him thus, when he has treated me almost as if I were his own son." Then we both relapsed into silence, till at length I said, "You will go sometimes and look at the old place, will you not, Sylvia?"

"Oh yes," she replied, hastily turning her face towards the

water; and pulling off her gloves, she dipped her hands in the stream of light made by the moonbeams on its surface, and drew them along through the water. By-and-bye she looked up, and said, in a tone from which all emotion was banished, "Yes, Basil. I will often call and see our good old friend, Dr. Tremorne, as I used to do upon your poor father; and I will take care," she added, assuming a more natural and playful tone—"I will take care and see that he keeps all in order against your return. I shall go myself up the walks to the Goat's Crag sometimes, to see that they are all kept carefully, and I will be very strict with him in looking after what he does in the flower-garden."

"I shall hear from him an account of all your supervision, I doubt not," said I, endeavouring to support the tone of *badinage*. "He is going already to cut down all those fine laurels in front of the house."

"Which shut out the view of the river and all the sunshine," said Sylvia. "I shall be very glad when they are gone. They make your place look gloomy, Basil. We have more sunshine at Silverdale than you have."

I could not reply to this,—but was glad she approved the condemnation of the trees, in which my poor father had indeed taken a pride, but against which Dr. Tremorne had always waged war, as unsuitable to our damp climate, and injurious from their exhalation and shade. Difficult as it was to support even this trifling conversation, the remainder of the water was crossed in perfect silence on both sides. As her little hand rested for one moment upon mine, when I assisted her out of the boat, how difficult was it not to grasp it closely within my own, and claim it as mine for ever! But my tongue was sealed to silence on the subject dearest to my heart, and we neither of us spoke again until we reached a small private door, which led by the nearest approach to the house at Silverdale.

"You will come in and see my father, will you not?" said Sylvia, as I opened the door for her, and stood without.

"I cannot to-night," I replied, with difficulty commanding my voice in an assumed indifference of tone. "Tell your father, if you please, that I saw you safely across the lake, and shall leave by the Whitehaven mail early to-morrow morning."

"And shall you be long absent?" asked Sylvia, looking up in my face; and as the moonbeams fell upon her features, I saw a half sad, half reproachful expression, which cut me to the heart. How fain would I at that moment have strained her to my breast, and bound her to me by irrevocable vows! Alas! if she misjudged my silence, she must at least have seen that I too was miserable.

"I cannot tell how long I may be absent at present," I replied; "but I shall always write to Dr. Tremorne, and he will know what I may think best to decide upon in my movements."

"Are you ill?" asked she, with tender anxiety. "Is that why you leave us all so suddenly? Does Dr. Tremorne think you must go to a warmer climate?"

"I am not ill, thank you," I replied, endeavouring to evade the alarm which I saw had arisen in her mind, and yet almost wishing this might be to her a sufficient reason, rather than I should appear so cold and capricious,—"I am not ill, thank you, but Dr. Tremorne has advised my going abroad, and I have decided to do so."

"Then good-bye," said she, putting her ungloved hand within mine; "I hope we shall hear good accounts of you, and God bless you, wherever you are."

"May He bless you also," I faintly articulated, and then—that little door closed—and she was gone.

Gone—and I was alone—more alone than I had ever felt before in this world. Should I ever see her more? And if so, what might not a year's absence, with my silence and apparent indifference, effect even on the true heart of Sylvia? When next we met she might belong to another!

The moon was hid behind deep clouds as I went along the high terrace which led round Loughrigg Fell to my home. The silent lake lay beneath me without even one ray of light to illuminate its surface. The dark clouds beyond cast a sombre shadow over all. My heart was in unison with the dark scene around me, as I trod my way back once more to the home of my fathers, which I was about to quit, uncertain if I should ever return.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A PORTION OF MY HISTORY WHICH HAS BEEN BETTER TOLD BY OTHERS, AND A PORTION WHICH I HAD BETTER TELL MYSELF.

Now, my dear reader—for surely if you have accompanied me thus far in my history there will now be some sympathy established between us,—so, my dear reader, if you expect I am going to inflict upon you the "incidents of travel" in my European tour, you will find you are mistaken. You have probably made that tour already yourself, and are as well acquainted with its "highways and byways" as I am. If you are not a member of the Alpine Club, as you probably are, you may at least have had "a ride on horseback through Switzerland;" and if you have not already experienced the discomforts of an "unprotected" state abroad, you may be contemplating the enterprise; and far be it from me to anticipate the delights and difficulties of such an energetic movement. If, therefore, you are in want of information on such subjects, I will rather refer you to Murray's Hand-

books, which will tell you all about all the cities and castles I explored, the cathedrals and picture galleries I visited, the rivers and lakes I navigated, and the mountains I climbed, far better than I can do. And if, after that, you want any further information, you will find, I doubt not, more than sufficient "surplus copies" of every description of travels in Mr. Mudie's monthly list of "works withdrawn from circulation, at greatly reduced prices." If, however, biographical sketches of "Englishmen and Englishwomen abroad" take your fancy more than the objects which they cross the Channel to see, I must refer you then to the "Journey of Brown, Jones, and Robinson," illustrated by Doyle so successfully, that I was able in a moment to recognize many travelling companions, whose names had previously been unknown to me. I met the very same party on the steamer up the Rhine, fell in with them again and again when they were "doing the cathedrals," and actually was in the very same railway carriage from which they successfully "saw Belgium." All this portion of my history I shall therefore leave, and pass on to events of a more personal nature, which can be found neither in Murray's Handbooks, nor, as yet, among the advertisements of Mudie's "recent works of history, biography, travel, and fiction."

"Now it came to pass," as a certain old pilgrim, studied in my juvenile days, used to say, that "as I was on my journey," I found myself in a certain city in France; and I had not been in that city one day before I learned that the cholera was raging there violently. Had it not been that I was obliged to wait for a remittance from my banker, I should have proceeded immediately, and quitted the pestilential air too soon for it to have affected me. But as it was, I was compelled to remain till the next day. My letters arrived, and my credit was duly given and received; but, alas! as I returned to my hotel I felt the most alarming sensations of illness. The persuasion I should fall a victim on a foreign soil to this fatal malady suddenly presented itself before me, and I had made no will. I was soon prostrated with vomiting and other violent symptoms. To make a will now I felt was impossible. Life appeared to me to be ebbing away from me, and I had little power of exercising either reflection or regrets.

Nevertheless, when I considered that my father and eldest brother had cut off the entail of the property, and that it had now become mine absolutely; that the relative next of kin to whom it would pass was entirely unknown to me, and connected by a very distant tie; that Sylvia was the object dearest my heart, and might one day be but slenderly provided for, should her father ever marry again; that Dr. Tremorne was my best friend, to whom I was under infinite obligations—when, as I say, all these thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, in the intervals of extreme pain, I felt the greatest concern at the negligence

which had permitted me entirely to disregard the future disposal of my property. When my illness became known, alarm was quickly visible in the hotel, and I was immediately urged to have medical advice. For myself, I felt in that desponding state of mind which induced me to believe no advice could benefit me; but I did express an urgent desire, if an English doctor could be found, that he should be sent for. He might at least be able to make my will and write to my friends. When the doctor arrived I was too ill to speak of anything. I lay in a state almost of unconsciousness, and even now it is difficult to me to recall what passed during that terrible period of prostration and suffering. The doctor saw me two or three times that day, and his instructions were attended to with fidelity and much kindness by those around me. The next day when he came I was asleep: he was extremely busy, scarcely knowing how to pass from patient to patient during this season of sickness; he left his orders and departed. The next day, having already found me better, he ordered me nourishing diet, and considered me out of danger. I felt my health was restored, and it was not necessary now to detain him to make my will. But what was my annoyance to find, on my restoration, that this doctor was one of those who professed the system of homœopathy, and that positively, without my consent, and entirely unknown to me, I had been treated, or *non*-treated, according to the profession of his school, and actually cheated into taking the contents—for medicine I could not call it—of one of their absurd little chests. I confess I felt from this circumstance almost more vexation at the time than I had done during my illness on the subject of my will. I was annoyed, also, that I should have imagined myself so ill, when, having recovered without any treatment at all, this could not possibly have been the case. On every account I felt in a very bad humour; I was annoyed with myself, annoyed with the doctor, and annoyed with my attendants in the hotel, from whom I had received the utmost consideration and care. My own instructions had been faithfully carried out—"If it be possible, get me an English doctor."

He was the only English doctor in the place: he had come to settle abroad, because in England people would not receive his fancies and absurdities. What could be done? I felt there was nothing but to swallow my annoyance as I best might, and take care that I said nothing about the circumstance to any one. It would be a fine joke against me for the fair Rachel, if ever I were in spirits again, to be inclined to joke on that or any other subject.

The following morning I left my card at this English doctor's: he was out. I explained that I was compelled to leave the town immediately, and said I was fully equal to the journey now; and felt heartily glad I had not to encounter a personal interview

with a man who I felt had been cheating and deceiving me when in a state in which I was not able to contend against him or oppose his charlatanries. I left this city with disgust, and hoped it might never be my fate to put my foot into it again.

My next halting-place was Geneva, where I sent for an English notary to make my will. I had to wait here some little time till my letters could be answered, as I had proceeded thither more rapidly than I had at first intended. I need not say what I found to occupy me and divert my mind while there—though rowing on the lake recalled associations on which I did not wish to dwell.

I began to be a prey to weariness, in a city full of interesting recollections, both ancient and modern; and surrounded by scenery which soothed the hearts of a Rousseau, a Voltaire, and a Gibbon, when smarting beneath the changes and chances of this mortal life with scarcely less impatience than myself.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A VIOLENT REMEDY IN A SEVERE CASE.

The desired despatches arrived at length. There was an English newspaper, and a letter from Dr. Tremorne. I threw aside the newspaper, and tore open the letter—glancing it eagerly over to catch the sight of Sylvia's name. The doctor had written to tantalize me. What did I care for three pages full of commentaries on my travels? I had already become excited with somewhat of active choler against my good friend, when I came upon this sentence,—"I send you a newspaper, with a full account of the gay bride at Silverdale, and all the grand doings which have been going on there in consequence, together with all other local and county intelligence. Mr. Ravenshaw appears full of happiness with his young bride. You will see all about his wedding in the paper I send you. Poor Sylvia! I fear amid all these festivities she carries an aching heart."

Cruel Dr. Tremorne, thus to mock me! I dashed the letter upon the ground, and stamped on it with my feet; then I flung the unopened newspaper to the other end of the room, at the imminent peril of breaking a glass chandelier which hung there. A moment's reflection showed me this was no advantage, to either the paper or myself, nor any detriment to Sylvia's marriage with Ravenshaw—which my best friend, has I had hitherto believed him, had thus heartlessly announced to me. I therefore seized the hateful letter, and yet more hateful unopened paper, in which I was to behold the names of Granby Ravenshaw and Sylvia indissolubly united, and flung them from my window in a transport of rage, blazing with a score of lucifer matches, — and watched them burn, my teeth savagely clenched together the

while, until they were consumed to ashes. Then I gathered up the fragments, and flung them with all my might into the lake; and where are they now? Those names had surely been dissevered in the process, and yet ought I to desire that! Alas! alas! the first rage of surprise, excitement, and grief dispelled, my better man revived; and I felt I must now for ever banish my love for Sylvia from my heart, and regard her henceforth as the wife of another. And yet she was not happy. Oh that Dr. Tremorne could at least have had the consideration to withhold this one added drop of bitterness from me! I felt it was indeed too much. Had my gentle Sylvia at length been overpersuaded by the admiration of Ravenshaw, and the entreaties of her father,—by my cruel neglect, and apparent cold indifference,—had she been induced to give her hand without her heart—and found, alas! too late, that that heart was not in her own possession—that it was already given to the exile from his home and his country, who seemed to have despised her love? The anguish I endured was almost insupportable. And yet those who had inflicted upon me this cruel blow were among those I had most highly respected—most devotedly loved. Could I but have believed that Sylvia was indifferent to me, that she really loved Ravenshaw, I felt, as better thoughts came over me, that I would willingly be the sacrifice to insure her happiness; but, alas! the anguish of being myself for ever severed from her was continually augmented, as the belief still forced itself upon me that Sylvia had indeed loved me; and Dr. Tremorne himself feared this irrevocable step was not one that would add to her happiness. Already, amid the bridal decorations and festivities, his keen eye had discovered that Sylvia was not happy.

My decision was soon taken as to my future course in life. Never would I return to Grasmere, to distract the affections of Sylvia, and revive in her bosom a love which in time perhaps might be forgotten. From henceforth I was to become a wanderer, an outcast, and an exile for ever from my fatherland.

I determined at once to go to Marseilles, and thence to Alexandria; from whence, as fancy disposed me, I could remain in Egypt, visit Palestine, pass by the overland route to India, go to China,—Borneo,—New Guinea,—everywhere,—anywhere, to be out of the world. I would fall a victim to a vain effort to civilize the barbarous tribes of a cannibal island; my bones should be those of the first white man that ever bleached upon their shores; and a touching monument, which I would prepare before my death, should record to the stranger, in long future years, the fate of him whose name had passed from the remembrance of all who once loved him, whom he ever loved, but whose destruction should heareafter lead to the benefit of those on whose shores he died.

Such were my dreams. And in this mood I wrote to Dr.

Tremorne a letter, which cooler moments might have regretted, telling him of my purposed travels, and firm intention never to return home again. I entreated him also, as he valued my friendship, never to mention to me again the name of Granby Ravenshaw, or of any of the inmates of Silverdale. I never wished to hear of them again, ill or well, happy or unhappy—their prosperity and adversity were all alike to me. I then told him that before this reached him I should be far on my way to Egypt, and begged him to leave all my plans to my own arrangement, without trying, by his advice, to induce me to alter them. And in the full heat of my feelings, I posted this letter to the best and truest friend I had in the world. Then I left Geneva for Marseilles, and the next day was on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, on my way to Alexandria. Do you wish, my dear reader, to know the impression produced on Dr. Tremorne's mind by this letter? Perhaps I cannot tell you. All I can say is, that I received from him, long after, a kind and fatherly epistle, saying he hoped I should find I had done right in abandoning for so long a time my home and my country, and becoming a wanderer on the earth, without settled duties and the claims of society upon me; but he said not a word of my changing my resolution,—he never urged me to return home to the old man who had stood to me in the place of a father. I condemned my own selfishness as I read his letter through without one reproach; but I searched it over and over again, to find one word that could be interpreted respecting the present condition or happiness of Sylvia—mine, alas! no longer. He had too strictly observed my request; and there was not a word expressed, or any allusion to the name I most dreaded,—most desired to see. I condemned and hated myself; but I could not return to Grasmere. I wrote to Dr. Tremorne, entreating his forgiveness for my conduct, my heartless indifference to his constant kindness, but repeated that I felt it impossible to return home; and so long as the inmates of Silverdale were inhabitants of that valley, I must remain an outcast and a wanderer.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CERTAIN SHIELD WHICH HAD TWO SIDES.

When I landed on the shore of Egypt, I made up my mind to bid adieu to old associations, and, as it were, to my former self. After I had visited the grave of my brother at Alexandria, I assumed the native dress, and made immediate preparations for a voyage up the Nile. I fell in with a very agreeable fellow-traveller, and as we were both about to take the same route, we joined company, and hired a boat up to the Cataracts. My new

friend, Archer Arundel, had already been a great traveller, both by land and by sea. He had no particular claims to tie him to domestic life, and being passionately fond of travelling, he had for many years given himself up entirely to the enjoyment of his taste. He had at different times fallen in with various interesting characters engaged in the same pursuit as himself. He had been the companion of Fellowes in some of his explorations and discoveries in Lycia and Asia Minor; and more recently had passed some time at Nineveh, during the most critical anxiety of the great discoverer, Layard, in his wondrous excavations and revelations of the past. He had also been at Petra; had sought for Mount Sinai; had recognized, or visited the spots recognized, as those held sacred from earliest times in Holy Writ, in Palestine and its neighbouring countries; done, indeed, all that eastern travellers generally do, and published interesting accounts of the same, both in periodical journals, and in pleasant volumes with good type.

He was now accompanied by an immense portfolio of his sketches in Egypt, which were very much added to while we remained together. He was a pleasant, cheerful man, a most agreeable companion in travelling. He always took everything with the most perfect equanimity; no accident or *contretemps*, however at variance with our wishes, could put him out. His conversation was always full of the most amusing incidents and characteristic anecdotes, which were simply told, and diverted many an hour of what might otherwise have proved to me unprofitable musing. Altogether, I felt I was most fortunate to have fallen in with such a companion; and we proceeded on our own undertaking with mutual satisfaction. I shall not forestall his next pleasant volume by any of our adventures, or descriptions of any of the interesting objects which passed before us in that land of wonders.

There is but one incident which occurred while we were together, with which I shall here trouble my readers. Owing to an imprudence in bathing one day, while on our cruise up the river, I was seized with shivering and fever, accompanied by severe headache, great oppression of breathing, and cough. I tried for two or three days to put off the attack, and concealed the severity of my pain, being very unwilling to delay the voyage of my companion. At length, however, I could hold out no longer, and we were obliged to pitch our tent for some days, while I lay in acute suffering, unable to move upon my travelling pallet. Arundel had, from the first, assured me that he could cure me, if I would trust myself to him. But I was aware attacks of this nature do sometimes recover without any treatment at all; and knowing that he was not in any way connected with the profession, I preferred leaving myself to the restorative powers of nature. When, however, I found I must detain him

thus unpleasantly by my illness, I felt it was due to him to follow some course that would at least satisfy him during the involuntary delay.

"I am sure I can cure you," said he, in a cheerful tone, as I lay on my couch the first morning of our detention,—every breath I drew catching in my side,—"I have cured scores of such cases as this. I never have any doctor myself, except my own remedies; and in travelling, I am continually applied to for medicine by the inhabitants of every country I visit. Every traveller must learn something of medicine, or he will give constant disappointment to those amongst whom his way may be cast. And I have mostly been very successful, though I am no M.D."

I smiled at this, and expressed my willingness to take whatever remedy he deemed best, and most likely to enable us soon to resume our voyage.

"I will not deceive you," said he. "I have never studied what is called regular medicine. I have learnt chiefly by experiment and practice what I do know; and I will not conceal from you that all my medicines are contained within this small compass," he added, smiling, and drawing from beneath the folds of his eastern dress a homœopathic medicine chest! I confess I was taken rather by surprise, but I was unwilling to disappoint one who so good-naturedly bore a detention caused by my imprudence; and when he added,—

"Will you be willing to submit yourself to such treatment, and take any of these little infinitesimals?" I replied at once, smiling,—

"Any, or all of them, if you please. I have no objection to swallow, at once, the contents of the whole chest."

"'Let him laugh who wins,'" replied Arundel, good-humouredly. "It would not please me at all for you to empty my chest. These little bottles contain what is to me invaluable, and cannot be replaced in the desert."

He then gave me his dose, which I took with the most implicit obedience; and he certainly had no cause to complain of a refractory patient. I will not disguise from thee, O reader, that my pains became less, that my pulse fell, that I regained my sleep, and in two or three days was able to recontinue our voyage. But, notwithstanding all this, I was no more than before a conconvert to the "little chest."

I expected to be better; and no doubt the climate and my own vigorous constitution enabled me in so short a period to throw off what, in its commencement, appeared so threatening. My friend Arundel, however, was convinced that he had cured me. I was one more case to add to his list of triumphs; and during our detention, and often subsequently while we were together, he amused me with stories of the wonderful cures he had himself

effected, and others yet more marvellous, which had been related to him by the parties themselves, of the almost miraculous potency of the doses in this "little chest," to which I felt inclined to believe the marvels of Aladdin's lamp must at once and for ever give way. I could not tell my friend, as he brought forward cases in France, in Germany, in Austria, and Poland,—from the very highest rank, nay, the throne itself, down to the most wretched and suffering class of humanity,—I could not tell my friend that the long bow with which he had hitherto accustomed himself to shoot, had deceived his vision, and predisposed him to see, beyond the power of the organ itself, whatever his will inclined him to conceive; and perhaps it was better I did not; for I believe all old proverbs contain a wonderful amount of truth, and none less so than that—

> "A man convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still."

Perhaps Arundel regarded me in an equally charitable light;—certainly, we did sometimes dispute upon the point, and he told me much respecting its first propounders, which had been unknown to me; but we never came to any nearer approximation in our opinions.

"I cannot believe," said I, one day, when Arundel had been telling me what he considered as some very remarkable cures, "I cannot believe that in any of these cases any medicine was taken at all, and therefore it appears to me, that whenever such cures do take place, if they are cures at all, they are due to Nature alone, who has wonderful restorative powers, if we only believed her."

"There are many wonderful things we find it difficult to believe," said Arundel. "It appears to me that the alleged power of small doses—infinitesimal doses, if you will—can only be proved by facts, and these facts can only be arrived at by fair experiment."

"We cannot agree yet as to these facts," said I, smiling; "we are still like the warriors on each side of the shield, for while I believe myself to have rallied through the strength of nature, you attribute my recovery to your 'infinitesimal dose.'"

"Exactly so," he replied; "and one fact is too slight a basis to found such an argument upon. But a multiplicity of facts from a multiplicity of sources, all corresponding, may lead to an approximation to truth. Truth is truth still, whether we believe it or not."

"Yes," said I, smiling, "but the question still remains, 'What is truth?'"

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOMETHING UNEXPECTED AT LAST.

"And that is a question," said Arundel, "which we ought to investigate, as far as we are able, upon every subject. I cannot think it is a matter of indifference to any man not to be satisfied in his own mind as to his belief, whatever it may be."

"I quite agree with you there," said I, "though I confess it appears to me there are many harmless subjects upon which men may hold various opinions, without involving important consequences on either side." I was rather sorry I said this, for I noticed a flush on Arundel's brow, which made me fear I had gone rather too far in my opposition, even for him. However, he replied, good-humouredly,—

"There are now many hospitals and schools of medicine on this system in various places in Europe, which I cannot but think are worthy of your investigation before you satisfy yourself that there is nothing to investigate. I know a physician at this present time who has been in a Court in Europe for nearly thirty years successfully practising in this manner. It was the wonderful cures which came under my own notice that first led me to examine the subject; and though I am no doctor, yet I have since carefully studied the best works I could procure, and have myself, as I have formerly told you, had the consolation of relieving, in many instances, sufferings which had hitherto yielded to no treatment at all. It is for this cause I think it worthy of examination, because the mitigation of human suffering, in however small a degree, must always be worth our attention and best endeavours."

"I can quite agree with you there," said I; "but you must pardon me if, after having spent some seven years or more in studying this very subject—the mitigation of human suffering by the best means we can use,—and some few years more, in as successful efforts to do so as generally attend such endeavours,—you must pardon me if I cannot regard as other than lost time, an investigation into a subject which is on the outset so contrary to common sense, and which I cannot believe to be anything at all. That is to say, I do not believe any medicine at all is given in these minute globules; and if real medicine is given by professed homœopathists under another form than globules, it simply appears to me like cheating, and does not commend itself to my mind as worthy to have any time spent upon it."

"The discoveries of Hahnemann," said Arundel, "like most other discoveries, were made at first by accident. He was a man high in his profession in Germany, and had written works which were likewise highly esteemed, before he changed his mode of

practice. He found by accident that a certain medicine, which is considered as a specific in certain cases, produced the very same symptoms, if taken in health, which it cured in sickness. This led him to investigate, and to try various experiments with other medicines. He tried their effects upon healthy bodies, in hopes of finding a more certain method of using them in sickness. For years he pursued his experiments with untiring zeal. His own iron frame was tested with many medicines,—his family, his pupils, his friends,—all, who in their zeal for science, and friendship for him, thus submitted often to severe bodily suffering, to advance the discoveries for which they had obtained a clue. But finding these ordinary doses did in so many cases produce, in healthy bodies, such serious consequences, Hahnemann was induced to decrease his doses to a smaller and yet smaller degree, until the effect he desired was produced, without the additional subsequent derangement. This was the commencement of his dilutions; and though some of his admirers have held it was a pity he ever invented globules at all,—they have been such a hindrance to the reception of his system and real theories,—yet if they are proved to be effectual, as the force of evidence appears to me to prove them to be, we need not fear but in time all prejudice will vanish, and their real benefit and convenience be acknowledged without disguise."

"I have taken these globules by the handful," said I, "without finding the slightest effect from them."

"The principle of homœopathy is," said Arundel, "that a complaint may be cured by a smaller dose of a medicine, which will itself, when taken in a larger quantity, produce symptoms in a healthy body, similar to those which are to be cured. Let the globules altogether alone, if you please, though I believe them to be effectual. Ordinary doses of medicine were first used by Hahnemann, and may be used by his followers, if they choose to try their effects. But all I have ever known have given their preference, in the benefit received, to minute doses."

"I cannot see much in your theory if you give up the globules," said I; "every one knows there are many specifics for various complaints which would produce illness if used by persons in health. Belladonna, we know, was anciently regarded as so valuable in the cure of sore throats and scarlet fever, that it was proposed by a king of France to have it put into all the streams and rivers as a cure; while at another period it was suggested as a means of poisoning those very waters."

"'The proof of the pudding is in the eating,'" said Arundel, laughing. "No talking will ever make us agree; but this system has now been tested for more than fifty years in Europe; and in America it has spread, I will not say like 'wildfire,' but it has taken root like the corn. I met a lady some time ago, the wife of a medical man in America, who spoke to me with much

disgust of '*these* doctors,' against whom she said no 'regular doctor' in America had any chance. 'And do they cure their patients?' said I. But the lady would give no answer to this: I had to find my own. The Americans are a shrewd people; they cannot afford to be long ill,—it takes them from their gains. They like their pennyworth for their penny, and they pay the doctor well who cures them. If '*these* doctors' did not cure their patients, who would employ them?"

Such were sometimes our arguments, and they came to an end just where they began. We each remained of the same mind. Nevertheless, we were excellent friends, and I felt sincerely sorry when we parted.

Some time after this I was travelling with a party of Arabs, and was attacked with acute rheumatism, from exposure to cold night air, and other imprudence in travel. I was unable to proceed on my journey, and in severe suffering. I had been with them some length of time, and always found them most kind and hospitable; but they had no cure for acute rheumatism, and I feared I must long be a burden upon them. When they found my state, however, they immediately proposed carrying me to a Latin convent, which was not far distant, where they said there was a padre, who worked wonderful cures, and who was resorted to from far and near by hundreds of sufferers from every species of complaint to which such climates are liable, especially for ophthalmia and fevers. I was resistless in their hands, and was kindly received by the excellent padre. But now I felt I must succumb to my fate. This good man had been turned out of his convent in France in 1830; thence he had gone to Germany to seek a brother in an hospital in some city there. This hospital and city had come under the influence of the new views of the reformer of medicine in Germany. The padre, through his brother's influence, studied these new views for some years, and then came and established himself in a small Latin convent, beyond the pale of civilization. There he wrought cures renowned far and near, by the power of the medicines contained in a "little chest!"

I felt the hour of my fate had arrived. I blessed the good padre for the cure which in a few days he had effected, and left more substantial benefits for his convent. Then I made up my mind to investigate the truth or the untruth of this problem of cure. Instead of dying on the shores of New Guinea, I would live to visit every hospital and every school in Europe, and learn either to expose the truth or the fallacy of the doctrines of homœopathy.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE PRODUCES PERSONAL CONVICTION.

I PROCEEDED on my travels through Palestine and Greece to Constantinople. Thence I went to Vienna, where I had introductions, through my poor brother Richard, which quickly placed me in the first circles, introduced me into most agreeable society, and gave me every facility for pursuing the object I had in view. In the hospital of Vienna I soon began to see effects, for which I could not account, if produced, as I had hitherto regarded the operation of homœopathy to be, without any cause or agency at all of the power of medicinal remedies,—that is, merely from the power of nature. The wonderfully decreased per-centage of mortality in cholera in this hospital, compared with the hospital treatment of the ordinary practice during the very same period, was still fresh in the memory of many with whom I was intimately acquainted. And this success, though less generally spoken of now than immediately after the period of excitement in which it occurred, had been followed up by cures as numerous and as satisfactory in their kind, of almost every complaint which came under hospital treatment—in much the same proportion of average decreased mortality in all diseases—upon the system of the old style of medicine.

But I am not purposing here to give either a lecture or a defence of the new mode of treatment I now began to investigate. This has been ably done by too many writers and practitioners, of far higher ability and greater experience than my own, for me to venture to enter upon either an exposition of their views or a justification of their success. Let their works, in every sense of the word, speak for themselves. Nor is it for me to bring forward the Courts of Europe in which the practice of homœopathy is patronized and practised—from St. Petersburg to the remote independency of Labuan, in the Eastern Archipelago of Asia. Nor shall I here enumerate the many hospitals founded in various cities of both the old and new continents—of Europe and America—not to mention the extension and success of this boon to humanity through missionary zeal in New Zealand, and other places beyond the pale of civilization. I will not speak of the regiments cured in this way at not half the cost to their governments, by the speedy convalescence of the troops; of the petitions of railway labourers on government railways to be treated on this system, granted after careful investigations.—(See Granier's "Conferences.") Nor will I weary my reader with long columns of diseases, the names and nature of which may be almost unknown to him, in which the average mortality under homœopathic treatment is so marvellously decreased below what has hitherto ever

blessed the earnest efforts of the physician, or the wonderful restorative powers of nature.

On all these subjects it is not for me to dwell. They can be fully examined and criticized by those who desire to enter upon the subject, by reading the works of those able authors which are already before the public, and the reports of the Houses of Parliament—before which some of these statistics have been brought, and already subjected to testing sufficient for the acceptance of ordinary evidence. Notwithstanding all this, I should not have believed in the power of these medicines had I not proved their truth to my own satisfaction, under my own investigation; and I will not, therefore, expect of any one else more credulity than I myself have been disposed to accord. But I will say, that after having seen the effects of this method of treatment under the careful examination of my own eyes for many years, and after having studied as carefully the method of treatment in which I was first educated, I do believe that the homœopathic pharmacopœia contains medicines which are more certain, more rapid, and more safe in their manner of use, and in their cures, than any with which I was acquainted before I studied the system of homœopathy.

I do not bind myself to every opinion which has been put forward, either by Hahnemann or his followers; and I am aware that among these there are many who differ among themselves on various points which are open for the human mind to differ upon; but I do believe that the general doctrine of medicine being poison to a healthy state, and in a smaller dose than will derange a healthy body proving the means of cure to a sick body, affected with symptoms similar to those it would have produced, is a great and practical discovery, for which future ages will one day give due credit to the long-persecuted, maligned, and ridiculed discoverer. And I do believe, whether some have carried this too far or not, that the extraordinary minuteness of dose, which to many, and to myself also, appears to be divested of all agency, and even existence, is proved by facts which cannot be disproved, to have a curative power far beyond that of the "ponderous doses" which hitherto we have been generally accustomed to regard as necessary to effect any change in the human system. But I must add, that I do regard homœopathic practice to be successful, as a very difficult art, requiring an immensity of labour and pains, and great readiness and acuteness in selecting the appropriate remedy. I quite believe that many of the failures which are continually brought forward under this system proceed from, I will not say incompetence in the practitioner, but a want of that amount of experience and readiness of decision which are so necessary in selecting the appropriate medicine to produce a cure, and which, if not selected according to the requirements of the patient, may probably only result in

disappointment and failure. Though, again, being given in such very small quantity, if it be not suitable in producing relief, there is every probability it will produce no harm, and another trial in such a case may be more successful. For my own part, I think what may be called a "first-rate man" is more necessary for successful practice in homœopathy than even under the old system; and in some cases I know much harm to have ensued to the patient under professed homœopathic treatment not suited to the case; but, as our old proverb teaches, "human nature is prone to err," and till we have regular chairs for lectures in our schools and hospitals, where experience may be gained, without resting entirely on every man's own individual amount of talent and industry, I cannot see how this evil can be remedied.

The research of the new school has already added many valuable medicines to those of which former laborious workers had discovered the properties. It is almost incredible what must have been the industry of those who, within such a comparatively recent period, have added so largely, and proved so carefully, the valuable remedies which, by the process discovered by its founder, may be made available for use by every one, however circumstanced—however remote from the conveniences of crowded cities, or even civilized life—and in their most useful and compendious form, are all included, or may be included, within the compass of a "small chest."

I no longer felt astonished after the examinations I made into this system—I no longer marvelled at the wonderful cures reported of those gifted individuals in Switzerland, who, climbing their mountains, discovered a little plant growing on the sides of their rugged rocks, and, applying it in their simple way, to cases of diseased nature, found its effects almost miraculous, and were indeed, by their fellow-countrymen, esteemed to have "un don." "Un don" truly has arnica montana been to our generation, and "un don" will, I doubt not, one day, many who are still incredulous, regard the whole discovery and proved experiments of the power of homœopathic medicines, and the rule by which they are given. The great Hippocrates said, "I am not ashamed to borrow from the meanest of mankind, any hints for the cure of disease."

For myself, I have learnt much from intelligent persons of the very lowest order, respecting the properties and uses, as specifics in various cases, of the commonest plants around us. It was but the other day an aged gardener said to me—speaking of a common plant well known to the "herb-doctors"—"Them common plants are of more use than all the doctor's stuff in the shops, if people did but know how to use them; but if they don't, they had better let them alone, for they will only do harm."

With this sage conclusion, I will conclude this retractory

chapter, only adding that I revisited my medical friend in France, and we laughed together over my former indignation at his treatment; and that when I returned to England, some years after, I had become a confirmed homœopathist.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ANOTHER CONVERT, AND THE CAUSES OF HIS CONVERSION.

I HAD now been abroad, as the reader will have gathered, for some years; but I did not consider this time mis-spent. It had been passed, for the most part, in careful and diligent researches, with a definite object in view. When my mind was fully established in my belief of the superiority of this new style of practice to the old, I began to think I ought to forget private reasons, and return to my native country with my new views. While these thoughts were influencing my mind, and I was meditating whether I should establish myself in practice for the benefit of my fellow-creatures in London, or somewhere in its vicinity, I received a letter from Dr. Tremorne which entirely decided my movements. Our correspondence had not been very frequent of late years; and though I had generally mentioned where I was, and where I had been, in my letters, I had not told him of the object I had in view; and I felt aware that my movements had appeared to him of an unsettled and unsatisfactory character. He could not account for one letter from Leipsic or Munich, another from Moscow or Kremsier—from Palermo or Madrid—not knowing the attracting cause which decided my course of action. At the time I now mention, however, I received an affectionate letter from him, touchingly stating his increasing age and infirmities, and his longing desire to see me once again. My mind was made up immediately; I would return to the home of my fathers, and the friend of my youth, never to quit him again during his lifetime, cost me what it would. I wrote to him by the next mail, assuring him of my speedy return, and immediately turned my steps homeward. The only detention I permitted myself upon this journey, was a few days in London and the neighbourhood, which I considered justified by the cause I still desired to investigate. I had a friend in the neighbourhood of London, with whom I had pursued my early studies when walking the hospitals, and I much wished to see him again. There was also one old friend, very high in the profession, who had been most kind to me when a student, to whom I wished once more to have the opportunity of paying my respects. I felt somewhat a stranger now among scenes where I had once been so familiar; and having previously informed my friend, I went to Tottenham, where he resided, immediately upon my arrival in town. I had

not been long in the society of my friend before I discovered that he too had embraced the doctrines of homœopathy; and we had much interest in comparing the similarity of our former aversion to, and present opinions upon, this subject.

"I was first induced to examine it," said my friend, "by a patient of my own. He had heard of wonderful cures by the homœopathists, and being himself an invalid of many years' standing, in a chronic state, which I believed could only admit of partial mitigation in his sufferings, I could not possibly raise any objection to his trying a system which I did not believe would hurt him, whether it benefited him or not. I watched the progress of this case under the treatment of one of 'these doctors,' and I confess my astonishment was great when I found my patient entirely relieved from some of his most painful symptoms, and comparatively restored to health. I lost a patient whose sufferings were always cheered by an hour's chat, and who paid me well; he could now amuse himself independent of his doctor. But I gained such an insight into this system—or rather its effects, by his case— as determined me to investigate further. So strong, however, is the prejudice in this country against any who embrace the system, and so little inclined did I feel to be coldly regarded by all my former friends, mistrusted by my patients, and cut by the whole profession of my medical brethren, that I confess I pursued this study in private, and made my experiments under many disadvantages. I procured books and medicines under cover of night, from a chemist's shop I could not venture to risk being seen near by day. I read and studied for two years, with two sets of works upon my table; one an acknowledged author with whom I was already well acquainted; another, one of these homœopathic works, which I hastily concealed whenever I heard a friend coming along my lobby."

"And how were you able to make your experiments, and prove its truth practically?" said I, smiling.

"I tried the effect of several medicines, according to the homœopathic rule, upon myself," replied he; "and made myself quite ill enough by them to be convinced of their potency. I then began, in cases I did not regard as serious ones,—chronic affections, and illness of no very dangerous or acute nature,—to give ordinary medicines on homœopathic principles, and this I did with as much and more success than I had formerly had, when the guide of specifics in each case was so rarely to be met with. After this, I ventured by degrees to administer in powders the veritable homœopathic medicines themselves,—still, I confess it, unknown to my patients. I had, of course, some failures especially at first: here is a record of all my cases during my experience of two or three years in commencing." He here handed me a carefully written report of daily experience in numerous cases of various kinds of sickness, and as I glanced it

over, I begged permission to examine it more carefully when more at leisure.

"I must now," said I, "hear the conclusion of your story before I can turn to anything else." My friend smiled, and continued,—

"When I had sufficient confidence in my knowledge, and by my experiments, to venture upon the real homœopathic practice with homœopathic medicines, I confess I was often actually startled with my own success. Illnesses which are mostly of some weeks' duration, were continually, I may say almost universally, subdued in one-third, sometimes one-sixth part of that time. Pain was more speedily relieved, the disease itself more successfully combated and subdued, and no tedious convalescence remained after the illness was over, the effects,—as I have so often heard it exultingly remarked by the patients themselves, and their friends also,—'the effects of the severity of the remedies.' My dear Carlingford, have you not often rejoiced in the satisfaction this idea gave to your patients? That the endurance of extra suffering is patiently submitted to, and they can support themselves under it with heroism, from the extremity which they imagine it proves in their complaints. How often have I heard the exclamation with magnanimous satisfaction on the part of the speaker, 'that he is not suffering from the complaint now, but from the remedies!'"

I smiled while recalling to mind many similar cases which had come under my own observation; perhaps they had hitherto caused me more sighs than smiles; but in my former category they had come under the head of those evils which cannot be helped.

"When my own mind was entirely made up," continued my friend, "I told all my patients of my changed views, and left them to decide upon their own future course of action. Some I undoubtedly lost; some I had unfortunately disgusted by a deceit which I felt it was impossible not to practise under the circumstances; others remained with me, assuring me of their entire confidence; especially mothers,—whose children, they asserted, had never enjoyed such good health as during the last two years. I have now gained many new patients from other sources, and my practice, upon the whole, has not suffered. But had I been a married man, with a family to maintain, it is an experiment I could not have ventured upon; and, whether convinced or not, I must have gone on with the old style of treatment. I could not, with the heroic self-devotion of Hahnemann, have encountered the reproaches of my wife, and the hunger of my children, even for the principles of homœopathy."

"I quite agree with you," said I, somewhat thoughtfully. "These are painful risks to run: and how have you stood since in society generally?"

"In some society I have been received as before; in some I have been quite neglected; but the profession have entirely turned their back upon me. I am cut in the street and at the railway station—by men whom I remembered in short trousers and blouses, playing with their marbles and flying their kites."

"And this is what I must be prepared to encounter likewise?" said I, inquiringly.

"Yes," he replied; "and for the increased benefit I feel I am able to bestow upon my fellow-creatures, I am willing to submit to it cheerfully. You will find mitigations even in this trial."

"I believe it," said I, thoughtfully.

"To children, and also to all animals, this style of practice is the greatest possible boon," resumed my friend. "To-morrow I will take you with me to see our homœopathic hospital in London, founded and supported by a list of illustrious names, among which are some of the most distinguished in our land, and afterwards you shall go with me to some of our great London milk houses, where this system is constantly used with the greatest success, and you shall see for yourself some of its results in our own country."

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON THE UNPLEASANTNESS OF TAKING WHAT WE HAVE GIVEN.

"PRAY, Carlingford," said my friend the next day, as we proceeded on our way to the hospital, "did you ever happen yourself to take a *ponderous* dose of croton oil, jalap, or even the yet more classic rhubarb and magnesia, or salts and senna? I can assure you they are terribly bad things. In my younger days I used to be deluded into all sorts of horrors in raspberry tarts, and calomel on bread and butter, till I was almost cheated out of all food. It is only astonishing to me I ever grew up at all, seeing what an anxious mother I had. The thoughts of those grey powders make me shudder even now; let alone still more nauseous draughts."

"I fortunately escaped much drugging in my early days," said I. "I lived under an enlightened *régime*, which had discovered that fresh air and exercise, with not too much mental application, were the best physic for children. And since I grew up, I have never known what it was to require medicine."

A moment's reflection reminded me of those three times when I had been *treated* out of the "little chest," and I added an exception in their favour.

"I do think this 'little chest,' as you call it, is one of the greatest boons to tender mothers, delicate children, and all sick animals, that ever was invented! I find all my patients as tract-

able in their attention to a colourless dose as formerly to that most offensive to sight, smell, and taste, and certainly with far more beneficial consequences."

"I have often pitied children," said I, "on being compelled to take such unpleasant remedies. But when I considered it necessary, I regarded it as one of those things which could not be helped, and through obedience and fortitude it might aid in strengthening the character, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the means."

"Yes," said my friend, laughing; "but they are barbarous ways of strengthening the character. Just as the natives of India inflict on themselves the most frightful bodily sufferings,—or like the savage tribes of America teaching their children endurance of pain, by a boy and girl holding a lighted coal on their united arms, and seeing who flinched first! It seems to me we must learn better ways than self-inflicted torture to acquire strength of character."

"The progress which ages and nations make in civilization," said I, "causes a continual progress in public opinion; and what is considered as just heroism in one age may be considered but as barbarous cruelty in another. This will apply equally to many practices in medical treatment which have been used in various cases, but are now happily generally discontinued, from the advance universally made in the treatment of diseases."

"I remember when many objected to the use of chloroform, on the ground of its removing pain which we were intended to bear, and yet what a boon has it not been to sufferers under severe and necessary operations!"

"I am inclined to think," said I, "that the extreme disgust we naturally feel to all that we call '*bad medicines*' is an indication of nature,—and that children especially, in whom animal instinct may be said to be more developed than the reasoning powers of their human nature, are a proof of this. In after years, what we deem duty, will enable us to bear much from which nature revolts; but in children I think their excessive repulsion to bad tastes and all ponderous medicine, is an instinct of nature against it."

"I once had an obedient little boy as a patient," said my friend, "who swallowed with no hesitation, but extreme shuddering, a dose of grey powder, whenever it was given him. But his mother used to assure me, almost with tears, that it was rejected by his stomach immediately after. This child was a great sufferer while under my care, and I could then find no medicine which would benefit him. The small homœopathic doses, which, in a later period of my practice, I administered to him, produced an entire change in his system, and he became a comparatively healthy child. But he left the neighbourhood soon after this period, and I have not heard of him since."

My friend added many other instances which occurred to his memory, of cases not remarkable enough to be noted down, but which were a striking exemplification of the superior benefits to be derived from the new method of treatment. One, however, I must give as he told it.

"I remember a little girl, for whom I was called in much earlier in my career," said he, "whose strength of character was shown more in most resolute refusal to take what I doubt not the instincts of nature refused, than in obedience to orders. I had ordered the poor child a dose I should have been most unwilling to swallow myself, and in an unfortunate moment, as the child most resolutely refused the portion, the anxious mother declared she should have no food till the medicine was swallowed. She felt, no doubt, it was absolutely necessary for her child's welfare, as I did myself when I ordered it. When I called the next time, I found the child still persevered in refusing the draught, and had taken no food since my previous visit. The poor mother was half distracted between anxiety for her child, fear from her continued obstinacy, and a resolute belief, amid all her troubles, that it would be wrong in her to yield and give food while the medicine remained untouched. She earnestly asked my opinion on the subject, and if the child would suffer from thus fasting. She seemed no worse for it; and still believing the dose necessary, I gave my opinion that it was safe to persevere. Now, Carlingford, you have known me long enough to be aware that I no more colour my stories than I do my *doses*. You will perhaps scarcely believe that that child remained the greater part of two whole days without food, except a little piece of dry crust which had fallen among the ashes of the nursery fire. One of her sisters saw her pick this up and eat it; but this was the only sign she gave of being hungry, though not keeping her bed. It was not medicine which was needed to strengthen that child's character. In the end she was held down by two persons, another held open her mouth with a penknife, and another with a covered medicine spoon poured into her mouth—her nose being also secured, so that she could not breathe—as much of the dreadful draught as it was possible to force down her throat; every drop which she could refuse was spilt over her dress, and amid violent screams and struggles, this fearful contest was brought to a conclusion. I never knew such another case in this extreme degree; but I have known many in which the 'extreme naughtiness' of the child, as it is termed, 'in taking medicine,' must, I should imagine, rather aggravate than benefit the disease, especially in the case of many a delicate, nervous, and highly susceptible child. What a blessing is it not, then, to both parents and children, to be spared all these frightful struggles, and to find more real benefit from a spoonful of a colourless and tasteless liquid, or from the minute globule out of the 'little chest'! This

poor child, of whom I have just spoken, as she grew older had an inveterate and most uncomfortable affection, which would yield to no medicine. I tried in vain to benefit her. After my change of practice, what was my pleasure to find, that by a course of doses given on the new principle, and in the new method, that young girl was entirely restored to health, and has continued free from what had so troubled her for many years."

I was not surprised at the cures my friend mentioned; these had become so familiar to me in my own experience, that they did not surprise me. But when I heard an old companion speak thus heartily, in my own native language, and in my own country, of a system which I had hitherto witnessed only among strangers, and heard of its benefits chiefly in a foreign tongue, I confess it went home to my heart with a reality and truth, of the force of which I had scarcely yet been fully conscious; and as I contrasted in my own mind many painful cases, and their distressing treatment under the old system, I felt more forcibly than I had ever hitherto done the benefits, in its ameliorating nature. of the system I had embraced. I felt more than I had ever hitherto done, that it was a calling worthy to be followed, even amid some obloquy and contempt—that of relieving in so gentle and certain a mode, the pains and sufferings of fellow-beings subject to all the vicissitudes of this mortal life.

CHAPTER XXX.

UPON CERTAIN PRACTICAL EXPERIENCES AND DISCOVERIES, AND CERTAIN DISBELIEF OF THE SAME.

Our visit to the homœopathic hospital was entirely satisfactory. I do not want any one, however, to believe on my testimony what I would not have believed once upon his; therefore, dear reader, if you wish to be satisfied upon this subject, investigate it for yourself.

We afterwards went to one of the large London dairies, in which were, I believe, a couple of hundred cows. These had been treated homœopathically during an epidemic influenza that had been very fatal among cattle. I spoke to the head of the establishment, a regular pounds, shillings, and pence man, as little likely, as my friend said, as one of his own cows, to be carried away by the imagination, or to diverge from the path of interest for the sake of philosophical research. He assured me he had lost fewer cows by one-half than any of his neighbours, and that the expense of the treatment had been about one-third less than theirs had been. I could not but call to mind, as I went over this establishment, many recollections of early days in which

I had frequently witnessed both the sufferings and extreme liability to illness, of this very delicate and most necessary domestic animal. I recalled the anxiety I had often witnessed in my father and eldest brother when their dairy was attacked by an epidemic, or individual cows by casual sickness, to which they are so continually liable. By my present and subsequent inquiries on the subject in Great Britain, I found there are now many regularly licensed homœopathic surgeons who have adopted this mode of treatment, from proving its great superiority in the diseases of all animals, and that horses, cows, dogs, pigs, and sheep, have all reaped a full harvest of benefit, not as yet entirely appreciated by their lords and masters in the creation. As we were returning from the dairy, we met with an intelligent man who had had great experience among cattle in this mode of treatment. He expressed himself warmly as to its superiority over the old method in all the cases which had come under his notice. He also gave us many remarkable instances of cures in various animals under his hands, suffering from those complaints to which they are most generally liable, which fully bore out his statements; and these again recalled to my mind many instances of my own experience—the tardy cures, or entire failures, in my early years. But as I do not believe any man could discover the anatomy of a calf from a dish of veal, however beautifully minced and flavoured, so, no more do I expect any one to learn the science of cure, under homœopathic treatment, from this little book of mine; nor would I undertake, in the slightest degree, to teach it them. I afterwards called upon my eminent friend in London. He had stood high in his profession when I was but a student; he now stood where he could scarcely look to rise any further. His was merited distinction, and I always did, and always shall, honour the man who has attained for himself such a position as his. He received me with the kindness I had always experienced from him. I had been distinguished when a student by many marks of his peculiar favour;—was it surprising if, both in youth and in mature life, I placed a high value on the esteem of such a man? After some casual conversation, and some interesting observations on many of the important topics of the day, and the many wonderful discoveries which the few years since last we met had developed, in our own and neighbouring countries, he made more particular inquiries into my own course of life, and success in my profession, since last we parted, when, as he did me the honour to remember, I had received from his hands a gold medal, and other testimonials of professional approbation. Should I have acted with the open candour and fair faith of an Englishman, had I concealed from him, on this inquiry, what had been the chief object of my study during the last few years? I felt I should not, though I shrank from the pain it involved. I was not, I regret to say, mistaken

in my fears. I had no sooner mentioned the years I had passed abroad, visiting first one hospital, then another, studying the system from the highest masters and the most approved works, examining into it myself, upon my own investigation, my own experience and practical confirmation of its truth, — I had no sooner, I say, confessed that, upon these investigations, I had become fully convinced of the reality and truth of the general principle of homœopathy, and of the reality and power of the minute doses it advocated, if selected in accordance with that principle,—I had, however, no sooner confessed this, than I felt I had for ever lost the good opinion of a man I esteemed; and not only lost his good opinion, but placed myself in the position of one whom he could neither trust nor believe,—whom he regarded but as a humbug and a cheat. To argue such a man into the investigation of such a subject would neither have been possible for me to accomplish, nor becoming in me to attempt. I left him with a feeling of much sadness in my heart, and a consciousness that this was not the last time that I must expect to experience such pain. The civility of his *congé*, as I was ushered to the door, was of that nature which made me fully conscious that any further visits on my part would be deemed an unwelcome, if not impertinent, intrusion; and then I quitted London.

Before I proceed with my narrative, I may here remark, that while in Germany, I had become acquainted with the wonderful discoveries of those indefatigable men, Kirchhoff and Bunsen, which have so greatly interested all scientific men, respecting the application of light, decomposed by a prism, to chemical analysis. It has been discovered by those who have made the experiments, that from the varied colour of the light proceeding from the burning of various substances, which it is not necessary to enumerate, the eye is able to detect, with the greatest ease, quantities of sodium salt, &c., &c., &c., less than $\frac{1}{3,000,000}$ of a milligramme in weight. It is scarcely necessary for me to press the argument which has already been so forcibly advanced by an able advocate, and is in print before the public: that if the optic nerve can be thus sensibly impressed by an infinitesimal quantity,—if one nerve of a living body can be thus impressed,—why not, also, other nerves, by other substances in infinitesimal quantities? And here I leave this subject, and the controversies it has entailed upon its advocates.

The next day I quitted London. I travelled easily by the railway through currents of air, which it was once said it would destroy life to pass through, and arrived in the evening at my own home, to be welcomed by my good old friend, Dr. Tremorne.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ABOUT ITS BEING MORE EXPEDIENT TO NURSE YOUNG OLIVE BRANCHES THAN VAIN REGRETS, AND SUNDRY HINDRANCES THERETO.

And welcomed I was most heartily, without one reproach, in spite of all my faults. How I loved this kind old man for his warm and lasting affection! There was much we had to discourse upon; but I put off the most important topics. I could not reveal myself to my old friend the first evening of my return home in the odious light of a homœopathic doctor. No; that was too much even for my philosophy; we would enjoy that one evening together, in the full friendship of bygone years; and to-morrow,—or the next day,—or the day after that,—perhaps,—he should repudiate the unworthy son of my father, and renegade adopted son of his profession, for ever. So I did not dwell on this pleasant anticipation that first day; but being lovely, warm spring weather, and a bright moon to lengthen out the day, we strolled round my domains that very evening, while my still active old housekeeper put the finishing strokes to her well-dressed supper for "Master Basil."

Then I admired to his heart's content all the good old man had done in my absence. How he had cut down the heavy laurels which shut out the sunshine and all view from the house, beyond the narrow limits of a garden where flowers now bloomed with unwonted beauty and luxuriance; how he had kept all the garden walks neat and trim, and the hill-paths and terraces charmingly accessible and inviting amid the apparent wildness of nature; how my well-stocked garden was even at this early period producing peas and cauliflowers, and the early gooseberries, which the light hand of my housekeeper had gathered, to make into the tiny tarts "Master Basil so loved," and on her skill in which she so prided herself; how refreshing it was to talk of and enjoy all these trifles,—to feel that my enjoyment in them really gave hearty pleasure to those I loved,—to cast away from my mind the recollection of homœopathic hospitals, both at home and abroad—of London dairies, London physicians, mortifications and slights, and to feel once more that I was "Master Basil" in my own father's house, still loved and regarded as a "boy" by the truest friend my father ever had,—and what a fool I had been to stay away so long!

"No, not altogether a fool," said reflection; but reflection was given to the winds to-night.

"Basil, my boy," said Dr. Tremorne, as we parted that evening, "I am right glad to see you back again in the house of

your fathers. But let me even now give you one word of counsel from an old friend. Basil, you say I shall never quit your house again, and I am sure you speak it and mean it from your heart; but look at my white locks, and my bending figure —remember how long I have been the friend of your family—and think also if this can be expected to continue much longer on earth. No, Basil, take the counsel of an old man, and do not do as I have done; you have been as a son to me, and my lonely life has found a sunbeam across its path in you. But still my life has been lonely, and I have not enjoyed blessings which a good Providence had placed within my reach. When I was young, Basil, I too loved warmly, truly—believing in the affection, truth, and goodness of the object of my love. In this I was, alas! bitterly deceived. I discovered I had been made a fool of; but the sport of a heartless girl—who looked for higher game than me. I quitted that city and county never to return to it again; never to hear again of its inhabitants, from my youthful days—till——but no matter. I came here—to the very end of the country as I thought it then, to bury myself for ever, unknown and unbeloved. I had lost my faith in woman. I believed them all heartless, unworthy of the love of a true—of such love as I could have once given. Then it was that I became acquainted with your father and mother. In their society my mind was indeed somewhat soothed, and I learned there was at least one of her sex whom I could regard with just esteem. But I was proud, reserved, and wilful; I hugged my mortification to my heart, and cultivated the bitter feelings it had induced, by never permitting myself to feel the slightest interest in any case where I might have hoped for a return. I lived in my seclusion. I obtained a very extensive practice, but I was deemed clever and brusque, and counted rather rude to ladies,—and I prided myself upon this character. Basil, what has been the consequence? I have passed a lonely life, which might have been cheered by the tender affection of a worthy and loving heart, had I tried to gain such an one. I have reached old age a solitary man, without the loving props and glory of white hairs smiling around me. But enough; it is not of myself I intended to speak, but of you. Basil, if you cannot marry the woman you would—the woman you love or have loved,—learn to love and seek in marriage one whom you *can* have. Do not, do not reject the happiness which a judicious marriage with one well worthy of your love may and ought to have in store for you, amid the cares and trials which are incident to all human states."

Then he left me,—and I had food for thought more serious than I had yet indulged since my return. What did this warning portend? I had returned for his sake to the spot I had declared I could never revisit,—he wished me at once to contemplate a step which would, he hoped, for ever prevent the pain

which my long-continued absence made him feel sure was still connected with that spot. Kind, good Dr. Tremorne! the friend of the poor,—the counsellor of the rich,—the true heart which never disappointed any who trusted him;—and this, then, was his history;—he had loved, and been deceived—loved with all the strength and force of his warm and manly nature—been deceived by the heartless coquetry of a girl unworthy of his love!

I had not been deceived! Never mind. I was not to do as he had done. I must obliterate from my mind all that was past. I must begin afresh, and learn to love anew. Was this possible? The past must indeed be for ever buried in oblivion, but could my heart ever learn to receive a new object to cherish in its love? I feared it was not possible.

The next morning I put my powers to the test by a ramble up the hill, returning to that terrace round the mountain,—the very last walk I had taken before quitting my home. The sun was shining brightly, and the balmy air of spring breathed delight over everything. The bees were busily culling the sweets from every flower, to lay up, in the sunshine of their days, an abundant provision against their life's winter. Surely the respect of all who knew him, the love of all children, the blessings of all the poor, the consciousness that he had passed his entire life in the service and benefit of his fellow-creatures,—surely all these had been honey enough gathered in his days of sunshine, to supply the winter of Dr. Tremorne! And yet,—and yet;—he bid me not to do as he had done.

So I went on my way up the mountain garden path, and there, among the rough rockwork along its sides, were a thousand bright yellow poppies raising their little heads amid the green moss and ferns to receive the warm beams of the sunshine; and in their yellow cups my bees were diving the industrious proboscis to "cull their fragrance" in "the present hour." Whose hand had sown these yellow poppies broadcast among the rocks, to smile upon and brighten with their warm colours the universal tint of green? And why did I feel at that moment that in spite of lectures from Dr. Tremorne, and in spite of lessons from my bees, if I must be a solitary man, I must? What folly! So I went on to the terrace, where I had last parted from her that had once been the joy of my life; and there, as I passed the close garden paling round Silverdale, I heard the laughing voices of children's glee within,—and then I strode up the very face of the mountain with a yet firmer pace, and never looked once behind.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A CASE IN WHICH A MAN MAY BE GLAD TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE WRONG.

I HAD stepped out at a resolute pace some six or seven miles, when I began to consider Dr. Tremorne's dinner-hour. My old friend must neither be kept waiting, nor sit down now to a solitary meal. So I returned another way, somewhat more leisurely, and when I found I had plenty of time before me, as I neared the Fell, I sat down upon a mossy stone, to rest and muse awhile. The lake of Grasmere was spread out before me; on one side the broad breast of Silverhowe gleamed in the sunshine; on the other rose Helm Crag, in dark, mysterious grandeur. While I was thus meditating upon the past, the present, and the future, I saw from my elevated position a female figure moving rather slowly along a mountain path, somewhat beneath me, but evidently bending her way towards the rough road above which I was sitting, on the open face of the mountain,—round which this road skirted into the valley below. My eyes insensibly followed this figure in her movements, while my mind was listlessly occupied with far different thoughts. As she approached the road, I perceived she must climb over a very incommodious stile in the loose wall, built without mortar, and slightly held together with earth and rubble, in which the luxuriant moss and delicate ferns delighted to find a habitation. There was a high bank below the stile above the level of the road, and the recent spring rains had not only in some places loosened the stones of the wall near the bottom, but also swept away a portion of the earth in this bank, and rendered it altogether a very slippery and somewhat dangerous descent. Now this lady appeared to me to be fashionably dressed, according to the recent customs of the day,—very different from what my early years recollected in female attire, and, as it seemed to me, somewhat unsuitably for a mountain walk. A thick, short veil completely hid her features; but her hat had not the broad brim of my youthful remembrance; and her hoop, graceful as was her entire carriage and demeanour, seemed to me to involve great risk in the attempt to climb over such a place. What could I do less, perfect stranger as she appeared to me, than offer to assist her over the wall when she reached it?

"Allow me to assist you, madam," said I, rising from my stone and approaching the difficult pass; "you will find the wall loose, and the bank slippery; permit me to assist you over." She made no reply; but a small gloved hand was placed in mine, and her light figure was in a moment on the other side of the wall. In her other hand she carried a "little chest," as I perceived when she came up,—but oh! whose hand had been placed in

mine! The altered style of dress,—the less elastic movements of no joyous girlhood now,—the close, short veil;—yet how could I be mistaken when that small hand touched mine?—when I could glance more nearly at those delicate concealed features,—then I felt I was not mistaken. And I, too, was recognized. A deep blush overspread her hitherto pale countenance, where the calm expression of patient sorrow seemed habitually to dwell; but her eyes were not raised to mine as her soft, low voice scarcely articulated, "Thank you;" and then she passed on, and waited not for one word more from me. I looked after her,—my eyes were riveted upon the spot as she gradually disappeared from my view;—then, resolutely calm and self-possessed, I walked home with a firm and steady pace.

After dinner, we drew our chairs towards the small fire, which the spring evening still made pleasant, and I said, in a tone as indifferent as I could command,—

"I met Mrs. Ravenshaw in my walk this morning. I thought her not looking very well."

"Mrs. Ravenshaw!" exclaimed Dr. Tremorne, with very great surprise in his accent. "You surely must be mistaken."

"I could not be mistaken," said I, decidedly; "I assisted her over the stile by Red Bank, and saw her go down the road towards Silverdale."

"You must be mistaken," said Dr. Tremorne; "Mrs. Ravenshaw has been for many years in the heart of Africa. I am sure I should have heard if she had been expected home."

"In Africa!" I exclaimed, now equally astonished in my turn. "It must, then, have been her wraith—for I am certain it was she!" Dr. Tremorne was silent for a moment.

"You say you met her in broad daylight, and assisted her over a stile, and that she went down the lane towards Silverdale! You must have been dreaming, Basil; you fell asleep while you were out, and fancy drew the picture in your dreams."

"I never was more awake in my life," I replied, a little disconcerted. "There can be no doubt about Mrs. Ravenshaw's being at Silverdale, for I heard children's voices in the garden as I passed the paling near Loughrigg Terrace."

"Those would be Mrs. Kennicott's children," said Dr. Tremorne, thoughtfully. "I do not think it possible that Mrs. Ravenshaw should have arrived in England so suddenly, without my hearing of it."

"Mrs. Kennicott!" I exclaimed, without hearing the latter part of his sentence. "Mrs. Kennicott! whom do you mean?"

"Our old friend Mr. Kennicott's wife," he replied. "I sent you a paper long ago with all the particulars of the wedding, at the same time that Granby Ravenshaw and Rachel Roundtree were married at Grasmere church."

"Ravenshaw and Rachel married!" I exclaimed. "Dr.

Tremorne, what strange misunderstanding is this? I thought Ravenshaw had married Sylvia!"

And the excitement and uncertainty of that moment almost deprived me of power to make the inquiry.

"Ravenshaw married Sylvia!" exclaimed Dr. Tremorne. "My dear Basil, what strange web of mistakes have you been weaving for your own misery!"

In a moment my friend comprehended all that had hitherto appeared to him so inexplicable in my conduct.

"You told me so in a letter," I replied, in a husky voice, almost inaudibly.

"Never! never, Basil! How have you fallen into such a mistake? I sent you a newspaper too, with a full account of both marriages, and the names of all the parties."

"Is Sylvia, then, not married?" I ejaculated, faintly.

"No, indeed. Ravenshaw came to me shortly after your departure, entreating my good offices with Sylvia, as she had just rejected him. But I told him this was a matter too delicate for me to interfere in, even with the child I had nursed upon my knee. He consoled himself by converting Miss Rachel to the Church, after which they were very shortly married. She converted him to the doctrine of her 'little chest;' and despising all the fine prospects he had in England, he quitted his country as a missionary to the heathen in Africa very soon afterwards. Mrs. Ravenshaw writes sometimes to Sylvia, and sometimes to me, and tells us wonders of the effects produced on the imagination of those simple people by this 'little chest.' She assures us it is the greatest engine for good in the hands of her husband, that it enables him to go freely among people of the most remote tribes in perfect security, opens a way to their hearts, and secures their confidence and esteem. The marvels she tells us respecting its influence and cures are almost beyond belief, even among the untutored savages of Africa."

The good doctor ran on thus, and his words fell as empty sounds upon my ear. He saw I was too much affected to hear one word he said; but his kind heart prompted him thus to continue his discourse, and reassure me of the truth and reality of his assertions. I buried my face in my folded arms, and—nay, reader, I need not tell you now for the first time that I shed tears—tears, such as I had never thought to shed again, which, for a few moments, no determination could restrain. Dr. Tremorne laid his hand at last gently on my shoulder.

"Basil," said he, "you shall explain all this to me by-and-bye. Come, my boy, let us take a turn in the garden; we will go up to Wordsworth's seat before the sun sets. To-morrow you shall call at Silverdale, and pay your respects to Mrs. Kennicott. I feel sure both she and Mr. Kennicott will receive you kindly."

I could not reply. As we went up the rock-path to the seat, Dr. Tremorne said, tenderly,—

"These yellow poppies, which look so bright, were sown by Sylvia."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A CASE WHEN A MAN MAY BE SORRY TO FIND HE HAS BEEN MISTAKEN,—AND WHAT BECAME OF JEALOUSY.

And so, after all, this mysterious mistake, and my consequent misery, had been entirely of my own making,—all caused by my own impetuosity and passionate jealousy. As I recalled to mind the words of Dr. Tremorne in that fatal letter—words which seemed for ever burned into my memory—I saw at once how the misunderstanding had arisen, and bitterly did I lament the rash vehemence which had caused so much sorrow, not only to myself, but also to those I most loved, during so many long, dreary years.

"What can I say to you, Dr. Tremorne? How can I ask your forgiveness for all the pain I have caused you?"

"Say nothing, Basil," said he, kindly. "You do not need my forgiveness; you have suffered enough, and too much, already."

"And Sylvia," said I, at length venturing again to utter the beloved name,—"do you think I shall now have any chance with Sylvia? I will ask her to-morrow—if you think she loves me."

"My dear Basil," replied Dr. Tremorne, "this is a question which every man must settle for himself. I will not undertake to be a third party, even between you and Sylvia. Nevertheless, it does appear to me that a little caution on your part will be desirable at first. You must remember, Basil, she has now been many years with little or no tidings of you—with no message, even of remembrance, ever passing between you. She has never mentioned your name to me for many years, though I have read through her silence that she carried a patient, aching heart. I cannot but think a few visits to Silverdale, on your part, will be desirable before you come to an open declaration."

"I shall not care for her father's objections now," said I, eagerly. "If Sylvia loves me, we can be in Scotland in two hours, and I will bring her home as my bride before nightfall."

"Do not lose your game again, Basil, through too precipitate rashness. I cannot but think you will find less objection on Mr. Kennicott's part than formerly. I know Mrs. Kennicott has been very angry with the poor child for rejecting what she thought two very eligible matches. That she wants to get her married and off her hands is painfully evident; and Mr. Kennicott is now

entirely ruled by her opinion in everthing. My fears, however, are more from Sylvia herself. She has now for many years almost devoted her life to works of piety and charity, much to the disgust of Mrs. Kennicott, who wishes to make her a fashionable, worldly young lady. She is so quiet and gentle, indeed, that Mrs. Kennicott cannot really find any fault in her; but she is always complaining of her, and, I fear, makes her life bitter, though no such word finds utterance from Sylvia's lips."

"Then I cannot understand why you imagine she will hesitate, when once I have confessed to her the cause of my cruel silence, and the truth of my unchangeable love," said I.

"Basil, I could not account for your extraordinary conduct myself. How can she? I could only attribute it to some intercourse between you, unknown to me, by which you had learned that she herself rejected you:—or—or—to the discovery, on your part, of what I do not think Sylvia will give up for any man,—of what you have asserted would prevent you from marrying any woman. Sylvia now, in her visits among the poor, always carries a 'little chest.'"

"Ah, my good friend," said I, laughing, "is this 'little chest' indeed to be our only barrier? What will you say if you find you have not yet come to the end of my faults and follies? How shall I confess to you the result of my years of travel and study abroad? Will you repudiate me for ever if you find that I, too, now carry this same scouted talisman?—and as I spoke I drew from my pocket its long controverted treasure, and, opening it, placed it in his hands,—"What will you say to me, if you find that I, too, am a disciple of the 'little chest'?"

"Say to you," replied Dr. Tremorne, laughing; "I shall say I am too old to keep up with the vagaries of the days into which I have lived, and I advise you, by all means, not to tell Mrs. Kennicott till after Sylvia is secured."

"I will call on the lady to-morrow," said I,—"a fair formal call;—and then,—after that,—Sylvia and I will settle matters together, as seems us best."

Then we returned very cheerful to the house, and I played at backgammon with Dr. Tremorne till his early hour for retiring arrived; and then—then,—I passed in review all that had happened during the last few years;—and after indulging in reveries of useless regret for a little while, I made up my mind to grieve no more over what could not be helped, but to try and do better in future.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHO AND WHAT THE LADY WAS, AND WHERE THE GENTLEMAN MET WITH HER.

But who and what was Mrs. Kennicott? and where did Mr. Kennicott meet her?

Mrs. Kennicott was the third or fourth daughter of a certain scientific man living in the city of Exeter. This scientific man had been caught by the beauty and talents of that same heartless young lady who had once destroyed Dr. Tremorne's belief in woman, for higher game. That higher game having escaped her, when her charms were slightly beginning to decline, she put up with a scientific man of less position and family than the doctor she had rejected. She was, however, a very clever woman. No one ever knew the difficulties to which she was put, to appear in better circumstances than she was. No one knew the extent of domestic management at home, to keep her six tall girls better dressed than the daughters of any other mother in or out of the city of Exeter, with more than twice her means. No one knew the finesse and skill exercised abroad, to obtain for them better acquaintances, better invitations, and better partners, than any other girls who went to either city or county balls. She was too clever for this to appear;—perhaps the poor doctor was better without her. She might have been too clever even for him. Her scientific husband, however, plodded on in his own business, and gave his leisure hours to his own pursuits, leaving his wife and daughters to follow theirs. And by their mutual skill, they just contrived, in spite of all difficulties, to make ends meet, with nothing to spare, at the end of each year as it came round. But though this clever mother, and her tall, handsome daughters, were seen at church and in the public walks, at every ball, concert, or flower show which took place, winter or summer; though they danced with regiment after regiment of officers which were quartered in the city, joined in boating parties, picnics,—nay, even in literary and scientific soirées, if ladies were admitted,—they were still all on hand at an age when most parents look for a diminution to their cares; and the thought would occasionally present itself to the mother, if not to the father also, what would these girls be good for when their father died, if they did not marry? It was an appalling thought. The mother could not keep it to herself with so little sympathy as she had from their father in all her schemes. From whom could she seek consolation in her trouble, but from the very girls themselves?

"Girls," said she, "you must marry, or I don't know what will become of you." The girls had long felt this was a very just

observation. They had seen enough to perceive they must not be too particular; and so it came to pass that the two younger ones "married," as the mother would say, "not quite so well as they had reason to expect," seeing one got only a rich linendraper, and the other a poor clergyman; but still, they did marry; and their mother hoped two future homes, at least, were obtained against the death of their father.

And so, when Mr. Kennicott went one year on a geological expedition to the Scilly Isles, in company with several other great men, and was taken by this scientific father to his own house, where unheard-of exertions were made for his entertainment,—and spoke to the mother, of his own motherless child,—and received from the daughter such tender sympathy and such warm interest in "the poor unhappy girl,"—mourning, as the father knew not, over the lover he had rejected;—was it surprising, if the man of learning believed such a friend would enliven and "bring out" his gentle child, that he took home from this scientific trip the gay, and only too happy, Mrs. Kennicott!

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHAT WERE "THE CONSEQUENCES," AND WHAT "EVERYBODY SAID."

Mrs. Kennicott, when she married, at first brought her husband nothing but "a few small debts," contracted in the purchase of her very handsome trousseau. She had since brought him six small children, always ready to daub their faces and hands with bread and butter, and constantly wanting new frocks and new boots. When Mrs. Kennicott came to Silverdale, she made such a dash, that everybody thought she had brought her husband a large fortune, and had moved, as she stated, in the very best circles in society. There was not a ball or public assembly within three or four hours by rail at which she did not persuade her husband to be present,—"for your dear daughter's sake."

"For dearest Sylvia's advantage, we must try to reconcile ourselves to these things,—she must be brought out into society. It is a shame to keep a girl like that out of everybody's way in the country. For her sake, dear Wilfred, we must make good acquaintances, and put ourselves a little out of the way."

The "dear girl" herself would far rather have taken an early mountain walk in the fresh, free air, than have passed the night hours in a close room, half crushed to death by the multitude of people trying to dance; or have spent the evening as she had been accustomed so much to enjoy,—listening to the conversa-

tion of a few select literary friends of her father's. But in this matter she had no choice. Mrs. Kennicott "was not going to have it said she had not done her best by her husband's daughter." "Everybody," and "they say," were at the same time Mrs. Kennicott's oracles and spectres, of whose applause no one could be more covetous,—of whose condemnation, or even lack of praise, no one could entertain a more agitating fear.

Sylvia had never known the immense importance and influence of "everybody" hitherto; and as for what "they say," she had always held the opinion of casual acquaintances upon trifles, to be of but very little consequence. She was too much imbued with the spirit and poetry of her kind old friend at Rydal Mount, not to enter more into his feelings in this matter than those of Mrs. Kennicott:—

> "I am not one who much or oft delight
> To season my fireside with personal talk,—
> Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
> Of neighbours, daily, weekly in my sight;
> And, for my chance acquaintance, ladies bright,
> Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
> These all wear out of me, like forms of chalk,
> Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night," &c.

Mrs. Kennicott had scarcely, if ever, heard the name of this poet of the valley, and thought both him, and others whom she met there, "very odd, incomprehensible men,—and so stupid in society;" while Sylvia remembered, but did not apply, his own words in answer to his supposed argument,—against himself;—

> "Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee
> Are fostered by the comment and the gibe;—
> Even be it so; yet still among your tribe,
> Our daily world's true worldlings, rank not me."

And so she went to balls and parties, and various places of amusement, with Mrs. Kennicott, and danced with grace,—and heard good music with infinite pleasure,—and was admired and sought after, and received offers,—"quiet, simple, stupid little thing as she was;"—and for all that, could never learn to be ranked among the "world's true worldlings," nor to have that salutary awe, with which Mrs. Kennicott so desired to inspire her, of what was said and thought by "everybody." Mrs. Kennicott, however, laboured hard for "everybody's" good opinion, and she had her reward. "Everybody" said she had done very well by Mr. Kennicott's daughter, and had brought her out at an expense very few in her circumstances would have liked to incur, for a girl not her own. And when Sylvia refused the offers made her by two very eligible young men after two very gay county balls, and Mrs. Kennicott complained to "everybody" of the "perverseness of her husband's daughter"—"everybody" thought she was a very ill-used woman, and had a right to complain. Meantime, the "dear," "stupid" girl grew paler and slighter, till "everybody"

said it was a shame to drag a poor girl about in that way who looked so ill, and that she evidently was "not long for this world. "Well," "everybody" concluded again, "neither would that break Mrs. Kennicott's heart." However, this was only "said" of her, not to her; we cannot suppose "anybody" would be so ill-natured as to bring "it" round to her ears. Mrs. Kennicott, wisely, never required any nearer title than her matronly surname from Sylvia, and in this she displayed much judgment. Sylvia had a tender affection for the memory of the mother she had never known; and Mrs. Kennicott judged wisely in waving the ceremonious adoption of relationship, in name. Not that she particularly cared to be thought by strangers, or friends either, to be the mother of "Mr. Kennicott's grown-up daughter." There was just sufficient difference in age to have made this possible; and though Mrs. Kennicott was a handsome, dashing woman, well endowed by nature, and well preserved by art, there was also just sufficient difference in age apparent, to have made it not very improbable. She therefore took care to introduce her to "everybody" as "her husband's daughter;" and as time passed on, and she flattered herself the space between them rather lessened than increased—"Sylvia *did* look *so old, for her years*,—she yet more carefully dwelt upon the point of "her husband's daughter being *quite* grown up, at the period of her marriage. Indeed, they had always regarded each other more as sisters than in any other light." This information, being politely received, was no doubt valued by "everybody," who knew the family of the Kennicotts before she entered it, at its own worth, and smiled at, or laughed at, as the case might be, among the "neighbours" who lived "within an easy walk." Beyond that, no doubt it interested everybody who heard it much more than their own concerns, or the concerns of other "neighbours, daily, weekly in their sight." But as time passed on, and little Kennicotts came year by year, treading upon one another's heels—as butchers' and bakers' bills increased, —and "little debts" for "absolute necessaries" in the way of new bonnets, new dresses, and other articles of daily consumption not mentioned at the time, but presented on Mr. Kennicott's breakfast table, in neat envelopes, through the frightful Christmas week,—as, I say, all these contingencies increased, so did Mr. Kennicott's anxieties and stray white hairs. As his house was not large, so did the contrivances of his wife increase, to make it seem larger than it was. As his income was limited, so were not her resources, to make it appear not to be so. At the very first she found Mr. Kennicott's study very tiresome downstairs,—taking up one of the best rooms for receiving company, —and always in such a litter too! It was what she had never been used to!—and there were so few bedrooms in this house! —really, with all her children, and Mr. Kennicott's grown-

up daughter *too*, she did not know where to put them! Now her father's house had contained one best bedroom, two secondary bedrooms, and attics above, the drawing-room being also upstairs,—and to obtain the grandeur of a "spare room," very rarely occupied, the daughters of her father contrived to manage with very small personal accommodation. This was commendable, no doubt, for they could not help it. But "everybody" "*did pity* poor Mrs. Kennicott coming to live in *that* house, with everything so different from what she had been used to!" So poor Mr. Kennicott's study was dismissed into an attic—"where he had such a *beautiful view!* and could be quite undisturbed when writing;"—moreover, he could only stand upright in the centre of the room, and the fire always smoked. There he sat and wrote—not for his own pleasure, as formerly, and the fun of cutting up an author in a clever review, but for sordid gold, to pay his tradesmen's bills, to buy new suits for Wilfred and Sigbert, and shoes for little Eva and Ida, Una and Rhoda,—and not only for them, for Mrs. Kennicott had always been accustomed to be "well dressed, both at church and everywhere else." "*She* could not be seen at church in such a bonnet as that again! It was what she had never been used to!" Moreover, the allowance for Sylvia's pocket-money out of her mother's small fortune, which had been always given her by her father, was now necessarily disposed of by many other important calls; but Sylvia's dress was much more fashionable and expensive than it used to be—for Mrs Kennicott was determined not to let "anybody," who was almost more malicious than "everybody," say "her husband's daughter was not well dressed!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ABOUT A LITTLE NEW HONEY FOUND IN AN OLD HIVE.

SYLVIA, however, did not die; for Dr. Tremorne having assured Mr. Kennicott that she certainly would do so, if such a course of life were persevered in, the late night hours and dissipation were discontinued for her, and the early mountain walks resumed, greatly to the satisfaction and benefit both of her mind and body.

Mrs. Kennicott, also, as her family increased, felt little objection to leaving Sylvia at home to take care of the children, while she went abroad, and complained in mysterious whispers that "nobody" knew the trouble she had with that *poor* daughter of Mr. Kennicott's. "*Could* not *get* her to go out."

She sometimes, indeed, gave expensive and well-arranged parties at home.

"Because we must keep up with the neighbourhood, Mr. Kennicott; and no one will ask us back if we do not give a return party."

Mr. Kennicott had been in the habit of constantly seeing his friends as often as he inclined to do so, and had never known the lack of friendly and social invitations to himself and his daughter. But though he cared little for indifferent people, with whom he had no sympathy of interest, he was compelled in this, as in everything else, to give way to the loud tongue and determined will of his wife, and let her go on in the way she had been "used to."

At these parties, Sylvia was of course seen by all the guests, and her gentle, graceful demeanour could not fail to inspire admiration in all who beheld her: but when this praise was expressed in her favour to Mrs. Kennicott, all the answer it elicited was, with a shake of the head, "Yes—no one knows the pains I have taken with that poor girl!"

Mr. Kennicott was really very fond of his daughter, and often showed her little marks of tender affection when his wife was not by. And Sylvia—patient, gentle, and trusting—needed not these little tokens, dear though they were to her, to assure her of her father's love. No one heard from her lips one word that could show she felt her home less happy than it used to be,—one word of blame, or even censure, on a step which she fully believed had been taken, under the idea of being an advantage to herself,—by her hitherto ever fond and indulgent parent. Mr. Kennicott endured many bitter regrets up in his nice attic, with his beautiful prospect before him,—that were also unexpressed to any one. He felt he did his daughter injustice, as her small fortune came into his hands, and passed almost immediately into those of Mrs. Kennicott. He knew his child had spent it well. He knew how her charities, her elegant tastes, and literary pursuits and enjoyments were now entirely curtailed, for Mrs. Kennicott chose to buy everything herself for Sylvia; so that, as she did not possess even a smaller allowance in her own hands, she had no means of exercising that economy which might enable her to save anything for her favourite objects. If a slight expression of such a wish, on his part, were occasionally given vent to, Mrs. Kennicott stopped him at once with assurances, in a loud voice, "that Sylvia was far better dressed, and looked infinitely more the lady, than she did when she came there, she was sure,—and 'everybody' said so! She was sure Sylvia's dress cost more than hers and all the children's put together,—and she wondered what she could want more! Had not Sylvia had a new bonnet only last spring, when she had turned her own herself, and only bought a few new flowers, and a little lace, and a new veil, just to set it off? She wondered what Mr. Kennicott meant by saying his daughter ought to have more money to spend upon herself! Could he say she was not well dressed?—she would only ask him that!" And poor Mr. Kennicott found himself quite unable to answer this argument,—though, to him-

self, he could acknowledge he knew very little about what being "well dressed" was,—though he had always thought his child had "looked very nice" at all times.

And so he felt himself unable even to give her a ten-pound note now and then, from his own hard-earned labours; for Mrs. Kennicott always got to know precisely the number of pages in every article, and the exact money-worth of every page. He did, indeed, now and then,—on her birthday, her mother's wedding day, at Christmas and at Easter,—present her with a beautiful new edition of a volume of poems or engravings, in the small room, which two young sisters now shared with her; but it was understood that these things were not to be spoken about; —and the tender kiss with which they were acknowledged was often followed in secret by tears which were known to nobody.

But though Sylvia's countenance bore the marks of much patient endurance, and had lost that unvarying joyousness which had once so characterized her, she was not, by any means, always melancholy. She really loved her little brothers and sisters, and they were a source of much interest and happiness to her; while their devoted affection in return would have excited the jealousy of Mrs. Kennicott, had she not found it too useful to be put a stop to;—so the children repaid what the mother would have recklessly disregarded and squandered,—what the father dare scarcely gather and bestow;—and, after all, Sylvia had some bright sunbeams to shine upon the garden of her heart, and some honey in her flowers to gather for her store.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW SHOES.

The day after Dr. Tremorne had so earnestly impressed the necessity of caution upon me, in my intercourse with Sylvia, I set out to call upon Mrs. Kennicott, at what I deemed a very suitable hour, and trod the smooth grass round the Fell with a somewhat lighter heart than had been my fortune during the last few times I had been there. I felt I must not enter without ceremony, as had formerly been my wont, by the garden door from Loughrigg terrace; but I took the most circuitous way to the front door, and rang the bell, and knocked with that importance and dignity which I felt was due from an unknown guest, coming to call on the very grand Mrs. Kennicott. It was a long time before the door was answered, and then it was not by the maid-servant, neat at all hours, whom I had been accustomed to see, but by a spruce boy, who appeared by his excited air as if he had just rushed from the stable, and hurried into his close-fitting dress, to "usher in company." Mr. Kennicott had always had a

man-servant; but he was formerly one of those quiet men who attended to the horse, and did his business without putting himself much out; and as he was rarely dressed before he went out with the carriage, or till near the time of waiting at a late dinner, —I felt a great advance had been made in the household, to have a boy to come to the door to usher in guests in a morning!

I was shown, after due inquiries for Mrs. Kennicott, with the presentation of my card, into the drawing-room, which looked exceedingly neat and ceremonious. The blinds were down, to keep the sun off the furniture; the chairs all in their places; no stray books or work, or casual signs of occupation were visible; and I sat down with a feeling of strangeness in the home-like room, where I had once been so familiar. This room opened by folding-doors, always kept carefully closed, into what used to be Mr. Kennicott's study.

Since the arrival of her six children, Mrs. Kennicott had found it impossible to keep this room—reserved from her husband's literary littering,—as a reception-room for her guests; and it had gradually passed into a nursery and schoolroom, from which, on grand occasions, the children were summarily dismissed, and the room thrown open to visitors. Now, though little inconvenience might accrue in an old house, with thick walls and thick oak doors to divide these apartments, while Mr. Kennicott inhabited the one, and Miss Kennicott, Sylvia, and their friends had free possession of the other, it was an arrangement not always equally free from objection, under the new aspect of its inhabitants;—and do what I would to prevent it, I could not help hearing a very loud female voice in the next room exclaim, as I sat down at the farthest end by the window,—

"Now, Sylvia, *do* keep those children quiet while there is company in the drawing-room. It is quite a stranger; I shall see what he is, and then, perhaps, send for you. Indeed, as I *must* dress, I think I shall make some calls this afternoon, and take the boys with me, so just wash their hands and faces well, and put them on their best things that they may be ready, and then *you* can bring them in if I ring. And, Sylvia," added the strong, retreating voice, "as I and the boys shall be out, it is not worth while to have dinner spread to-day. Your father can have a sandwich up-stairs. I know he likes not to be interrupted by dinner when he is writing, and he *must* finish that paper for to-night's post. So just fetch the boys a slice of bread and meat before you dress them, and the girls can have some bread and butter after we are gone. And then mind, I have a nice chop for my tea, and that it's ready against we come home."

The gentle reply made to all these injunctions I could not hear; but it was evident by the noise of the children, that they were left without any control, while I concluded the "bread and meat" was "fetched" for "the boys"—and the silence which pre-

57 4 0 0 0

sently ensued made me feel pretty sure they were satisfactorily engaged in discussing it. I began to feel really impatient during the very long period which followed while Mrs. Kennicott made her toilet for her stranger guest and afternoon calls, especially while I knew the comparatively slight barrier placed between myself and Sylvia; and a sort of anger rose in my heart that any one could have a right to speak to my Sylvia thus; and indignation against the father who had so blighted my own prospects in life, did not predispose me for a very favourable impression, when the lady did at length make her appearance. The door at last, however, flew open, and Goldsmith's epitaph on Madame Blaise recurred to my mind as she entered, "with hoop of monstrous size," tall, strong, and commanding in her appearance, very handsomely dressed; very capable of setting well off her gay attire; very polite in her accost; and, alas that I must say it of a woman! but habit is second nature, very loud in her voice.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"SEEMING AND BEING."

"You have been abroad!" said she, after the first ceremonies were over, my money value evidently increasing in her eyes by the circumstance, "and you are our long absentee neighbour at the Fell? Well, I must confess, the old doctor there seemed to have it so much his own way, everybody regarded him almost as its owner. We shall, however, be most happy to have you as our neighbour, and, I hope, shall see you here frequently. I much regret you cannot see Mr. Kennicott this morning. But those authors, as you no doubt know him to be, are so strange and particular in their ways I have had much to put up with I assure you since I married Mr!. Kennicott, so different from anything I had been used to! I can scarcely ever get him to go out with me even of an evening; and, as to a morning call, why, he will not come down to a visitor in his own house, unless it is something quite imperative. There he sits writing—writing—without a word for anybody, up at the very top of the house, that he may not be interrupted by any one, and gives strict orders that unless it is something *very particular*, he can see nobody! I confess I am of a social nature myself, and do like a little cheerful conversation. And then his poor daughter *is* so like him—so silent! Poor girl! she is a constant care to me!"

And here Mrs. Kennicott sighed deeply, while I thought of the genial welcome I had always received at every hour from the recluse of the attic, in his snug study, full of literary confusion. After a good deal more of the same sort of discourse, carried on almost entirely by the lady, she suddenly checked herself up in the midst, and said, ringing the bell, with a spasmodic violence,—

"Dear me, perhaps you would like to see Miss Kennicott again if she is in! Your cousin, I think you said, and playmates from childhood?"

"Yes," said I, anxious to gain the good-will of Mrs. Kennicott by any lawful means; "we were constant companions before I went abroad,—and I have never forgotten her, though it is so many years since, perhaps she may scarcely have much recollection of me."

"I will have her in immediately. Dear girl, she is so fond of my children and of mountain walks,—it is ten to one if you ever find her at home, she is always wanting them to go out with her somewhere or other; and I find it really quite interferes with their studies, for they are becoming old enough now to make learning an important point, especially with their father. But I like to humour the poor girl when I can, and often beg them off."

A moment or two after this tirade, Sylvia entered, prettily dressed in a simple morning gown; but the boys were in scarlet knickerbockers, and blue coats with bright buttons, their faces and hands very clean, their hair very neatly brushed, and solemn gravity in their deportment, which said to my unskilled imagination, "We have got on our best clothes, and are going out to make calls."

"My dear Sylvia!" exclaimed Mrs. Kennicott, extending her hand, and half rushing towards her, to present her to me; then, as if interrupting herself, she exclaimed in a surprised tone, "what, have you those children with you again, and ready for a walk too? surely you have been out enough already this morning! Where are you going to take them? I never can keep her from the mountains, Dr. Carlingford."

"Mamma," whispered one of the boys, "we're going out to make calls with you."

Though Sylvia's hand, with downcast eyes, was at that moment placed in mine, I could not avoid seeing the smart box on the ear, intended to be quite unobserved, and the glance of maternal anger with which it was accompanied, on this unfortunate declaration of her eldest son, that they were not thus dressed out for a morning walk upon the mountains.

But, of course, I neither saw nor heard what I was not intended either to see or hear.

"Sylvia, dearest," said Mrs. Kennicott, when the little ebullition with her son was over, and he shrunk back abashed, "do you think, for such an old friend, your father could be persuaded out of his seclusion for a *few* moments? But perhaps you had better not tease him by asking."

"I think my father would come down," said Sylvia, gently, "if he knew Dr. Carlingford was here."

It was sweet to me to hear my name from her lips; but oh, why not the "Basil," as of old? How changed she seemed—and

yet how dear! Nothing should prevent me from learning the truth of my fate from her own unbiassed heart and words!

"Perhaps you had better not call him," resumed Mrs. Kennicott. "Will you not dine with us to-morrow?—no, not to-morrow, but the day after. They kill the beef at Ambleside to-day, don't they, Sylvia? This is such an inconvenient place; one never can get anything in these small country places that one wants—so different from what I have been used to; and chickens,—Sylvia, dear, if you *will* go out again out again this afternoon, would it not be a nice walk to the Grange Farm, to order some chickens to be killed the first thing in the morning?"

At this moment the spruce boy put in his untutored head at the door, to say "that the carriage was waiting, and master had seen Dr. Carlingford from the window, and begged him to wait a few moments till he came down."

"I fear, then, I must be so rude as to run away," said Mrs. Kennicott. "Can you excuse me? But I know what my husband's "few moments" are; and I have an engagement this afternoon, which is absolute. I must go to Ambleside to-day, you know, Sylvia; and as the boys are quite ready, they may as well go with me, and you might take the little girls for the chickens, or it would be time enough if you took the boys to the Grange Farm to-morrow morning, would it not?"

I begged she would put off no engagement on my account.

"Will you step into the garden, Dr. Carlingford? Mr. Kennicott likes being in his garden when he *does* see his friends, and he will join you immediately. Go, Sylvia, dear, and tell him Dr. Carlingford is in the garden."

So we parted excellent friends; and she sailed away with her two boys, smiling most bewitchingly, and saying again and again, "Then we shall see you to dinner on Thursday, at five o'clock—no, six. Mr. Kennicott does so prefer a late dinner-hour. Good-bye, good-bye."

And I was left in that garden, where I had spent so many happy hours, while Sylvia went to tell her father where he would find me.

Mrs. Kennicott was a very clever woman, nearly as clever as her mother, but she could not, like her, conceal her cleverness.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ABOUT LITTLE THINGS HAVING LITTLE STINGS.

The house door was scarcely closed upon Mrs. Kennicott before three or four little girls rushed out on to the lawn from a side entrance, and, not perceiving me, were quite unrestrained both in their merriment and their observations.

"Won't mamma give it to sister Sylvia when she comes home this evening, for going into 'company' without being dressed!" cried one.

"She was so busy doing Wilfred and Sigbert, she had no time to dress herself before the bell rang," said another.

I could not feel it fair to overhear these innocent revelations, and coming forward into the lawn, I surprised the little maidens themselves in certainly a very different style of costume from that in which their brothers had been sent forth to pay morning calls. They seemed startled, and were about to run away, but extending my hand to a pretty little fair-haired, blue-eyed child among the group, I said, "Pray, what is your name? You will not be afraid of me, will you?"

"My name is Una," said Sylvia's sister, with her little finger in her mouth, and looking down, half ashamed.

I could not resist taking the pretty child in my arms. That name of "Heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb," was, I felt certain, the choice of Sylvia. She, too, loved that child; and with the confidence that children and animals so quickly manifest in those who are kind to them, she submitted to have her soft cheek pressed to mine, while the other children ran off, saying, "We must go, for we are not dressed."

"And do you love your sister very much?" said I, detaining the little round hand, so readily placed in mine.

"Oh yes, we love her very much; but I think I ought to go, as I am not dressed."

"Will your sister be vexed with you if you stay?" I said.

"No; I think not. She did not tell me I was to be dressed to-day; and mamma does not always care whether we do as she bids us or not."

"When mamma speaks in her loudest voice," said Rhoda, who still lingered near, "then we always know we must do as she tells us, or—we shall catch it."

"And must you not do as your sister bids you to?" I asked.

"Oh yes; but sister Sylvia never does speak loud: only she means what she says, and so we can understand her. But mamma never minds telling us three or four times, unless she is very angry, and then we keep out of her way if we can."

I put a stop to these *naïve* revelations by calling the children to watch the bees.

"Those bees, I do believe, are out of my garden," said I; "I wish your sister would bring you some day to see them."

"I wish she would," said little Una. "But it takes so long to dress us all; and, indeed, we have not all got best frocks."

"I should not mind your frocks," said I; "you may come and see me just as you are."

"If sister Sylvia will take us, that will be nice. I wonder if mamma will let us go without being dressed?"

My reflections on the lamentable effects of thus early instilling such a point into the minds of children, as the one all-important subject in life, were interrupted by the reappearance of Sylvia and the two other girls.

"Oh, Dr. Carlingford," said she, half shily, and half with more of her natural manner, "I thought you were gone away with Mrs. Kennicott. My father may be some time yet before he makes his appearance. And what shall I do with you, for the children and I are going to take our lunch-dinner in the arbour here?"

"And we shall bring it all down ourselves!" said little Eva; "It will be so delightful!"

"Pray do not let me interrupt you," said I, determined not to frighten Sylvia by an appearance of too much earnestness. "I wish I could persuade you to come and eat some young gooseberry tarts in my own garden instead."

Then the eager little one told of my wonderful bees, and begged hard to be allowed to go.

However, Sylvia, gently but firmly, told them this could not be done to-day, and proceeded, without any shame, to spread a small, clean white cloth on the little table in the snug boarded arbour, while the elder girls, now with clean hands and faces, and neat clean pinafores, assisted in spreading the simple fare. Sylvia then quietly took the little ones into the house, and they soon returned with her, "not *dressed*," as they emphatically told me, "but clean and neat," as sister called it, when their hands were washed and their pinafores changed.

I sauntered around the garden, while Sylvia sat down with the children to the neat but very frugal repast. I did not feel altogether displeased to reflect that were I so fortunate as to win Sylvia's love, I could now offer her a home in which her comforts and enjoyments might be increased, rather than diminished by marrying me. I had for many years of my life regarded myself as a poor man, and, in some respects, justly so. I had often in heart scarcely dared to aspire to the object of my wishes, feeling Sylvia was already so well off, amid the indulgence and abundance of her father's house, I could scarcely ask her to leave it for me.

But now the case was somewhat different, and it did not altogether displease me to feel I could improve the position and comforts of the woman I loved, by asking her to share her fortunes with mine. As these thoughts passed quickly through my mind, I perceived Mr. Kennicott advancing towards me. He looked older and careworn; he had lost his expression of joyous contentment, which told that the world had gone well with him, and that he never minded whether his "article" was accepted or not. He looked anxious and dispirited, but he welcomed me kindly with the hearty greeting of long-past years, and hoped I would remain and dine with them.

I felt under existing circumstances it was not for me now to act on these warm impromptu invitations as in former days, and I even fancied my poor friend was conscious of this too, and half afraid lest his hospitality should be accepted. I, however, put him at rest immediately, by assuring him I must return and dine with Dr. Tremorne to-day, and that Mrs. Kennicott had invited me for six o'clock on the following Thursday.

"I am glad she did so," he replied, not quite at his ease yet, and we turned our steps to the arbour where the children were sitting in quiet order round the little table; daubing neither themselves nor their friends with their food, as was too often the case, when not under the exclusive management of Sylvia.

"Pray sit down, dear papa," she cried, rising to make room for him; "let me cut you a slice of bread and butter.—Dr. Carlingford, will you not take anything? I should have asked you before, but I fancied you never took luncheon."

I was rather pleased that Sylvia had this recollection still of my former habits, and begged her not to trouble herself with preparing anything for me.

"You should allow me to assist you in your labours," said I, smiling. "Pray let me supply these little applicants with a fresh round from the loaf." Sylvia permitted me to take the knife in my hand, and I was well pleased with my office in her behalf.

"Mrs. Kennicott will not be home till six, dear papa," said Sylvia, "and you are to have some nice chops then, at tea-time. You prefer dining late so much, to the children's early hours.

I never heard what Sylvia was to have in this arrangement; nor did either her husband, or her husband's daughter, appear to have entered into the head of Mrs. Kennicott at all when she laid her plans for herself, her calls, and her chops.

"You see me surrounded with little cares," said Mr. Kennicott, half smiling and taking one rosy-cheeked little one on to his knee.

"Little blessings will you not rather call them?" said I, half afraid, notwithstanding, how these little cherubs might grow up under the tuition of such a mother. Mr. Kennicott sighed;—he took one or two turns with me in the garden, and then said,—

"I am very sorry to leave you, Carlingford, but I must finish an article for to-night's post. The magazine counts upon it from me. I shall always be glad to see you here. You are looking uncommonly well, after your travels."

Then I felt I too must take my leave; but not before I learnt from little Eva what time "sister Sylvia" would probably walk with her brothers to the Grange Farm to-morrow.

CHAPTER XL.

LITTLE PLAGUES AND GREAT BLESSINGS.

THE next morning I sauntered upon the hill above Silverdale till I saw Sylvia and her little brothers issue from the garden door, and proceed on their way towards the Grange Farm. I then quickly followed them, and soon overtook them, stating to Sylvia, as I came up with them, that my way lay in the same direction as theirs. She received my address calmly and collectedly,—but yet more kindly than I felt I deserved,—more kindly than my apparent conduct towards her could merit. I felt that, in her eyes, I must have justly forfeited all claim even to the mere friendship of old acquaintance. The boys were much more demonstrative this morning, in their holland blouses, than I had seen them the preceding day. They each eagerly seized one of my hands, and were desirous to engross all my attention; having, as I supposed, heard a good account of me from their sisters, they were more forward than I cared to encourage, in their manifestations of good-will. Sylvia's gentle voice had but little effect in discouraging what I could soon perceive she felt was annoying to me; and I was as much annoyed for her as for myself, in feeling her own inability to restrain them. The fact was, these boys were, generally, excessively spoiled by their mother, and though their manifestations of affection were quite tiresome towards their sister, it was evident she had little control, and no authority, over them. They were accustomed to the active treatment of a sound box on the ear, which they received from their mother when she was angry, with or without reason. This measure served till it was next required—or administered without being required,—and the mild discipline of Sylvia produced little or no results, as to checking effectually dispositions and guiding characters, left at present too much to the training of the chance feeling of the moment, and their mother's uncertain temperament. I wished to give Sylvia a sketch of my life and occupations during the years of my absence. What right had I to look for her regard, while she remained wholly ignorant of my proceedings during so long a period of time? and especially after leaving her in a manner which it was always painful to me to reflect upon, from the influence it must have had in her estimate of me. I was very desirous, therefore, to excite once more a friendly interest at least in my behalf, and with this view related several incidents in my travels which would, I hoped, produce the desired effect. But if a silence was momentarily obtained to listen to these details, it was quickly broken again by the boys, with all sorts of questions, which almost prevented my addressing myself at all to Sylvia; and at last, really wearied out, I exclaimed, with some impatience,—

"Do you never go out without those tiresome children? They must weary you to death!"

"They are wild this morning," said she, gently, but sorrowfully. "They do so love a mountain walk; and they are accustomed to feel, when they are with me, that they have me all to themselves. Poor children!" said she, the tears glistening in her eyes. "They have been a great comfort to me,—one of my greatest sources of happiness for many years past. Perhaps I have spoiled them a little; but their merry chatter has often diverted my mind from sad thoughts."

And what right had I to be jealous now? Why had those years passed with so few sources of happiness? and wherefore had sad thoughts been ever ready to intrude? I must not ask these questions now; but surely a day would come, not very far distant, my fond hopes believed, when all the sorrows of these years would be confided to me, and be, ere long, forgotten, or regarded but as a tale that is told, in the renewed joy and happiness I so earnestly desired she might share with me. I walked on a little further when we came to the Grange Farm, for the professed purpose of my journey, but soon overtook them again in returning, when the boys behaved better.

"Sister Sylvia says she will never take us out with her again when she is walking with you, if we don't let you talk to her," said the young rogue Wilfred,—and blushes suffused Sylvia's face at this very free translation of her exhortations to good behaviour.

"I never will walk with you again," said I, very firmly, and looking them full in the face, "if you don't do as your sister bids you, and hold your tongues while other people are talking."

They both shrank away ashamed, and soon found amusement for themselves independent of my notice. I was grieved to vex Sylvia, but I felt they were too much for her, and the rebuke might do them good, and also strengthen her hands in restraining them.

"Children will be wild, I know very well," said I, when they were gone on; "and some children always behave worse before strangers, if not awed by the fear of bodily punishment. But you must not let these little fellows have the upper hand with you. It is bad both for them and for you, and will cause you much trouble hereafter, if they are not restrained now."

It seemed to me Sylvia was well content to receive my reproof, if so it could be called, and felt a sort of protection to which she had been long unused, even in an admonition coming from me. I now entered more fully into the real object which had occupied me during several years of my absence abroad. Sylvia listened to me with deep but silent interest; and when I at length said, "And you, too, are become a votary of this 'little chest,' I

find!" she looked up towards me, her soft eyes still glistening, and a smile something like what those bright smiles had been in the days of her joyous girlhood, lighted up her pale counentance, and filled my heart with happiness.

"I have been very open in my confessions to you," I said at last, after we had walked some distance in silence. "You must tell me some time how you happened to take up this system."

"When I found that a man like Mr. Ravenshaw believed there was truth in it," she replied, simply, "I thought it must be worthy of some investigation; and Rachel, when she left England to go with him as a missionary's wife to South Africa, gave me her own little chest and some books, which she begged me to read. Through her influence Mr. Ravenshaw had studied it thoroughly, and completely taken up the same views. They took out with them one of Laurie's chests, provided specially for missionaries, and also one of his practical works on medicine, compiled particularly for missionary use. And surely," she added, her eyes beaming, and her countenance glowing with the earnestness with which she spoke—"surely, when we remember how our blessed Lord made healing the sick one of the most constant objects of His mercy, and impressed the same upon His disciples as one of the special proofs of their mission,—surely, though we are no longer blessed with the power of miraculous cures in token of the truth of His doctrines, we cannot lightly esteem the discovery of a means of cure, so simple and yet so effectual, which, in the hands of one duly qualified to exercise it, must produce in the minds of those ignorant heathen an effect almost as powerful as if produced by miraculous agency itself! I hear, from time to time, from Rachel, amid the perils and difficulties of the path she has chosen; and her letters abound in evidence the most cheering of the effects already produced among the wild, unknown tribes, among whom her husband is so continually thrown, with his life, as it were, in his hand. They crowd around him with the utmost anxiety wherever he goes, his fame preceding him in every place. They entreat, amid their wretched sufferings and disease, for a few globules from his wondrous chest, regarding them as charms against all sickness. They stumble not at their minute size and incomprehensible properties; they see before their eyes numerous cures—in which they have been effectual,—and the white man who carries with him such a boon to their race is safe amid barbarous people accustomed to the most horrid brutalities—charged even with cannibalism itself. Life is yet dearer to them than the gratification of their ferocious appetites; and the man who carries the 'little chest' is as safe amid the wilds of Africa as in the favoured regions of his native land. And will not those who so eagerly desire the prolongation of this life at his hands be thus prepared to accept from his lips the promise of the 'life eternal'?"

I warmly pressed her hand as we parted at the garden gate, and walked home silent and thoughtful.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WAY TO TRAIN LITTLE MINDS TO LITTLE DECEPTIONS.

THE next day I was to dine at Silverdale. I was there punctual to the hour mentioned by Mrs. Kennicott, and was shown into the empty drawing-room, the folding-doors of which were thrown open, and the children dismissed; but no one appeared ready to receive me. The room was painfully neat; the table was set round with albums, annuals, and books of engravings of a very old date, at precise distances from each other. An ornamental basket, placed with care on one side, was matched by an ornamental box on the other. But Sylvia's pretty writing-case, her work, or sketch-book were nowhere to be seen. I longed to discover a crochet needle, with its elegant workmanship, laid casually down, as though it had just been the occupation of her delicate fingers. But no; this room was evidently devoted to company—it was the common room for social occupation and friendly intercourse no longer. The room was evidently "dressed," and must behave itself. I felt it too cold and uninviting to linger there alone, and stepped out of the window into a verandah Sylvia had been wont to keep very gay with scarlet geraniums and fuchsias throughout the summer season. Whether the boys and the flowers could not flourish together, or whether such common plants as the "old-fashioned geranium and fuchsia" were not "good enough" to be now cultivated, was left an open question for my private speculation. I was soon joined by the little girls, all very neat, but—must I add—very smart too. They did certainly claim acquaintance with me, as I came forward towards them; but their little minds were far more taken up in stroking down their gay ribbons, and maintaining the equilibrium of their extensively set-out frocks, than by the sight of the visitor in whose honour they were thus decked out.

"You may speak to me to-day, may you not, as you are dressed?" said I, smiling, and extending my hand to little Una.

"Oh yes—we may speak to you,—but we must take care not to spoil our best frocks;" and the child stood aloof, evidently not intending me to risk the crushing of her dress. "Sister Sylvia made this frock," she added; "she has been so busy at work, she cannot come down yet; and she cut one of her sashes in two, to make Rhoda and me each one."

"That was very kind of your sister, I am sure," said I, warmly; "and you are quite right to take care of what she has had so much trouble in preparing for you."

"Mamma said Rhoda and I were to go to bed, because we had no company frocks, and that two girls were quite enough to bring out to a visitor; but I begged sister so hard not to let us go to bed so early—it is so dull in bed on days when the sun shines,—that she cut up one of her own dresses, and made us each a best frock; and then mamma said we had no sashes, and we should not come down without sashes, so she cut one of her sashes in two, and made us each one."

"I am sure you must love your sister very much," said I. "It is very kind of her to take so much trouble for you."

"She always does make our frocks," said the child, not quite certain apparently in what light this circumstance ought to be viewed; "and she makes all the boys' common things; but not their *best*" (laying great emphasis on these words); "the *boys' best* things mamma always buys."

I feared the communicativeness of this little maiden might be proceeding further than was right for me to hear, and turning to the little Eva, I asked what I thought must be a very innocent question of so young a child.

"Pray, what age are you, and which is the eldest among you?"

"I am really the eldest," she replied, still with the artlessness of childhood, "but mamma never wishes me to say so. Ida and I are both older than the boys. But mamma would be very angry if she knew I had told you."

Alas! alas! and was this double deception in an innocent child, who in a few years more would be a woman, was it worth the purchase for which simplicity and truth were sacrificed?

Mrs. Kennicott was no doubt a far-seeing woman. She considered that twenty years hence it would be an inestimable advantage to her daughters to be counted younger than their brothers; and she began only too early to train up her children in the way she meant them to go. And so "everybody" believed, when she said, "Eva and Ida *are* such tall girls for their age; but boys always *are* shorter than girls while they are young," that these same girls were really younger than their brothers. And though here and there an ill-natured assertion was made by "somebody" that they were sure Mrs. Kennicott had had two girls before her boys were born,—even if this ill-natured remark should be brought home to her by "anybody," she trusted, with her skilful management, it would be entirely forgotten long before "the girls came out."

It is needless for me to describe the dinner, when at length it made its tardy appearance. Mrs. Kennicott had, as the children informed me, been busy in the kitchen all the morning; and her dress had evidently had no time spared upon it. As far as I was concerned, her labours were greatly thrown away both on the table and on the toilet. A plain and friendly dinner with a

hearty welcome, such as I had been accustomed to receive, would have been far more acceptable to my mind, and have made a far better "impression" on the man who she rightly conjectured was "really looking after Sylvia." This supposition had been so openly expressed by her in the family, without the slightest regard to propriety or the delicacy of Sylvia's feelings, that it was not surprising if it produced, in her behaviour towards me, a restraint and distance, especially before Mrs. Kennicott, that was painful to me to observe. I yet trusted in time to overcome it, and attributed it more to the effect of my own conduct, than the constant petty gibes and indelicate sarcasms to which she was continually exposed. We soon joined the ladies in the drawing-room, but the hour was late notwithstanding. I had made Sylvia promise to bring out her botanical book for me to see, and I felt impatient when she withdrew with the children,—both boys and girls,—at their bedtime, and left me alone with Mrs. Kennicott.

Poor Mr. Kennicott never felt at home now in his transmogrified study, even when thrown open to the public, nor yet with his old friends in the presence of his wife; and he begged me to excuse him a few moments after taking his unusual indulgence now, of a cup of coffee after dinner. These few moments were prolonged into a *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Kennicott, by no means pleasing to me.

"That dear girl will make an excellent wife, Dr. Carlingford," said she, as Sylvia withdrew with the children, "to any man who is lucky enough to get her; but she really is so coy, I do not know how any man could venture to pay her his addresses. I am sure I have done my best for her, poor dear girl. I have brought her out at the very best balls year after year, and though she has had very good offers, she rejects every one. I am sure *I* cannot tell why—unless she has some early attachment which she does not choose to let me know of, and intends to remain unmarried always. Indeed, her love for my children is such, I almost think sometimes she will not marry on their account. She is never happy but with them. You see even this evening, which she might have spared once in a way, to so old a friend of her father's, she is gone off again with them, and there is no knowing when we shall see her back. Poor dear! I only wish she had a house and family of her own to look after. It would be an immense relief to my mind. You must be aware, Dr. Carlingford, that a grown-up daughter of my husband's, when I have two boys and four girls of my own, must be a heavy charge upon my hands!"

When Sylvia reappeared, a summons for tea also brought down Mr. Kennicott, and though I asked eagerly for the book of specimens, she told me, gently, "it was really too late to-night to begin with it." I thought I discerned tears in her eyes, and she looked so worn and tired with the exertions and preparations of

the day, I could not find it in my heart to keep her up any later. Oh that I might be able to release her from this painful thraldom both of body and mind!

CHAPTER LII.

ABOUT A LITTLE POISON GOING A LONG WAY.

From this time forth I was determined to eschew all dinner invitations at Silverdale. I made a true excuse that I did not wish to leave my old friend, Dr. Tremorne, to a solitary evening. I perceived such a visit would afford me no opportunity of real intercourse with Sylvia, and only entailed upon her extra fatigue and trouble, which she could ill bear.

A day or two afterwards, however, as I was passing near, I happened to see Mrs. Kennicott with some of the children, driving in the pony carriage on the road to Ambleside. I concluded this day had been devoted to dressing and paying calls, and that I should find Sylvia at home. Nor was I mistaken. A bright flush suffused her cheeks when she saw me, and a smile of pleasure when I said, "I am come to spend a quiet hour with you, looking over your botanical specimens. You must have made a large collection since that day at Rydal, so long ago, when you commenced with the yellow poppies from Wordsworth's garden."

"I will bring my book into the arbour," said she. "Mrs. Kennicott has just gone out with the boys and younger girls, and Eva and Ida will amuse themselves, so that we shall not be interrupted."

This was a very agreeable announcement; and no dressing or ceremonies of any kind were needed before I was permitted to take my seat in the well-remembered arbour, by the little table, where, in early days, Sylvia and I had so often pursued together both our tasks and our amusements. *Tasks* they certainly were in those days, not "studies,"—to which no attention was paid. We were obliged to concentrate the full powers of our minds on the given subject, for the given period, or there was no play for us. Work when at work, was the compulsory rule, to be followed as duly, when deserved, by play when at play. As Sylvia laid her prettily arranged book on the table beside me, I said,—

"I want to learn something more of your first commencement of the study, in which I perceive you now take so lively an interest. What first led you to believe in the potency of the rule and medicines of this 'little chest'?"

"Mrs. Ravenshaw was, as you are aware, always a warm advocate of the system," replied Sylvia. "Yet, for some after we became intimate friends, I never thought of it as anything but a harmless fancy she had taken up, and ranked it among her other

peculiarities. But I will acknowledge when I began to make my botanical collection of wild flowers and herbs, and to study, as far as I was able, their various properties, I was much struck with noticing many common plants I had regarded but as useless or poisonous, bore the same Latin name as those medicines from the "little chest" which Rachel often most highly praised. This led me to examine their properties more carefully, and first caused me to doubt whether the system she so warmly advocated had not, after all, more truth in it than I had previously imagined possible.

"There is no doubt," said I, "that in many cases the same medicines are made use of under both systems. But homœopathic practice supplies a more certain rule to go by in administering them than has been hitherto generally known; and, acting upon this rule, is enabled to secure effects with much smaller doses than had been thought possible previous to its discovery. But I do not quite understand how your investigations with these plants led to the opinions you finally embraced on the subject."

"I will show you," said Sylvia, turning to the specimen "Belladona," or "Deadly Nightshade." "This plant, you will remember, was called 'Belladonna' in old Romish days of ignorance and superstition, because its wonderful properties as a medicine were attributed to the special gift of 'our lady' the Blessed Virgin Mary, and it was consequently so named in honour of her."

"I did not remember this at all," said I, smiling. "But I have no doubt you are quite correct in the derivation. I know in former days the plant was regarded as having wonderful healing properties,—and equally powerful poisonous ones. In later times it had gone very much out of use, till it was revived by the homœopathists."

"That is just what led to my first thinking of the subject," said Sylvia. "Here is belladonna in my book, beneath which I have copied the opinion of the celebrated English physician and botanist, whom I followed in arranging my specimens. Now see what he says of belladonna."

I read aloud two or three extracts from what she had copied, in her clear, pretty hand, glancing the whole over to myself:—"Berry, size of a small cherry,"—"not nauseous,"—"children often tempted to eat it, to their own destruction,"—"only half one of these fruits said to have proved fatal;"—various symptoms,—"deadly stupor,"—"emetics produce no effect,"—"leaves applied externally, as well as taken in powder or infusion, have been recommended to cure cancers,"—"use in any way occasions dreadful uneasiness, horrors, and swoonings,"—"few practitioners can persevere long in prescribing so distressing and ambiguous a remedy."

Sylvia laid her fingers on the word "ambiguous." "And

yet," said she, "it is spoken of as a *remedy*, but in such doubtful terms, and with such dangerous properties, as to be unsafe to use for relief in sickness."

"And homœopathy has supplied a rule when to use it, and a safe amount in which it may be used," said I.

"Yes," she replied; "when I found this passage, it struck me that if it was a remedy for illness at all, it was a great pity not to be able to make use of it, and that perhaps, after all, the very small doses Rachel professed to have such power, might, all the while, be able to do the good, without causing the harm beside."

"A very plain and natural conclusion," said I, smiling. "Women are always said to arrive at the end of an argument before men. And so from that day forth you became a firm believer in homœopathy, and the potency of its 'little chest'?"

"Oh no, not at all," said Sylvia, laughing at my raillery.

"I had much yet to examine before I was convinced. Even though I *am* a woman, I could not make up my mind upon *one* case only. But here is another"—and she turned to "dulcamara," or "bitter-sweet."

"I had often heard Rachel speak of 'dulcamara.' She said it was a good medicine for dogs. Now here it is described as 'poisonous,' and yet the root and branches in the form of a decoction, *much diluted with milk*, have been recommended in various cases, which I need not read. Now it struck me again, what if the preparation with sugar of milk, which the homœopathists use, should really take away from their small dose its poisonous properties, and leave only the beneficial results, when the medicine is given?"

"Very probable indeed," said I, again smiling. "And now, I suppose, all your hesitation ceased at once, and you confessed to your friend Rachel that you had been 'converted to homœopathy'?"

"Indeed I did not," said she, her joyous laugh sounding upon my ear with the sweet "melody of former days." "I had nothing but *theory* as yet to go upon. I had only begun to entertain 'little passing doubts' that, after all, perhaps homœopathy was not altogether a *humbug*. But I had no proof as yet; I had never witnessed the reality of those suppositions. I had had no little dog cured of the distemper by globules as Rachel had, to convert me."

Here I joined, too, in her merry laugh.

"I heard of that little dog," said I. "I heard the whole history of its illness, and Rachel's conversion, in the coach between Lancaster and Kendal. It was then we first made acquaintance."

"I will not have you laugh at either Rachel or her dog," said Sylvia, half pretending reproof, and half playful. "The cure of her dog was a great fact, on which she grounded her belief in a

true science. 'Her dog,' she told me, 'had no imagination—and therefore it was impossible it could have been cured by fancy.' Moreover, as she assured me, 'he really did not know what he was taking, but got well in spite of himself.' She had facts to rest her belief upon; but I wanted them as yet."

I laughed again; and Sylvia added, in the energy of the moment, quite forgetting her usual ceremonious address,—

"Oh, Basil, if we had but had a globule of dulcamara to administer to my poor little Carlos, when, in mortal fear, we held open his poor jaws to receive the table-spoonful of horrors, what agonies of trouble and terror lest this 'sick dog should bite,' or 'never recover,' should we not have been spared! and perhaps he might have been spared losing his eye too."

The memory of those bright days so suddenly revived in so engaging a way, was too much to permit any answer,—nay, strange to say, the tears gathered in my eyes, and I began turning again over the pages of the book of specimens.

"That is the Pyrethrum Parthenium—the common feverfew," said Sylvia, in an altered tone of simple explanation. "Its properties, you see, are 'reckoned tonic, stimulating,' &c. This is, I think, the plant your old herb doctor cured your bruised foot with, one day when you had been walking with him over the mountains."

Dear recollections! And did Sylvia still treasure in her mind the memory of those casually narrated incidents that happened so many years ago? And was it the love of science, or the memory of him who told them, that still fixed them in the storehouse of her mind—should I not rather say heart? She then showed me several ferns and other plants, to which various medicinal properties "*had* been attributed."

"It struck me again as strange," said she, "that these common plants, which 'grow around our daily path,' should in almost every case be said to be disregarded;—'no medical virtues are now attributed to this fern, nor to any of its genus.' That is the common Maidenhair, which grows so beautifully on the steps at Rydal Mount. Now an 'old woman,' an 'herb doctor,' I used to consult often in my researches, told me this fern, and many others she named, were most valuable remedies in many cases; 'but people don't think much about them now, and don't care to take them.'"

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE "LITTLE CHEST" PROVES A GREAT BLESSING AND A GREAT BARRIER.

"THERE is one fern," said I, "and a very common one too, which is much used in Switzerland, where, you may recollect,

they have peasant doctors, who gather herbs and make potions, and are among the common people said to have 'un don.' Persons of the highest classes will indeed often resort to these natural doctors, and their discoveries in nature, and experience frequently wonderful cures,—from the extraordinary sagacity and judgment which these people possess, and their carefully treasured knowledge of nature's specifics from generation to generation."

"It is here!" cried Sylvia, turning to the very common and abundant fern called the "Filix Mas," growing in every hedgerow, and towering in luxuriant strength wherever it can spread undisturbed. "The root is a famous Swiss remedy in various cases, particularly with children."

She then put her finger on the passage for me to read, as follows:—

"The peculiar nauseous flavour of this root was detected by a good botanist, who had taken it in Switzerland, in a quack medicine recommended in England, the cunning dealer in which would be glad to bring it into general use; but there are many drugs more safe, and better known in their operation."

"This is a curious confirmation of what I heard when in Switzerland," said I, "of the properties of this plant. The homœopathists are often branded with the title of Quacks. I freely acknowledge that some quack medicines, as they are called, have been very useful, and are indeed specifics, for the disease they are suited to relieve; but not for all diseases, as their plaudits often profess them to be. The profession itself in some cases has adopted with advantage the discoveries of quacks, in specific cases. The great object of the homœopathist is to discover specifics in every case, but he does not mystify and conceal his discoveries like the quack, nor seek to turn them to his inividual profit by a patent, which shall forbid every one else from benefiting by his discovery. If all the world could be cured of all their ailments by a decoction from the 'Filix Mas,' I, for one, should be most happy to proclaim to them all, the simple remedy they might use. But they would not believe me. They would rather take a mysterious quack medicine they had seen advertised with endless notes of admiration, and letters from cured sufferers, in the newspapers,—or receive a coloured mixture of nauseous taste from the druggist they had been accustomed to, made up from a long prescription they could not read,—than try the simple effects of a dose of a fern which grows in every hedgerow."

"I have been quite as bad myself," said Sylvia, "and therefore I am not surprised at other people. Do you think I was not a long time before I could believe Rachel's little colourless mixture could have as much effect as the fearful potions my dear, good aunt Kennicott used to mix and bid me swallow at once, and then I should not taste them?"

"There is much truth in what you say," said I, "and we must have charity for the prejudices of the age in which we live, when we remember how recently we ourselves were influenced by the same."

"Yes," said Sylvia, "my old woman used often to tell me, when I consulted her about the properties of various plants she gathered, 'My mother used always to give us these in such and such cases; but people don't care for such simple things now.'"

"There are many very clever botanists among the weavers in the mills in Manchester," said I. "These people, when they can obtain a holiday, go in the spring among the fields and hedges, and gather the young fresh herbs, with whose properties they make themselves acquainted, and gain a store of present health, and a supply for future need, from these simple remedies."

"Experience has taught them the value of these common herbs," said Sylvia, "and they use them as specifics, I suppose."

"Yes, and homœopathy might be designated the science of specifics. The herb doctors, of whom we have so often spoken, be they old men or old women—from the mountains of Switzerland, or the mills of Manchester,—have, by what may be called lucky chances, stumbled, amid their researches, upon various individual and very valuable remedies. But among those who have made the science of nature's own style of cure their profession—I mean what are called Homœopathists,—among these, great research, patience, experience, and time has been given, with all the talent, natural and acquired, which a professional education bestows and cultivates, to the finding out and proving of every remedy, old or new, which may be made serviceable in the cure of such diseases as they are by nature peculiarly adapted to heal. As I said before, the object of these men of learning, and research, and practical experiment, has been to discover a specific remedy for every complaint, and to administer it in such a proportion as to benefit and cure, rather than irritate and distress, an already disordered state of nature in the human frame. But tell me, Sylvia," said I, again venturing to use the dear familiar name, and thereby recalling the faded blush to her cheek, "tell me how you at length found sufficient evidence to convince you."

"I had been in a sort of halfway state for some time," she replied; "but when Rachel married Mr. Ravenshaw, and I found that he was entirely satisfied of its truth, and was moreover taking out a *large* chest, and books to guide him in administering these medicines among heathen tribes, in wild and as yet unknown regions,—then I thought there must be something at least worthy of investigation in the subject. When they departed, Rachel gave me her 'little chest,' and told me to keep it in remembrance of her. She said that she could give me nothing that would so effectually remind me of her; and she was quite right.

She gave me also a few books upon the same subject, by highly esteemed authors. My father was married about the same time, and being often left to myself, and dear Rachel, too, gone away, I used to find a beautiful spot among the rocks on Loughrigg Fell, or Sylverhowe, and there I sat and read the books she had given me. Then, when I caught a cold or sore throat,—from sitting in the wind, or being out too late in an evening,—I applied to this 'little chest,' to try its powers, under the guidance of my book; and I assure you, I was so fortunate in hitting upon the right remedies, that I was really astonished myself with the effects they produced. This gave me confidence, though I did not make my confessions to any one—not even at first to our dear old friend Dr. Tremorne. As I went continually among the poor in my cottage visits, and felt I had now but little I could bestow in relieving their wants, my heart ached at their necessities and sicknesses, entailing so much privation upon them in every way. Dr. Tremorne was not able to continue his constant kind visits so much as formerly. He could not accomplish all he had to do single-handed. Other men came into the field; and I never cared to apply to the parish doctor. There never was a case of distress of which I told our dear old friend, but he was there himself immediately, and he must have distributed whole chests of tea, and casks of sugar, among the poor, by the generous bounty with which they were bestowed. But I felt I must not even mention now such cases to him. He knew I could not send them broth and pudding, old linen and warm blankets, as formerly,—and it was not right in me to tax his ever-too-ready generosity, to make up for my deficiencies. Thus I began to think, could I not in any way sometimes relieve these poor creatures myself, with means I had yet in my hand,—from my 'little chest'? If I could not supply all their necessities, when laid aside by a severe cold or chill, and unable to work for their daily bread, could I not, perhaps, give them some remedy, which might enable them sooner to return to their work, and earn a maintenance for their families?"

"And so you began in your daily walks to carry about with you your 'little chest'!" I exclaimed, regarding her with unconcealed love and admiration.

Sylvia's eyes were cast down. I thought a few tears fell from beneath the long lashes, and she made no reply.

"Sylvia dearest!" I exclaimed, "what is the matter? Oh, if you can forgive my long apparent neglect and coldness,—if you can believe in the heart which has never been given to any but you, tell me,—tell me what it is that distresses you."

She withdrew not the hand which I had seized and pressed within my own, but she had no power to reply.

At length the long pent-up emotion of years was to burst forth, and one involuntary flood of tears relieved her long-restrained sorrows.

Now, my dear reader, if you expect here to read all we did and all we said, in that moment of unbarred affection, you will be mistaken. Sylvia's tears and Sylvia's love are even yet too sacred in my heart to be exposed to the public gaze.

It is enough for me to say that these precious tears were caused by the recollection of what Dr. Tremorne had told her, just after my departure, thinking to comfort her in my absence, by letting her see that I loved none other—alluding to Rachel—that I had assured him, with the utmost earnestness, that nothing would ever induce me to marry a woman who carried a "little chest"!

Ah! how often do words at random spoken hit marks the archer little dreams of! And so, during all those years of patient sorrow, my Sylvia had believed herself for ever cut off from my love, by an act of piety and charity, which the necessity of the case seemed to force upon her, almost against her will, by giving consolation and relief for suffering, from the contents of her "little chest."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE COURSE OF "TRUE LOVE," AND HOW IT "DID RUN."

THERE, in that happy moment, we poured out all our sorrows, and all our love, into responsive hearts, almost without the need of words. How instantaneously did Sylvia comprehend all my jealousy and consequent misery! My ungoverned and unreasonable anger, which had prevented my learning the real truth, excited no displeasure in her gentle heart, though it had caused her years of anguish. Then, too, that first parting—when I had been refused by her father—was explained, and in one word she comprehended all. Then I laid myself and my fortunes at her feet,—I had told her all,—it was for her to decide what my future should now be.

Thinkest thou, dear reader, we parted that day before we had exchanged irrevocable vows,—to live for each other in poverty or wealth,—for richer for poorer,—for better for worse,—in sickness or in health, till death did us part?

No; I felt we were both of full age; and that no power on earth had a right to sever our true hearts now. Notwithstanding, we decided that at present our betrothal should not be made public.

Sylvia feared vain opposition from Mrs. Kennicott to anything she might desire; and though she felt now almost certain of her father's consent, she well knew his approbation of anything was the most sure means of exciting the opposition of his wife. We therefore agreed for the present to enjoy each other's society in the intercourse that was permitted to us, and to intrust the secret

of our love to nobody. Nevertheless, with Sylvia's consent, Dr. Tremorne was made the confidant of our happiness and our hopes; and most warm and hearty were the congratulations I received from him that evening, when, after dinner, we again seated ourselves on Wordsworth's favourite seat, and watched the sun's declining beams.

Dr. Tremorne now informed me of many particulars respecting Sylvia's history during my absence, and the discomforts to which she had been subjected since her father's second marriage, which were at the same time deeply and painfully interesting to me. I felt even more pity and indignation than I had hitherto done for my gentle, uncomplaining Sylvia, while my heart bounded with joy at the thoughts of releasing her for ever from a position that was so full of annoyances, and of a kind that must cut keenly on so tender a nature as hers.

"And so after all you intend to marry a wife with a 'little chest!'" cried Dr. Tremorne, with good-humoured raillery, after our conversation had been somewhat prolonged, and we returned to the house. "As you carry one yourself, I think it more than possible you might induce Sylvia to relinquish hers, and so save your veracity."

"I fear I have had to retract already too many of my hasty assertions," said I, laughing, "to make one more or less of much consequence. Sylvia is welcome to carry her 'little chest' as long as she pleases, for any objection she will find from me. But I cannot understand *your* apparently approving of it, Dr. Tremorne."

"The poor child came to consult me," said Dr. Tremorne, wiping away a tear from his eye, "before she administered any of the globules from her chest, except by way of experiment upon herself. I think I see her now—pale, calm, and thoughtful,—but with traces of tears she could not conceal from one who knew her so well as I did. This was shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Ravenshaw's departure. Her father had been scarcely married long enough for his wife to forget she was a bride; and—and I had been compelled to announce to Sylvia the contents of your letter, stating your intention not to return home. The next day she came to me, as I said, calm and resolute, but oh, could I not read but too plainly the anguish of that gentle spirit! 'Dr. Tremorne,' she said, 'my father cannot give me so liberal an allowance now as formerly, and I cannot expect it. I must not therefore spend so much among the poor as I have been in the habit of doing. Do you think it would be wrong in me sometimes to relieve a simple ailment among them by remedies from Rachel's "little chest," which she left with me? I would be very careful, and come to you in any difficulty.' How could I give her any reply but the one I did give her? I believed the globules in her 'little chest' to be perfectly harmless. I felt the poor child's heart was break-

ing, and it was good for her to have any object that could interest her, and divert her mind from her own sorrows. I had full confidence in her prudence, and that she would not attempt to give medicine in a really serious case, or to neglect sending for proper advice whenever it was needed. What could I answer to the child I loved as my own daughter, that would dissuade her from her plan? No; I told her by all means to try her skill in simple cases, which nature itself would probably soon cure; that she could do no harm if she did not depend on her own remedies when positive treatment was requisite. So I bid her go and prosper, and she did so."

"And did she ever tell you the result of her efforts?" inquired I, my own eyes glistening as I listened.

"She has from time to time told me of cases which she considered remarkable cures, and we have laughed over them together, for you must know *I* am no believer in the 'little chest'! But she has persevered in her exertions now for many years, and is herself fully persuaded of the benefit derived. I do not agree with her, dear child; nor do I agree with you, Basil. I believe in nature's own cures in more than half the cases which are brought to the doctor; and I freely confess Sylvia has often saved me visits which I should have undoubtedly paid, had she not told me how the patient was going on, and assured me of their full confidence and satisfaction with her simple treatment."

"Then you have never seen any instance yourself in which you think she effected any real benefit?" I inquired.

"Yes; I think she has effected much benefit in many cases. The poor do not object to take her medicines. They have no mental difficulties to overcome in their belief of their curative properties. They attend strictly to her orders, which are very good. She enforces fresh air, cleanliness, and abstaining from all excess in drink. She has wonderful influence over them. I have heard them say again and again they would rather have her than any doctor: and with all these beneficial accessories to boot, imagination and nature do the rest, and thus the cure is completed."

I laughed, and Dr. Tremorne laughed too.

"I am glad at any rate she has in some measure saved you trouble, which I ought to have been here myself to have taken off your hands. I am sure she is too prudent and careful to get into difficulty by running any risk in dangerous cases."

"She has frequently told me the cases of her patients. They are generally those casual illnesses to which the poor are most liable, and which a little rest and care soon restores. Notwithstanding, I must be fair with my pretty rival practitioner. I must tell you one case in which she fairly beat me."

"What was that?" I exclaimed, eagerly.

"It was a poor washerwoman, whose family were entirely

dependent on her labours for their maintenance—a widow, with four or six small children, as such cases run. This poor woman was sent to me by Sylvia with a gathered hand. She was in extreme pain, could not use her hand in her washing, was obliged to pay an assistant—which she could ill afford to do, lest she should lose her custom; could not sleep at night for suffering, and was, of course, in a state which time alone could ameliorate, by bringing it to a head, fit for lancing. I told her to use a poultice, and come again in a few days. Then Sylvia called upon me, and begged, if I had no objection, she might give the poor woman some of her medicine. Of course I agreed at once. Now, Basil, such is the force of imagination, that that poor suffering woman, after taking the globules from Sylvia's chest, actually passed a comfortable night, slept free from pain, and was able to be at her washing the following day. No wonder the poor bless that child, and say she is an angel sent from heaven! After this I told Sylvia I should send all my patients with gathered hands to her, for, as our old Berkeley might have expressed it, she could give them the 'idea' of health better than I could! So you see, after all, I give due credit to the 'little chest.'"

This little incident required no comment from me. It was dearer to me to treasure it in my heart than to speak of it, even to Dr. Tremorne.

CHAPTER XLV.

PATIENCE BECOMES A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY.

I NOW contrived to see Sylvia every day. I either called at Silverdale, and accompanied her when she went out with the children, or chanced to meet her in her walk, and came home with her. I always received a hearty welcome from Mr. Kennicott when I saw him, and too much parade of satisfaction in my visits, from his wife. I had inspired the children with a degree of wholesome awe, which made them less troublesome to Sylvia, and much less annoyance during our walks, though at the same time it was impossible to have such intercourse with her as I should have desired, while they were constantly about when we were together. Once or twice she asked me to accompany her to a cottage, where some sick person required her care and attention. On these occasions the children were left at a little distance in our rear, as Mrs. Kennicott strictly forbid their ever entering a poor cottage.

"I want you to see a poor little child in the whooping-cough," said she to me one day; "his mother will not send for a doctor, and he is too ill for me to venture on any treatment myself. I told her some time ago it was not right to leave him thus."

"Why does she not send for a doctor?" said I.

"They do not like the parish doctor very much," she replied; "he has not time to enter into their troubles, and the poor do think so much of sympathy."

"All classes like sympathy," said I, "but parish doctors are never paid enough for the work they have to do, and it is not likely they can spend much time over it."

"Dr. Tremorne is always very kind in going to see any one, if I particularly ask him. But he feels his work now much more than he used to do, and his private practice is almost as much as he can accomplish."

"He tells me you are a very efficient assistant," said I, smiling, "and cure half the poor people before you send for him."

"They often say they would rather I gave them medicine than have any other doctor," said Sylvia, smiling; "and I am still much astonished to see the effect produced by these medicines on the constitutions of the poor. They recover so wonderfully fast, so much more rapidly than I had ever witnessed in my former visits, under ordinary medicine. They often say to me very impressively, 'Them powders do work!' and 'If you please, I'd rather have your powder than the doctor's stuff. It does me a sight more good!' They regard every medicine as 'one powder,' capable of working wonders."

"What sort of cases have you been most successful in?" said I, smiling at the naivety of her description.

"I have been very fortunate," she replied, "in the treatment of toothache, whitlows, gathered hands, teething, colds and coughs, inflamed eyes, indigestion, and several other complaints, both in children and grown persons. Of course I began very gradually; and in most cases it seemed almost forced upon me to try to relieve them, when they had already found little benefit from ordinary treatment, or could not be persuaded to try it. Now I have constant applications, even from persons with whom I am quite unacquainted. They come to the house, or meet me in the road, and 'beg my pardon, but if I would just please to step in and see their child or their husband, and give him something that's good for his cough, or his eye, &c., for they've heard I have some very good powders, if they may make bold to ask.'"

"And do you always attend to these petitions? What does the parish doctor say?"

"I do not think he cares much about it. He always bows courteously to me if I see him. I conclude he thinks I do no harm, even if he cannot allow there to be any good."

"It will be different with me," said I. "I cannot very well go to any of these people. I have not yet quite made up my mind what course I shall pursue as long as Dr. Tremorne lives, or continues in practice. I do not at present wish to leave him, and I scarcely feel I could commence practice on a different system

from his in the same place. There is such a strong feeling in the profession upon the subject, that it places a man in my position in much difficulty."

Sylvia was much disappointed with this announcement, but I felt I must take a little time to decide on the course I should pursue.

"You had better persuade the child's mother to send for the usual doctor," said I, "and if it dies, we cannot then be blamed."

Sylvia did persuade her, and she sent for him. I may here add that some time afterwards I was induced to visit this poor child, who had now been suffering severely for a prolonged period. His mother had almost given up all hopes of his recovery. I administered some medicine to him, and was myself astonished with the rapid effect it produced; the child was soon at play again, quite restored. This recovery spread my fame far and near among the lower classes, and my doors were soon besieged for advice. Dr. Tremorne, not caring to enter into controversies now, regarded me but as his pupil of former days, and had no wish to deter me from practice. Another circumstance also occurred which changed my previous views upon the subject. This is, however, by the way, as it did not happen until some time afterwards. As we were returning from our walk on the day I mentioned above, when we had nearly reached Silverdale, the children all ran on, and I was left a few moments quite alone with Sylvia. I seized my opportunity at once, and exclaimed,—

"Sylvia, this cannot go on much longer. We must come to some decision as to our future prospects. I cannot bear this uncertainty, and I am sure it is equally bad for you. Mrs. Kennicott is so very impressive in her behaviour towards me, I cannot think it possible she will make any objection to me as a suitor for her husband's daughter. And I feel persuaded, from many little things Mr. Kennicott has himself casually dropped, that he is not likely now to make any opposition."

Sylvia's little hand trembled in mine as I spoke, but she made no reply, as she stood beside me with downcast eyes.

"What do you say, dearest?" I exclaimed, earnestly. "Speak but the word, and I will write to your father this evening. I think writing is better than speaking, under the circumstances. I do not wish to have any preliminary conversation with Mrs. Kennicott, which she might regard as necessary. If I mention it to your father in writing, I shall *depend* upon you, my Sylvia, speaking the truth to him, and confessing that your own happiness, as well as mine, is unalterably involved in his decision. You must not permit any false delicacy, on your part, to hide from your father the real truth in this matter."

Sylvia promised to be guided by me in what I thought best; and it was therefore decided I should write to her father immediately on my return home. Then we parted,—parted more ten-

derly than ever we had done before, little knowing what awaited us on the morrow. My letter was duly despatched by my own messenger to Silverdale; I expected no answer that night, and none arrived. Early the next morning, almost before I had breakfasted, I received a telegram, requesting my immediate attendance at the house of a gentleman, some fifty or a hundred miles off, who was dangerously ill, and had heard that I was a homœopathic doctor,—from, I afterwards found, my friend at Tottenham. Of course this case admitted of no delay. I had already told Dr. Tremorne all I had done respecting my hoped-for acceptance, by Mr. Kennicott, for his daughter. Of this now I felt little doubt,—and though sorry to leave home at this moment, I knew Dr. Tremorne could explain all, and give such remembrances from me to Sylvia as would be acceptable, coming through so old a friend. Thus I left home altogether more settled in mind than might have been expected. I found my patient very ill indeed. He wished to have homœopathic treatment, to which he had now been accustomed for twenty years; but another doctor was in attendance, sent for in the emergency, from whom, I must fully acknowledge, I received the greatest courtesy. I remained with Mr. Robson two days; he was then quite out of danger, and I felt I might safely leave him. I discovered, to my surprise, he was the wealthy uncle of Sylvia, who had never noticed her because of her name! Her name, however, was now no objection in the eyes of her relatives; and they made me promise to bring her, upon our marriage, to visit them.

CHAPTER XLVI.

OLD PREJUDICES CHANGE INTO NEW PLEASURES.

I RETURNED home with a heavy purse and a light heart. I was much pleased with this little agreeable coincidence, and well satisfied to make thus my first public avowal of my style of practice. I had always regretted that a certain pride on Mr. Kennicott's part had prevented his ever making any advances towards the maternal relations of Sylvia. This now appeared as if it might be overcome in a remarkable manner. When I found how near was the unexpected relationship of my patient to her whom I shortly hoped to call my wife, I could not conceal the fact; and it gave them even more pleasure and surprise than I had myself experienced in making the discovery.

Mr. Robson was a very wealthy man, whose fortune had been made in trade. His house and style of living were such as men in his class in society usually enjoy in their latter days. His family consisted of his wife, one son, and one daughter at home,

and several married and settled abroad; also the only remaining aunt of Sylvia, who had lived with her brother, unmarried, from the time of her parents' death; and was a most pleasing and ladylike woman, to whom I felt I should be very happy to be the means of introducing my expected bride. She possessed the small fortune left her by her father, and also that of her sole surviving sister, who had died unmarried some years previously. This addition to her income rendered her perfectly independent, and she was accommodated with separate apartments in her brother's large house, where she passed her time exactly as she pleased, either alone or in his family, according to her inclination. When I became acquainted with this agreeable and very accomplished woman, I could not but deeply regret my Sylvia had ever remained unknown to such near relations, both through the pride of Mr. Kennicott—and their own prejudice. But time, and the changes it brings in society, and in habits of thought, had worked such revolutions in their minds, that the very cause which at first kept them apart now added most to their interest, and they earnestly longed to make the acquaintance of one who bore such a beautiful and uncommon name—as Sylvia.

"Ah, my poor sister," cried Miss Robson, the tears starting in her eyes, "it was just like her to call her child by such a name. She was always so romantic; so fond of poetry and nature; but all those things were less thought of then. I remember we thought it a strange thing in her father—to call the motherless babe by such a name. Poor child! can she forgive our long neglect?"

Of this I assured them there could be no doubt, and already received testimonies of their good-will to present to Sylvia from her unknown relatives, in expectation of her approaching bridal. But when I arrived at home with all these pleasing thoughts, I was to experience a strange and most painful revulsion of feeling.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE "LITTLE CHEST" CAUSES GREAT TROUBLES.

Dr. Tremorne received me in the first instance with a very grave countenance. Not expecting evil, and being myself in excellent spirits, I did not immediately notice this, nor that my inquiries respecting Silverdale and its inmates were put off in a manner, till our old man-servant had withdnraw, and we were left to discuss a glass of wine after dinner. No disguise could now continue long.

"What has been the matter in my absence?" I asked, point-blank. "Has Mrs. Kennicott exploded? and on what pretext?

I do not mean to permit that vain and foolish woman to destroy Sylvia's and my happiness."

"I am glad you can take it so," replied Dr. Tremorne, very gravely; "but at present things look anything but cheering."

"What is the matter? pray tell me at once," I cried, with some impatience, then laying my hand on his, "forgive your hot-headed pupil, Dr. Tremorne; but do tell me the whole truth plainly."

"I cannot exactly do that," he replied. "Here is a note from Mrs. Kennicott which may be written in clear language—enough to convey her clouded ideas; read it, and then I will tell you about poor Sylvia's visit to me this morning."

"Tell me that first," said I, with much vexation, opening and tossing from me the embossed envelope which contained a small sheet of scented paper with a red border, and appeared to have been written with a stick. "Tell me that first before I read this rubbish."

"Sylvia came to me this morning in great trouble," replied Dr. Tremorne. "She said it had been discovered by the imperfect repetition of the children that you were a homœopathic doctor, and that other doctors would not let you practise here,—not even Dr. Tremorne; but that you meant to do so by-and-bye—in spite of them. Then it was said, among the servants, you had gone somewhere that day to see another man's patient,—and Mrs. Kennicott, whose ears are always open to what 'everybody' says, found this opinion of the nursery and kitchen too important to be overlooked,—and has so influenced Mr. Kennicott with her loud voice and imperious will, that he dare not give his consent even to Sylvia,—though, as she says, she does not think he would himself really object to it."

"And what is it the idiot says?" I exclaimed, with utter disgust. "I thought she was only too anxious to get her husband's daughter off her hands at any price."

"Sylvia was too much distressed to enter into explanations; but she says you are not to come to the house, and you are to have no communication with her of any sort."

"I wonder who can forbid me?" I cried, passionately, with a very strong inclination to use invectives and language, habit had fortunately never rendered familiar. "Dr. Tremorne! I will not submit to these vexatious delays and childish objections. I will cross the border to-morrow, and you shall bring Sylvia by the next train, and we will return home man and wife, or we will never return at all, if that is better. I will not depart from this place without taking Sylvia as my bride, or bride elect."

"I fear she will never consent to such a measure as that. Besides, there is no need;—you can have your banns published three times in Grasmere Church, and I defy Mrs. Kennicott herself to forbid them."

"That will be better. I will speak to the clerk to-morrow," said I, with more calmness, but fixed resolution.

"You must have Sylvia's consent for this, Basil," said Dr. Tremorne, quietly, "and I honestly confess I do not believe you will ever obtain that. I do not believe she will marry you, unless given to you in canonical hours by her father."

"Her father shall give his consent, or I will take her without," I cried, fiercely.

"That is, I imagine, just what Mrs. Kennicott really desires. From what I can gather, she is just as anxious for the match as you are; but she does not wish for the expense of a wedding trousseau and breakfast, and is afraid of the odium from 'everybody' of a marriage, with consent,—to a man of your views. Sylvia almost expressed as much when she told me, with tears, that Mrs. Kennicott had said again and again, in her bitter, taunting style, 'that Sylvia might run off with Dr. Carlingford if she liked,—and be married where she pleased, if she chose to persist in having him;—but *she* would never have it said by 'everybody' that *she* had given her consent for her husband's daughter to marry a homœopathic doctor!'"

"Disgusting woman!" I exclaimed, "I had rather marry without her consent than with it!"

"Yes, but you must consider Sylvia. Do not act rashly, my dear Basil;—see Mr. Kennicott, if you please, and say what you will to him,—but remember the shrinking flower you have to protect,—and do not let her name even be used in such a suggestion, as the rude, bold mind of Mrs. Kennicott does not hesitate to propose, for the daughter of her husband."

"Mr. Kennicott is the greater fool of the two," I exclaimed, indignantly, "to be led by such a woman!"

"Ah, Basil, some men, even in the corner of the housetop, cannot be free from a scolding woman!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE "LITTLE CHEST" WORKS WONDERS.

THE next day I called at Silverdale upon Mr. Kennicott, and was denied admittance by the awkward, shuffling boy. Of course I could not force an entrance. I returned home and wrote to Mr. Kennicott, sending it by post, to insure its delivery. I received, however, no reply from himself, but a foolish letter, in the third person, written by Mrs. Kennicott, in which she regretted, in her husband's name, that I should have again introduced a subject on which he had already once given me an answer. That his mind was more made up against such a marriage now even than formerly—especially on finding that I

had embraced opinions which he had always regarded as extravagant, and which everybody considered as mere humbug. He felt himself, under these circumstances, compelled to beg I would no longer pain his daughter by my addresses, and was sorry he must request me to keep away from his house, and avoid all future communication with his family. I saw in a moment that Mr. Kennicott had been weak enough not to dare to oppose his wife in this matter, and blind enough not to see through her schemes, which were now as plain to me as they had previously appeared to Dr. Tremorne. It was quite evident, from her former behaviour and present conduct in this matter, that she had discernment enough to have penetrated into something of my character and my sentiments towards Sylvia, and that she intended to goad me into running off with her husband's daughter —or, at any rate, into a private marriage—professing to be without consent of her father and his wife. When I saw through this I determined to take the matter easy, being pretty sure it would soon work round if I did so. I made no reply to the letter —made no attempt to go to the house, and never met Sylvia anywhere for a week. This last I should not have hesitated to do, had I had the opportunity; but I never saw her anywhere, and began to be seriously afraid she was ill. My chief sorrow was for her;—I hoped she could trust me, and feel assured of my persevering through every difficulty; but I knew what her gentle spirit must be suffering during all this painful period.

This week was not altogether an idle one. No sooner had it been discovered that a homœopathic doctor had come to settle in this neighbourhood than my house was almost besieged with applicants for advice. The world had not remained quite so stationary during the last ten years as Mrs. Kennicott had imagined; and it appeared that everybody was only too glad to welcome the coming among them of an educated medical man, of the school in which they had learned, from their own evidence of facts, to place most dependence. This placed Mrs. Kennicott in a very awkward position; but I was disposed now to let her have the first move. Everybody was talking of this new doctor; what a blessing he would be to the neighbourhood, and how much one was wanted in these parts. There was not one nearer than Manchester or Leeds, and that was so far to send. A deputation called upon me from Kendal, to beg I would make that town my residence, as being more central. They would insure me a sufficient maintenance if I would come and settle among them, and I should have an extensive practice in the neighbourhood for many miles round—on one side into Lancashire, on the other the western borders of Yorkshire—besides all more northern applicants. This was gratifying; but I preferred remaining in my own home, as it was no annoyance to Dr. Tremorne to have me

in the neighbourhood, following a different style of practice from his own.

We therefore remained as we were; but I soon found I must not think of giving myself up to a life of country ease and indulgence; for I was called upon on all sides, and over an area which nothing but the facilities of railway travelling would have enabled me to accomplish. Dr. Tremorne had, indeed, often spoken of leaving me; but I could not bear my old friend to go to a solitary home again in his declining years, so I entreated him to remain with me, without ever alluding to this subject again. We agreed to differ, and remained as good friends as we had been all our lives. I felt during this busy period of time, which to me was almost too short to accomplish all I had been so unexpectedly called upon to do, how different it was for my poor Sylvia, who I believed had never passed the garden gate since last we parted there, so little dreaming of all that was coming upon us. I was musing of these things in a somewhat pensive mood, permitting my horse almost to choose his own path, as I returned one day from the neighbourhood of Bassenthwaite, when I suddenly beheld before me Mr. Kennicott's carriage, in which were seated Mrs. Kennicott and some of the children, with the boy behind.

I felt half inclined to turn round, or gallop past without appearing to observe them; but I saw the horse was becoming very restive and uneasy,—he threw up his head, began struggling violently, and turning round with the carriage. I was beside him in an instant, loosed the traces, and set him free, thus saving the carriage and all its inmates from the imminent peril of being precipitated whence they could never come up alive. It was the work of a moment. I sent the boy after the horse, and offered to harness my own into the carriage, and drive them home. Poor Mrs. Kennicott was really quite overcome. She seized both my hands with real heart, and natural tears fell from her eyes.

"Oh, doctor," she cried, "you have saved our lives! What thanks can we offer you?"

"I will drive you home, Mrs. Kennicott," replied I. "You will not like to venture with your own horse again to-day, and will feel nervous in driving mine."

"You are too good! too good!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Dr. Carlingford, will you really come home with us? I thought you would never forgive us, or enter our house again. And what will become of the poor horse?"

"I feel confident I can cure the horse," I replied, "if you will trust him to my treatment."

This was promised only too readily, and we drove home without further mischance. The horse had been frequently liable to these attacks; but Mrs. Kennicott did not believe in them; not having seen one before. She knew they could not purchase another horse if this was sold. She liked the *éclat* of a carriage, and did

not wish everybody to say her husband had been forced to give up his horse after his second marriage. The recovery, therefore, of this horse was something very important. My credit was at stake. I am glad to say he did recover under homœopathic treatment, and remained well for many years afterwards.

This day, however, when we arrived at Silverdale, an exciting scene awaited us. The children had certainly behaved well; but once out of the carriage, all rushed together to tell the fearful story of their adventure. Mrs. Kennicott herself could scarcely be heard; but Mr. Kennicott at once perceived by her manner something very remarkable had happened, and that he was to treat me with no ordinary civility. But where was Sylvia?

"I am right glad to see you Carlingford," cried he, shaking both my hands warmly. "Now do stay and take a chop with us for tea, and you must see my poor child before you go. There is no doctor but you who can cure her, with or without your 'little chest!'" added he, laughing heartily in the excitement and relief of the moment, in seeing me.

I now found my poor Sylvia had been keeping her bed for some days, and her father was in great trouble about her, though not daring to interfere with his wife's orders.

Mrs. Kennicott was equally concerned to find herself outwitted, on the one hand, by my not coming forward; on the other, by Sylvia's illness. She dreaded lest everybody should say she had killed her husband's daughter, by not letting her marry the homœopathic doctor, whom everybody thought so much of.

This was a very alarming state of things, and nothing could have been more opportune for all parties, than the turn events had taken. I could not remain long, but begged to see Sylvia at once. Mr. Kennicott accompanied me into her room, where I found her just laid upon a little couch, and looking indeed so ill, that I was quite shocked.

"Sylvia, my darling!" cried her father, putting her hand in mine, and turning aside to hide his tears, "Dr. Carlingford will soon set you all right again. We shall have no more fever and sleepless nights now, I hope. And Basil, I promise you, if you can forgive all the pain I have occasioned you these many years, that as soon as this dear child is well enough, I will give her to you with all my heart, at Grasmere church; and she will find a better protector in you than she has done in her poor father."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE LAUGHING AND WINNING.

THUS all our difficulties and troubles had come to a most sudden and unexpected termination. The rose again bloomed on my

Sylvia's cheek; joy lighted her soft deep eye; life had suddenly regained a happiness, the loss of which had for many years been patiently and cheerfully endured by the gentle, well-disciplined heart of Sylvia. And I, what more is to be said than that the one hope of my life appeared now about to be realized in very deed, and that the sorrows of the past were forgotten. Mrs. Kennicott was ver ydesirous to put off the marriage for six months, till a proper trousseau could be prepared for Sylvia. I well knew the low state of finances at Silverdale, and the real pain it would be to Mr. Kennicott to send his daughter from her home less provided than her mother had entered it. I entreated him to permit no needless causes to delay our marriage, and urged its taking place immediately, partly that this hurry on my part might be an excuse for less preparation beforehand. Sylvia was willing to become mine, indeed, at the time of the lilies and the rush-bearing, and this, therefore, was at length decided upon as the period for the happy event to take place. It was a great pleasure to Sylvia to hear of her new-found relatives; and Mr. Kennicott felt many pangs of regret as he thought of the kind friends to his daughter which his pride had permitted him to leave wholly un-unknown to her. Presents worthy of their wealth and newly-excited interest poured in upon her, and among others, a £50 note from her uncle, of which, in her innocent confidence, she told me with much pleasure and gratitude.

"My dear father," she cried, "need now be under no anxiety in providing for me, and I shall far rather choose everything myself, when I can really select what I like, by-and-bye, than have more expensive things I should not care about, beforehand."

Nevertheless, though her chief arrangements were to be made after our marriage, when Sylvia was her own mistress in taste, this kind present enabled her to procure all that was necessary for ornament and grace to be presented as a bride at the altar. Her uncle and Miss Robson, and some of her cousins, came to the marriage; all the Kennicotts; and our faithful old friend, Dr. Tremorne. These were all who were invited, for we both wished a private ceremony. But the churchyard was filled with the children Sylvia had taught, and the parents she had visited and comforted. The church was decked with new rushes and flowers, and ornamented with fair lilies wherever the steps of the bride might tread;—and the blessings of the poor were mingled with the heartfelt prayers of those few true friends, to whom Sylvia was so deservedly dear.

And now what more is there for me to relate, seeing the current has run very smooth and very brightly ever since that July day, on which, amid blushes, smiles, and tears, I first pressed to my heart my bride, adorned with her ornaments,—with her wreath of lilies and orange blossom,—her simple white dress, and long flowing veil,—mine now,—till death should part us! And, praised be

the Giver of all good things, as yet, these many years have passed over us, and death has not come nigh our threshold. Even our old friend, Dr. Tremorne, is still the inmate of our dwelling, loving and beloved by all our household, as though bound to us by the nearest ties of kindred. In Sylvia he has obtained a daughter,—the true help-meet of his adopted son,—and our children climb upon his knees, and stroke down his long white locks, almost unconscious that their tender epithets of infantile affection are not really his, as their grandfather.

After our marriage and the entire restoration of the ailing horse, Mrs. Kennicott became a violent partisan of homœopathy. She related in every company, how Sylvia had slept, after an entire week's wakefulness, after taking but one dose of this wonderful medicine. How the horse, which they feared would have had to be sold for nothing at all, or to have been shot, "poor, dear old fellow," had been perfectly cured, and had never been better in his life, by the *same* remedy, as she expressed it; meaning, no doubt, something given upon the same principle, under the same system of treatment.

Peace be to her memory, poor woman! though she may have done as much harm as good by her ignorant eulogies. Moreover, she took up the practice herself, and kept the chest and books given to Sylvia by Rachel, for her own special study and use; and so, after all, I did not marry a wife with a "little chest."

I noticed, some few months after our marriage, that she did not seem well, and begged her to let me know if she were ill, and allow me to prescribe for her. But she would have advice from nobody. She seemed, indeed, very much subdued in many ways; but she insisted upon doctoring herself. She had "studied" "the book" well, and was quite sure what was the matter with her. So she "treated herself" for a heart complaint, and died quite suddenly from some other cause. It was, no doubt, a great blow to homœopathy, though the science has since recovered it; but everybody said it was a happy release.

Miss Robson came to live with her brother-in-law, and take charge of his second wife's children, and most admirably has she performed this office.

Mr. Kennicott never had the slightest desire to try matrimony for a third time, and never felt any inclination to promote the bill for marrying his "deceased wife's sister," for his own special benefit. On the contrary, it has been said that had he only known Miss Robson when his aunt, Miss Kennicott, died, he would never have married again at all, but would have sought the protection of her most natural guardian, for his daughter Sylvia. His second family, under her care, are growing up all he can desire to see them, and are frequent visitors at the Fell. Mr. Kennicott, restored to his study and his literary leisure, pursues once more, as an amusement, resources which good management no longer

calls for as necessary for household funds. He is a continual visitant at our fireside, where "real old grandad's chair" always maintains a vacant place for him.

Our own family consists of two boys and one girl,—who have never taken a dose of medicine in their lives but from the "little chest," and a finer, healthier, merrier group of little ones I could not desire to see on any country side.

It is needless for me to make reflections. My children have teethed, and whooped, and had measles, and even scarlatina, without much pain in these infantile ailments, and with no serious consequences of any kind. I look at that great tomb in Grasmere churchyard, as I pass it on Sundays; and I read sometimes the long list of names it records, cut off in infancy or early youth,—and then I turn to my own bright, happy wife, and the glowing, healthful cheeks of the joyous group around her, and I bless God that He ever led me to become acquainted with the virtues of the "LITTLE CHEST!"

Reader, my personal history is ended. I have no more to tell you now of my own trials or experiences;—but, if you have accompanied me thus far, let me hope you will not close this book entirely until you have read also the concluding pages.

CHAPTER L.

CONTAINING A MUCH MORE IMPORTANT LIFE THAN THE PRECEDING ONE.

IN the kingdom of Saxony, not far from Dresden (says Dr. Michel Granier), at the confluence of the Elbe and the Meissa, stands the small town of Meissen: it can boast of having given birth to two families celebrated in the annals of literature and science. The first is the family of Schlegel. The eldest, Elias, has obtained an honourable rank among the German poets. His nephew, August Wilhelm, distinguished himself by his literary works, and attracted the notice of Madame de Stäel, Goethe, and Schiller. Friederich was celebrated not only for his historical writings, but also for his patriotic poetry. The latter, composed by him during the invasion of the French, gained him the appellation of the Tyrtæus of Germany. The other family is that of Hahnemann; and in this respect the town of Meissen will be as celebrated as that island in the Ægean Sea which boasts of being the birthplace of the immortal Hippocrates. Without in any way entering into the controversies to which the name of Hahnemann has given birth, it may nevertheless be interesting to glance, in a brief sketch, at the history of a man whose life was extended nearly twenty years beyond the usual period of

humanity; the first portion of whose career was marked with unusual favour from those far removed from his personal influence, but whose experience and testimony bore witness to his skill, and acknowledged him as possessed of a master mind,—one of those few that stamp their character upon an age. Nevertheless, the latter portion of the life of this same man has been branded by his former admirers, and lauded by those who were, for the most part, entirely ignorant of his early fame.

His researches after truth, in his earlier career, were accepted and acted upon throughout Europe; while he felt himself still but groping in the dark,—but feeling after that which his unsatisfied mind must grasp, ere it could permit itself any rest, or find any consolation in its previous labours. The discoveries of his later years have already spread through the continents of Europe and America; they have penetrated into Asia and Australia; and indeed their influence, more or less, may be said, during the brief space of half a century, to have extended throughout the whole civilized world. The history of a man who during his lifetime accomplished so much,—whose doctrines had more advocates from new sources in his latter days, than he had formerly admirers among his present opponents,—must surely contain something worthy of note,—something worth inquiring into and examining, whether the inquiry and the examination prove those doctrines to be true or false. Let us, then, spend a few brief pages on the life of this remarkable man.

About the year 1755 there lived at Meissen a painter on porcetain, called Christian Gottfried Hahnemann. He gained his living in the manufactory at this place which supplies the celebrated Dresden china. He never knew what it was to be rich; but, on the other hand, he never suffered from the extremes of poverty. A son was born to him during this year, who, though at first a subject of fresh care, with his already increasing family and small means, became afterwards the source of the greatest consolation to his father and mother. This child was called Samuel Christian Friederich Hahnemann. He was born the 10th of April, 1755, now more than a century ago,—the year of the dreadful earthquake at Lisbon. At an early age Samuel showed the tone of his future character and mind. He manifested little inclination for childish games, but rather resembled those children whom we are disposed to reproach with too much gravity of manner and conduct. When alone, he seemed absorbed by the love of study and his enthusiastic admiration of nature; but the sweetness of his character charmed his family, and the goodness of his heart was seen in the smallest trifles. At twelve years old he was placed at the Grammar School at Meissen, where was greater scope for his active mind, which already began to seek for a larger amount of scientific food. His instructor, Dr. Müller, immediately perceived the capabilities and inclinations

of his new pupil, and gave him many unusual privileges in pursuing his studies, so as not to oppose the natural bent of his mind. After remaining for some time under this enlightened master, his father, Gottfried Hahnemann, began to think of his son's future career, and hoped to find in him a successor to his business, and a support in his old age. As to fitting Samuel for a liberal career, the poor father was never able to think of such a thing. He had no means to expend on what would not speedily return to him as a portion for the maintenance of his son. Sitting alone in his *atelier* with his palette and pencil, Gottfried made up his mind that his son knew enough now to enter his shop, and become, like him, a painter on porcelain.* The extraordinary talents of the boy had, however, so commended him to his master, that he would not hear of his thus early abandoning their cultivation. He earnestly opposed the resolutions of his father, and when these proved almost invincible, he undertook himself to pay all the expenses of his studies, rather than permit such talents to be cramped by a course of life to which they were entirely unsuited. The father yielded at length to the generous advocate of his son's abilities, and in the new atmosphere by which he was now surrounded, the intelligence of the youth developed so rapidly, that at fourteen he was able to take the place of the Greek professor, and instruct others in the rudiments of the Greek language.

For six years longer he continued a patient student of the higher branches of study. It then became necessary for him to fix on his profession for life. His turn of mind led him to embrace that of medicine, and he chose this profession with ardent satisfaction. In the year 1775, when Samuel had reached the age of twenty, he quitted his father for Leipsic, carrying in his purse the sum of twenty thalers, which his poor father gave him, regretting it was all he could bestow on him from his small means. "The last sum," says Hahnemann, in his autobiography, "I ever received from him, for he was starving on a small income, with a large family,—a sufficient excuse for the best of fathers." This sum, equal to about ten pounds, was all Hahnemann possessed of this world's wealth when he entered the medical school at Leipsic, and tasted the first fruits of independence, breathing the air of a new existence. He possessed, however, resources in himself far superior to the gold he lacked; and

* Fischer tells us that Hahnemann's father apprenticed him to a grocer in Leipsic, so anxious was he to establish him in a lucrative trade. This, however, was so repulsive to Hahnemann's feelings, that he ran away from his master, and returned home, where his mother concealed him for several days before she ventured to disclose his rebellion to his father. Gottfried Hahnemann appears, nevertheless, from his son's own account in his autobiography, to have been a very kind and judicious parent, and to have impressed excellent maxims upon his mind, which he recollected through his after life.

though his only possessions were those he carried about with him, he found in these, thanks to his generous preceptor, Dr. Müller, an abundant store. His knowledge of Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English for two years furnished him with daily bread. He gave private lessons in languages, and translated English and French works into German; and this labour, if it did not supply all his wants, at least prevented him from dying of hunger. To provide for the requirements of his material life, and also for those of his medical studies, Hahnemann was, however, obliged to adopt the plan of increasing his stores of time by adding night to day. He sat up every other night; and, in order to prolong both life and labour, he employed every kind of effort against fatigue and sleep.

Those who were unacquainted with his early life and habits, may have smiled at the master who so rigidly prohibited the use of tobacco to his followers, and yet, even in his old age, retained the habit of smoking almost incessantly himself. Let us glance for one moment at the poor student, whose labour of the night is to procure his bread on the morrow, and as, when sleep overpowers him, he lays aside his studies for a brief period, and refreshes himself with his pipe, let us rather rejoice that his tedious night watchings could be relieved by such consolation as this, and add our needy student to the list of those illustrious men whose greatest difficulties have developed and proved their strength.

At twenty-two, Samuel left Leipsic for Austria. He went to Vienna; but his slender purse could not long hold out against such casualties. At the end of nine months, therefore, he left this city to try his fortune in Hungary. At length, having reached Leopoldstadt, he was patronized by Archdeacon J. Quarin, and authorized to attend the sick in an hospital, kept by the Brothers of Mercy of Leopoldstadt, and at the same time to practise medicine the city.

Soon after, he was, by unexpected good fortune, called to Hermannstadt. The governor of Transylvannia offered him the situation both of librarian and that of private physician. Hahnemann did not fail to profit by these new opportunities of cultivating his mind. He made many fresh connections, and soon a favourable gale on fortune's tide wafted him forwards into a pretty extensive practice. The mind of Hahnemann, however, was not so constituted as to enable him to rest satisfied in a position that, to many, would have been all that they could desire. To him it appeared but inglorious ease; he could not permit even the prestige and importance of noble patronage to weigh against his advancement in his profession. Feeling himself called to greater things, he listened to the voice of his genius; and as soon as he had saved enough to enable him to depart from Hermannstadt (in the year 1779), he went to Erlangen, where he read and defended his dissertation, and obtained his degree of

doctor of medicine the 10th of August in the same year. Here commenced a new epoch in his life, which may be called the period of his migrations.

Having now received his title as doctor, he travelled into various countries, allowing himself to be led by the impulse of circumstances. He remained some time at Hettstadt and at Dessau, where he gave himself up almost exclusively to the study of chemistry.

After wandering for six years, he at last settled at Gommern, near Magdeburg, and soon afterwards married Henrietta Kuchler, the daughter of a chemist at Dessau. At the end of two years he went to Dresden, where he made numerous friends; he became intimate with the most influential persons; formed a brilliant practice, and obtained the esteem of Dr. Wagner, the first physician of the city, who, in order to rest himself after a long illness, entrusted him, by the consent of the magistrate, with the duties of chief physician to the hospitals. Surrounded by such favourable circumstances, Hahnemann made rapid advances in the path of success. But his numerous professional engagements never prevented him from devoting a considerable time to study.

It was at this time, during an interval of about four or five years, that he published a dozen treatises, which showed the most intimate knowledge of chemistry, physics, and natural history. It was at this period also, during his chemical experiments, that he found out a new method of detecting adulterations in wine, and some tests in cases of poisoning by arsenic. It was then, also, he discovered his precipitate of mercury, which attained for him the distinction of its being called by the name of the *soluble mercury of Hahnemann.* These discoveries extended his fame beyond the limits of his personal influence and his fatherland. They became known to the professional world at large, and were accepted by them with the just credit due to their indefatigable discoverer. Thus we find in Dr. Reece's "Medical Guide," eighth edition, published in 1811, under the article "Hahnemann," in the index, the following passage: "Cream of Tartar is likewise one of the articles used by Dr. Hahnemann to make his celebrated test for detecting lead fraudulently added to port wine, a practice so prevalent among dealers in that article, that the method of discovering the fraud cannot be too generally known. This test is prepared as follows: Two drachms of cream of tartar, one drachm of dry liver of sulphur, are to be shaken in a two-ounce phial filled with distilled water, well corked; the phial is to be occasionally shaken for about ten minutes; when the powder has subsided, decant the clear liquor and preserve it in a well-stopped bottle for use: from sixteen to twenty drops of this liquor are to be dropped into a small glass filled with the suspected wine; if the wine turns blackish or muddy, and deposits a dark-coloured sediment, the adulteration with lead is proved,

but not otherwise." The reputation of Hahnemann increased, indeed, daily. Fortune bestowed upon him the most ample favours, and already he had left the path frequented by ordinary minds.

In the year 1791 he had invitations from the Economic Society of Leipsic, and the Academy of Science of Mayence, which induced him to return to the former city, where he had gone through his first important studies. The contrast between his present position and that which he occupied when he departed from the city which had witnessed his early struggles for the absolute necessaries of life, combined with his eager researches after knowledge, must have raised very pleasurable emotions in the breast of a man who felt his present position was so much due to his own unflinching industry and persevering efforts in his profession.

Hahnemann returned to Leipsic. This city contains a small room which was the witness of his former struggles against fortune: a small room, whose walls had been the depositories of many a bitter secret. What a contrast between the past and the present! Nevertheless, though at this time he enjoyed an immense reputation, and had friends in the highest region of the social atmosphere,—though he was no longer the obscure and unfortunate student, but as it were adopted by the capricious parent called destiny, who had at first treated him with such severity,—still, Hahnemann was by no means rich. But he was now placed in a position in which riches might have flowed in upon him, in which the cultivation of a large practice might have brought him to honourable and substantial rewards—where the tree of fortune, so long watered with the sweat of his brow, might have brought forth riches and honours in return, and the professor's chair at length crowned and rewarded all his labours.

Hahnemann was still a young man, and his vigorous constitution preserved him in his prime yet longer than in the ordinary course of nature. What will be his fate in his new position? His fate alone?—where were his wife—his children,—they, too, were growing up around him; what will be his thought, his efforts for their welfare? Surely, if he desire not riches and honours for his own sake, yet for theirs; but why anticipate? Can we not sympathize with the wife of a man who had passed through so many early difficulties, and now beheld her husband raised above them all, on the highway to all her most loving aspirations could desire for him; already the mother of several children,—can we not, I say, sympathize with this wife and mother, in her desire and hopes on thus finding the path so suddenly opened, that might save from all future anxieties, diminish the hard toils of the father, and provide the needful aid for both present and future necessities for the children? Surely we can. And now, what is to follow?

The wife of Hahnemann had linked herself with a man whose mind was above that of the ordinary average, and she must take the consequences. Gay parties, gay dresses, gay equipages, are not for her. She is united to a man of genius, and must bear his fate. He was not one of those ordinary mortals that could tread the beaten path, and follow, without inquiry, those who had gone before. His mind was one of that class which must investigate—must satisfy itself, before it can be satisfied—must go on till it die a martyr to its own sufferings, in a vain search after the unknown for which it longs, or break through the trammels of conventionalism, and rise among the number of those whose discoveries are rarely appreciated till after death has sealed their earthly career, and brought them to that land where their ardent thirst after knowledge will undoubtedly receive its fruition in higher revelations of greater truths. Thus, Hahnemann had already raised himself to a point in the horizon of medical science from which his mind perceived vanity and unsatisfied doubts, aspirations, and mistrust. The systems he had investigated,—the practices he had seen carried out,—his own researches and his own success—had but led to the same result. In the uncertainty of medical science, Hahnemann's faith in medicine was gone. Now, in the moment of triumph, he leaves his practice, furls his sail, casts his anchor, and remains stationary in his unbelief. In taking this resolution, he obeyed the voice of conscience, but from that day he put the cup of tribulation to his lips, and took his place at the mournful banquet of those whose sunshine in life is departed. All happiness forsook him; and, ere long, care, misery, and poverty knocked at the door of his home.

And while we feel for the father, shall we not also compassionate the mother? While we see the father again applying himself to work for the support of his children, and recommencing his old business of a translator, shall we not pity the wife, whose bright visions of future prosperity were thus suddenly and hopelessly destroyed? *

It is said that Madame Hahnemann brought but little dowry to her husband, and that during this period his own sufferings were painfully aggravated by her want of sympathy, her re-

* Fischer gives us an affecting picture of the difficulties Hahnemann had to contend with at this period to maintain his family. He was obliged to weigh their daily portion of bread out to his children, to prevent disputes in satisfying their appetites. One poor little girl fell sick at this sad time, and, unable to eat her daily portion, hid it in a box, thinking to satisfy her hunger with it when better. Her sickness, however, increasing, she felt sure she should never be able to enjoy her store, and calling to her her favourite little sister, told her she was going to die, and could never eat any more, and then solemnly made over to her her accumulated store of hard rye bread, from which she had anticipated such a feast had she recovered. We are told Hahnemann himself assisted his wife to wash their clothes, remaining up at night to do so, and being too poor to buy soap, they used raw potatoes.

proaches, her misconceptions. This is probably all true; and yet we may feel pity for each, and sympathize with both.

Those who have read the life of the great Palissy, and followed him in his long-continued disappointments, and ever-renewed struggles, to discover the grand idea which had taken possession of his mind, can feel for his anguish when his stove was put out, at the very moment of his anticipated reward to all his labours, and follow his fresh struggles with admiration and eager interest; but if they have likewise glanced through that very ingenious book, "The Provocations of Madame Palissy," they can also feel for the wife, whose children wanted daily necessaries, while her husband pursued the, to her mind, vain and useless search after his "white enamel."

Success at length crowned his efforts, and the white enamel was in kings' palaces, and the Palissy ware remains a memorial to the present day of his patience and toil.

But what was the result of Hahnemann's labours, and what was the end of his "provocations" to his wife? By his tedious occupation as a translator, he had again to seek both bread for his family and consolation for his mind. He at this time also published several small treatises, the fruit of his night watches and constant research. His friends misunderstood and forsook him; his wife was opposed to his ideas, and carried on a civil war against him; he stood alone, the victim of misfortune; each day one trouble succeeding another, till sickness visits the abode of him who would no longer be a doctor, and his children are attacked by a serious disease. If we pity the wife and mother at this critical juncture, let us also feel for the husband and father, who, having practised for many years as a medical man, gives it up because he has no more faith in his system, at the very time when his children are ill,—who throws down his arms at the very moment when he has to face the enemy that has come to attack his family.

We behold him in this hour of extreme distress, while he feels all human help to be unavailing, rising in solemn aspirations for Divine help. We find him alone, plunged in deep meditation, and offering fervent prayer to the God of consolation and truth. We see the physician in his retirement,—the father in his love,—his thoughts rising heavenward amid his anguish, and light at length dawning upon his troubled soul. By prayer and meditation, his uncertainty and doubt appeared to be in a measure cleared from his mind; and, as by a spark of Divine inspiration, the thought possessed him that to discover the true properties of medicines, and learn their real effects, they must be tried upon a healthy body before they can be justly administered to a sick one. "I must," thought he, "observe the manner in which medicines act upon the human body when it is in the repose of health. The changes which they then occasion are not

in vain, and must certainly mean something; otherwise, why do they take place at all? Perhaps this is the only language in which they can express to the observer the end of their existence." This thought, at once simple and profound, began to work in the brain of the future reformer of medicine. One day, while translating the "Materia Medica" of Cullen, at the article Cinchona (quinquina), Hahnemann remarked the useless efforts made by science to explain the action of this most useful and frequently employed medicine. He sighed over the vain systems invented, up to the present time, to discover the febrifuge qualities of this substance. His decision is made to try upon himself, and make the first experiment to solve the mystery. For several days he took quinquina. His constitution was perfect, his physiological crucible cannot belie his experiments; he waits;—one day a real attack of fever breaks out—first the shivering—then the heat—then the sweat,—in a word, the three stages of fever manifest themselves in their most decided form. With this fact before his eyes, the phantom of doubt disappeared before Hahnemann; and yet, fearing to be deceived, he communicated the circumstance to professional brethren, and asked their interpretation of the fact. Some treated him as a visionary; others were persuaded he was mistaken in attributing to quinine a fever that was, undoubtedly, due to some other cause. Hahnemann, now determined to follow out his clue, tried the experiment again with the same result. He repeated it several times upon some zealous persons, whom he could still number among his friends, and the same result invariably followed. The fact then became to him clear, certain, and absolute. The power of curing fevers is possessed by quinine, by the virtue of being able to produce them. The impetus once given to this discovery, Hahnemann pursued it with the zeal of his former ardour in his profession, and with all the newly-awakened interest of discovery. Before attempting to generalize his principle, however, Hahnemann submitted his theory to much long and careful experiment.

He tried the effect upon a healthy subject of those medicines best known, and most usually employed, and some which the uncertainty respecting them had almost caused to be disused,—such as sulphur, mercury, belladonna, nux vomica; and this evidence always confirmed the truth of the first fact. After having made experiments on the healthy subject, his next object was to try them on the sick one; and this he did in a similar way. He applied to children and other persons the theory of *similars*, and had the happiness of curing them. It was from this moment that Hahnemann weighed the anchor once cast on the drifting sands of incredulity, and embarked in the vessel of pure experiment, in search of a new medical world. By the aid of observations made upon the healthy body, he drew the symptomatic physiognomy of several medicines; some totally

unknown to practice, others only used in blind imitation and uncertainty. He pursued these experiments with the deepest interest and great success for many years; but though his fame was extended far and wide, as yet no school bore his name, and no external opposition had been raised to his doctrines. The science of cure by similars was indeed published by Hahnemann in the leading medical journal of Europe (Hufeland's), in the year 1796. But it does not appear, at this time, to have raised that storm of controversy against him which he had to encounter at a later period. For in the year 1800, when a terrible epidemic of scarlet fever spread over the greater part of Germany, Hahnemann's opinion was highly esteemed respecting its treatment and prevention; and this favoured the spreading, over a greater part of Germany, the partial discoveries he again published. In experimenting with belladonna, he had found this medicine produced symptoms exactly similar to the disease; he at once seized the idea of treating it by belladonna, and the result exceeded his hopes. A kind of intuition afterwards led him to give this medicine to several persons as a preservative from the scourge; and he was happy to verify, by experiment, that all these persons escaped the epidemic. By this means he was convinced that belladonna is the preventative of scarlet fever, as vaccine virus is of the small-pox. Medical science generally has not failed to take advantage of this discovery, and to put it to good use.

It is a well-known fact that Hahnemann was the first to point it out, both as a remedy and as a preventative from scarlet fever. In the *London Medical and Physical Journal* for September, 1824, we have the following passage on the subject:—"Belladonna, a preventative of scarlet fever. It has been long known that Dr. Hahnemann, of Leipsic, has asserted the above fact (namely, the curative and preventive properties of belladonna in scarlet fever); but since the year 1818, several practitioners in the north of Europe have repeated these experiments, and they find them founded in truth. The first of these, Dr. Brendt, of Custrin, affirms that all who employed this remedy escaped the infection; and his account is corroborated by Dr. Musbeck, of Demmin, in Western Pomerania, who says he has used it for seven years, and with equal success; he administered it to all those who dwelt in the houses where scarlet fever prevailed, continuing its use until desquamation of the cuticle had taken place in those attacked. Dr. Dusterbourg, of Warbourg, has also published an account of a series of experiments confirming these statements; and several subsequent memoirs have appeared, all equally corroborative of this virtue in the belladonna." At different epochs, and by various writers, from Democritus and Hippocrates downwards, something like the principle, "similia similibus curantur"—likes are to be treated with likes—has been faintly enunciated; but it was Hahnemann who first so powerfully and perseveringly

announced it, as to have gained for it the attention of mankind. While other countries were reaping the benefit of his partial discoveries, Hahnemann himself was still pursuing the subject with indefatigable industry,—still working out the great problem to which he had at length obtained a clue. In his first experiments he did not fail to take the most scrupulous precautions. Thus, whether he gave remedies to persons in health, or administered them to the sick, he only employed small doses, so as to avoid both too great a disorder in the system, and too severe pathological aggravation. He administered only small and diluted doses, such as might be ordinarily given in general practice, when using venomous substances,—such as arsenic acid, belladonna, morphia, strychnine, and other dangerous alkaloids. But Hahnemann soon perceived that, notwithstanding these precautions, the doses generally distressed the patients, and even produced such violent aggravations of symptoms, that he was anxious to avoid them, and again diminished the doses, which were again followed by the same vital disturbance.

At last, by the force of observation, he was obliged to give smaller and yet smaller doses; and it was the rigorous exactitude necessary for the appreciation of the quantities he wished to prepare which suggested the idea of mixing a drop of the mother tincture with alcohol for soluble substances, and of submitting the insoluble to the process of trituration. In a word, he thus discovered the mechanism of the dynamization of medicines, by making them pass through the infinite degrees of the divisibility of matter.

This, then, is the manner in which Hahnemann discovered infinitesimal doses—globules—which have caused his system to be the laughingstock of those who do not accept them. He perceived that medicines were not weakened in proportion as they become separated by division from their material envelope; but, on the contrary, they acquire new properties, until then unknown.

Hahnemann based the truth of infinitesimal doses upon experiment and observation. It could not be in any sense called an invention on his part, though it might be regarded as a discovery; it was experiment and observation which revealed it to him.

Immediately upon his having satisfied himself upon the reality of his new doctrine, by the same cautious line he had hitherto pursued in his discoveries, Hahnemann felt it a matter of conscience to publish his ideas, and bequeath them to medical posterity.

We have already seen Hahnemann high in his profession before any unusual dogmas could be attributed to him: we have seen him retire, in painful dissatisfaction with his system, from the high position his talents had attained for him. Again, after long

retirement, patient study, and careful experiment, we have seen him emerge from his seclusion, and carry all Europe with him in the new doctrines on medicine which he enunciated.

Could he have foreseen the storm his present discovery would have raised against his new doctrine of cure, would he have withheld it, great and extraordinary as it was, rather than prevent the beneficial theories he had already advanced from being generally accepted? Would he have carried his secret to the tomb with him, and left it to others, by their own experiments and discovered necessity, to disclose what his own mind, prepared by long-continued research and ocular demonstration, was at this time the only one in his profession capable of accepting and appreciating? Had it pleased the Almighty Ruler of this world to remove him from His earth at this time, from what suffering would he not himself have been spared!—his doctrines from what obloquy and contempt!

But this was not to be; great genius and misfortune—or, perhaps, misunderstanding rather—are apt to go hand-in-hand in this life, and it is seldom, till after the grave has closed over its victim, that the propounder of any new theory or doctrine is duly esteemed and appreciated. So it is; so be it.

As soon as Hahnemann had divulged the solution of his great medical problem, persecutions burst out on all sides; his friends abandoned him; physicians gave out that he had taken leave of his senses; and, above all, the chemists, alarmed, opposed him in the most determined manner.

In Germany, as in France, the legal dispensing of medicines was reserved to special pharmaceutical establishments.

It is self-evident that Hahnemann, in his first experiments, was obliged to prepare and give his own medicines.

As a matter of course, no chemist was yet able to make up his prescriptions; it is equally certain they could not have his confidence in doing so, since they revolted against his ideas. It was simply impossible, under the circumstances, for Hahnemann to trust any of the chemists with his preparations. Both patients and doctor would have been deceived. But the chemists at once perceived, for Hahnemann to dispense his own medicines, and the profession generally to follow his example, if his doctrines became prevalent, was entirely against their interest; and they therefore immediately pursued Hahnemann with the arm of the law, and united together to put down the new doctrine.

In consequence of these persecutions, Hahnemann was compelled to leave Leipsic, and commence a new series of migrations from town to town.

There is no doubt his frequent changes of abode was a means of spreading his doctrines more rapidly than could otherwise have been the case; but still it was amid tribulation and persecution that these changes were made, and nothing but the strong con-

viction in his own mind, of the beneficial truth of the system he had propounded, could have sustained Hahnemann to continue to subject himself to such treatment through this period.

It was at Georgenthal that homœopathy, according to his new ideas, was publicly practised for the first time. This little city afforded an unusual field for the trial of the new doctrines. There was at this time, in an hospital founded by the Duke Ernest of Gotha, a literary man named Klokenbring, who had unfortunately lost his reason, in consequence of an epigram of Kotzebue's, which too acutely affected his over-sensitive mind. The old system had been unable to cure him: though every effort of the most noted physicians of the time had been made, they were powerless to restore the balance of this unhappy man's intelligent mind.

Hahnemann was allowed to exercise his skill in the treatment of this case. He treated it on the principle he had discovered; and what was his joy in finding it attended with complete success! Nevertheless, though this case was regarded as a great triumph, and Hahnemann was allowed to retain for some time the care of this asylum, where he first introduced a humane and gentle style of treatment for lunatics, the rage of persecution did not cease to pursue him. It drove him successively to Brunswick, Keingslutter, Hamburg, Eclemburg, and some other places, whence he at length returned to Leipsic in the year 1811. It was this very year in which we have seen him spoken of with approval, in a standard English medical work. But his peculiar doctrines did not penetrate into this country for many years afterwards; and, as we have seen before, he is again spoken of with approbation, by an established medical authority (the *London Medical Journal*), even so late as the year 1824. Up to this time, the life of Hahnemann had been chiefly passed amid many reverses; but even in his periods of severest trial, his mind had not given way to discouragement. The reality of his belief in his discoveries still supported him, as has been before remarked, and never for a single moment did he lose sight of the end he was to attain.

In 1810, after four years' watchings and experiments, he again published their result; and from this period most of his numerous medical works on his new system made their appearance: his "Organon of Rational Medicine," his "Treatise on Chronic Diseases," his "Pure Materia Medica," and many other works which need neither be enumerated nor criticized in this sketch. It is sufficient to say that, in the production of these works, his observation and industry are almost incredible. In the last work alone, which has already reached several editions, there are six volumes, containing about 80,000 observations of infinitely varied symptoms, and capable of furnishing the most perfect pictures of corresponding diseases.

Those who, when homœopathy first became known in England,

regarded it as a child but just out of leading-strings, and laughed at its pretensions to new light on such an immense variety of symptoms, were, perhaps, scarcely aware of the indefatigable industry, time, research, and experiment, spent by the first propounder of this system; by which his followers have been enabled, in many instances, to pursue his discoveries, resting on his experience, though, by their own personal experiments and researches, they have likewise added great riches to the discoveries of this and the last century.

Up to the year 1820, Hahnemann trod, nevertheless, the path of opposition and discouragement, though without being himself discouraged from his cause.

At this time the Duke Ferdinand of Anhalt-Köthen, having heard of his reputation by well-attested facts, nobly offered him an asylum in his dominions, with unrestricted permission to practise in his own system, and make up and administer his medicines according to his own wishes. Worn out with so many tribulations, Hahnemann gratefully accepted the protection of the generous Duke, that he might shelter himself from insult, and find a little rest and liberty. In the small town of Anhalt-Köthen, however, he found the storm even yet more violent, calumny more turbulent, and the fire of criticism burn yet more fiercely than ever. Notwithstanding the protection of the Duke, and that of the law also, jealousy did not the less persevere in laying its ambushes, and no barrier was able to stand against the waves of opposition. It was not only a struggle against the opposition of doctors and druggists, but all the elements of hatred burst over his head, in unreflecting malice. In addition to raillery, abuse, and the grossest insults, the populace committed the most scandalous excesses. They even went so far as attacking his dwelling, and throwing stones at his windows.

Notwithstanding the unvarying friendship and kindness of the Duke, the fortitude of Hahnemann at length gave way beneath his persecutions. He became bowed down with sorrow, from which he could not rally, and such disgust took possession of his mind that he resolved to retire altogether from public life. His house now became a solitary retreat, where, for fifteen years more, he pondered over the truth of his science. Chagrin and disgust might, however, for a time depress his spirit; but discouragement could not gain the mastery; his mind was cast in too high a mould ever to be entirely broken down by the blows of misfortune. He never heeded or replied to personal insults, his mind was too elevated for them to reach him. He passed over the raillery, libels, or sarcasms of the public journals, and the breath of personal calumny could never ruffle the surface of his self-possession. Though from time to time forsaken by his friends, they returned to him again, and became his yet more ardent admirers and followers. When they complained of his

conduct in thus passing by the taunts of his detractors, and that he took so little heed of his reputation, he exclaimed, "Am I not the same man you have always known? I was then worshipped, now I am reviled. Why should I be more sensible of unjust reproach, than I was formerly of praise."

To men of true genius, the past is nothing,—even the present but little. Their eagle eye alone sweeps the boundless horizon of the future; and Hahnemann, like other discoverers, felt himself but in the position of those men whose perceptions are themselves beyond the age in which they live, but who feel they will influence a period of the world not yet arrived,—seen but in the dim vision of futurity. Hahnemann had seen the ebb and flow of many systems in the past, and he maintained a silence he could afford not to break, in his entire belief in his own, and his anticipations for the future. Though Hahnemann had retired from public practice, it must not, however, be thought that he was not visited in his exile by his friends, and numerous persons seeking his medical skill in suffering and pain. There is a force in truth which will triumph over the most obstinate opposition; and it was thus that Hahnemann soon saw his modest study crowded with patients of all kinds, especially those suffering from diseases which had been given over under the ordinary system of acknowledged medical treatment. His doors were always open to receive these sufferers; he was delighted to welcome them to his retreat, and to dismiss them thence either cured or relieved. Some remarkable cures which he performed, on persons whose cases had hitherto been pronounced hopeless, were the first sparks from a vast focus, which soon spread to all the neighbouring countries. His practice became immense; and it is a remarkable fact that it was by curing several medical men of affections which the old method had left unrelieved, that he made the most zealous and enlightened disciples. It was thus that Dr. Necker, Aegidi, and Petersen, became the advocates and practitioners of the homœopathic school.

It was about this period, in the year 1830, that his wife, Henrietta Küchler, died, leaving Hahnemann with a numerous family of dutiful and affectionate children and grandchildren,—his letters to whom, when separated from them, are full of touching affection and parental thought. It is only justice to his wife to state, that long before her death she had made his home happy, being constantly occupied for his welfare and that of their children, and devoting herself to the comfort of the man she had, at one time, misunderstood and not appreciated. She had proved herself, in the fullest meaning of the word, a woman as well as a wife; a faithful mother, an economical housekeeper; the treasure of his life in the highest and noblest sense; devoting herself exclusively to her family, and renouncing every other source of pleasure; a faithful and cheerful companion. If disappointment

had at one time depressed her spirits and soured her temper, her natural strength of character, and excellence of heart, enabled her to rise above these trials. Ennobled by the vigour of her own mind, she assisted him in reaching the crowning point of his renown. This is touchingly acknowledged in Hahnemann's own words but very shortly before the death of his beloved partner in joy and sorrow,—in neglect and in honour,—his true helpmeet in every sense of the word. In his haven of refuge at Köthen, he used often to address her with such affectionate memorials as are ever welcome to the loving heart,—and more especially dear after a long life of mutual hardships and vicissitude. "How could I possibly have resisted all those persecutions," he would exclaim, "how could I have ventured with such courage and power to brave those life-storms which drove us half over the world, if you had not so kindly assisted me?" She was an accomplished musician, and often delighted him, during their repose at Köthen, with her own very charming musical compositions. Sometimes, after listening to her in silence, he would take her hands, and, gazing on her with the fervour of youthful love, exclaim, "How could I, dearest, endure so many reverses, how could I accomplish my designs in despite of every difficulty, how face my enemies with undiminished strength, without you? If you remain by me, I confidently hope to prove victorious, and to raise my system for universal acknowledgment on the shield of truth!"

The devoted partner of his struggles was not, however, permitted to witness this consummation; and Hahnemann was compelled to pursue his course without her, surrounded still by dutiful and loving children. The very year in which she died was, however, marked by the doctrine of Hahnemann becoming more appreciated, and finding its way into various countries, where, as we have before seen, his name and previous fame were already known.

At the time when the Asiatic cholera appeared in Europe, about the year 1831, the various colleges of physicians were quite at a loss to know how to deal with this formidable stranger; and when called upon in their different countries to issue advice and directions, nothing could be more painful than the visible inconsistencies and unsatisfactoriness of their multiform recommendations. Hahnemann himself published a tract pointing out the proper treatment, from the description he had read of the disease, before had seen a single case.

Those practitioners who followed his system—even at a distance—by the rules he prescribed in this pamphlet, which he circulated gratuitously during this frightful visitation, found the true remedies without his personal direction, and proved wonderfully successful; and though his wife could no more witness his triumph, Hahnemann received letters from various quarters, stating the success which had attended his rules, which could not fail to fill

his heart with the most lively gratification and thankfulness to that Providence he acknowledged so fully.

Again, in 1836, the Asiatic cholera attacked the city of Vienna as an awful scourge. The hospitals were fitted up to receive cases indiscriminately as they occurred. In one homœopathic treatment was adopted, but under the inspection of two physicians in the ordinary style of practice, as well as those homœopathic doctors who immediately superintended it. In the homœopathic hospital two-thirds recovered, while two-thirds died in that hospital where this treatment was not used.

It was the remarkable effects of the treatment of cholera in 1849, and also in the Irish fever in 1847, which attracted public attention to homœopathy in England, where it had, nevertheless, been making some progress ever since its first introduction, against much opposition in many quarters. In other countries of Europe it had, before this period, as remarked above, become more or less known and appreciated. We will not, however, digress at present too far from the life of Hahnemann, but give a very brief sketch of the progress of homœopathy in other countries at the conclusion of this treatise.

Hahnemann's wife died 31st March, 1830. We can scarcely feel surprised that a heart so affectionate as his, and so long used to rest on the tried friendship of his wife, deeply missed her when taken from him, and desired to find again that happiness he had so long and so truly appreciated.

About the year 1835, a young lady from Paris, named Mademoiselle Mélanie d'Hervilly Gohier, made a pilgrimage to visit Hahnemann, in his retreat at Köthen, to seek advice from him for a disease which had been pronounced incurable. So far had his fame already extended beyond his own country and personal influence. This young lady was of a very good family, and possessed an ample fortune. Hahnemann was so fortunate as to restore her to health by his treatment; and so captivated was he by her charming manners and accomplishments, and so delighted was she with the attractions of the man of genius, even at the advanced age of seventy-nine, that the result ended in their marriage, which was celebrated on the 28th January, 1835. His young wife persuaded him to return with her to Paris, and at her instigation he quitted Germany, and chose France for his last country, where, after all his peregrinations, he arrived at Paris on the 25th June in the same year.

Let us, however, stop one moment to mark the strange inconsistency of the human mind and public opinion displayed in the career of this remarkable man.

On hearing, after his marriage, that their illustrious exile was about to leave them, the inhabitants of Köthen assembled themselves together, to retain by force the man whose windows they had pelted, and driven into seclusion, some fifteen years previously,

A crowd assembled to detain him forcibly among them. Then there was the rage of opposition, now there is the fury of enthusiasm; then the billows of jealousy that would submerge the innovator, now the waves of admiration and gratitude that would enclose and retain the benefactor. Hahnemann had, indeed, the gratification of feeling how truly he was at length appreciated, even in his own country, and by the people among whom he dwelt; but he was compelled to set out by night on his journey, to escape the importunity of a populace that formerly would fain have stoned him,—to shun the solicitations of his fellow-citizens, who at one time would have driven him from them, not merely to exile, but to death, with indifference. On arriving at Paris, Hahnemann found some disciples who were already practising his system, though as yet it was not publicly or generally received. He however requested permission to practise himself, in this great city, his new method of treatment. Through the intercession of Monsieur Guizot, this was indeed granted to him; but when he requested authorization to submit his doctrines to public and legal proofs, it was refused him. Such was the prejudice even yet, in the city of Paris itself, against what was deemed innovation, and the setting forth of a new system, and the mere supposition of overturning the old one. Without coming into collision with the authorities publicly, however, Hahnemann continued to practise, and to receive and instruct those who came to seek him as their physician or master. His own zeal reanimated his disciples, and he laboured on to the end of his life, to bequeath to them the largest possible share of the treasure of truth.

Notwithstanding his great age, he preserved his intellect unimpaired to his last hour. He is described in Paris, at the advanced age of eighty-three, as appearing but little past sixty, and still retained his vigour of mind during his short last illness, in which he himself directed his young wife what medicines to give him; but assured her, at the same time, they were of no use, for his frame was quite worn out and he must soon die,—acknowledging in his last moments his submission to, and dependence on, Divine guidance. Death did but close his mind, as we shut a book when it has been read.*

* Fischer gives us a graphic picture of Hahnemann in his old age, from the pen of a friend:—"It was highly interesting to behold Hahnemann—a short, stout man, of erect bearing, with a bald head, and high, well-shaped forehead—in a state of excitement. The blood rushed to his forehead, the veins swelled, the forehead reddened, his eyes sparkled; he was at last obliged to lift his cap to cool his head." The narrator adds, he so much enjoyed this demonstration of energy in his old friend, that he encouraged the excitement in admiration of his zeal, till he was almost "ready to smash his pipe!" The letters that pass between Hahnemann and his family have a very pleasing interest. After his departure for Paris with his young wife, we are charmed to find, amid descriptions of various honours and Parisian gaieties, the answer to the query, "If father's stockings fit?" and that "The others, tell dear Louisa, may be made just the same."

Samuel Christian Hahnemann died on the 2nd of July, 1843, at the advanced age of eighty-eight years. He is dead, and what has become of his doctrine? We will glance very briefly at the progress it has made during the last twenty years,—since his death. "I am leaving just at the moment when the play is becoming interesting," said Gay Lussac, on his deathbed. "A few years from this time, and the genius of man will have changed the face of the world. Could I but take a return ticket, and, as a simple spectator of things, live out of pure curiosity!" Is this the language Hahnemann himself might also have used? I think not. His was one of those grand trusting minds, that can believe what it does not see, and can leave the future in confidence in the hands of its Almighty Ruler. Hahnemann has a statue which his generous patron, the Duke of Köthen, wished to be erected in his last German home; but before its inauguration it was decided in favour of Leipsic, as being a place more publicly connected with his name. Those noble busts, first executed by the celebrated David, in Paris, which meet the eye in almost every town we visit, memorialize at once the doctrine and the genius of the man they commemorate.

In making this brief review of the progress of homœopathy since the death of its founder, it will be sufficient to glance at the various countries of Europe, and learn when this system was accepted by them, and its practice made legal by their governments. We have already witnessed the difficulties under which Hahnemann laboured from this not being the case,—from those restrictions which prevented his dispensing and preparing his own medicines at a time when there were no apothecaries capable of being trusted with his prescriptions, or even willing to learn to prepare them. As was mentioned above, it was about the year 1830 that homœopathy began to spread in its genuine form into other countries. Many remarkable cures of cholera cases took place in Hungary and Vienna; and Austria was one of the first European countries that granted a free hearing to the system, and gave it the sanction and protection of its government. It was Dr. Marenzeller who introduced homœopathy into Austria. He practised medicine at Prague, and performed many remarkable cures; among others, he successfully treated the Count Gyulay, Commandant-General and Field-Marshal, of a disease hitherto pronounced incurable. The same persecution which followed Hahnemann, however, was roused against him also, and the government was requested to interfere to abolish and prohibit its practice. Several respectable inhabitants of the city, who had been benefited by his treatment, petitioned against this arbitrary measure, and the authorities of Prague, with great justice and honesty, heard and considered their cause. The Austrian government passed a decree that all persons cured by Dr. Marenzeller should be summoned for judicial examination. Many witnesses,

of the most distinguished character, came forward to bear evidence to his successful treatment. Among these were many very serious cases, and some hitherto regarded incurable. There were hundreds of individuals whom his patient skill had benefited, among the very poorest inhabitants of the city also. He invariably told them they were indebted to Hahnemann, not to him, for their recovery,—such was his modesty and zeal for his instructor and master. The attention of the Emperor having been drawn to the case of his field-marshal, homœopathy was thus permitted a fair trial, and came out victorious, since which period it has made great progress in that country, and has been established under the protection of the government. It was accepted in Russia so early as the year 1833 or 1834. After a successful contest in favour of his mode of practice, Dr. Herrmann was granted free permission to practise by the distinguished statesman, Prince Galitzin, and others high in office, who obtained for him an ukase, granting him full permission to practise homœopathy in every part of Russia. He was ordered to establish a military hospital in Podolia, on this system. A pharmaceutical institution was also formed in St. Petersburg, on homœopathic principles, and the Grand Duke Constantine directed his private physician to employ this method of treatment in an establishment containing five hundred soldiers' children.

In France Hahnemann was authorized by royal letters patent to practise homœopathy in the year 1835. It was legalized in Austria in 1837—in Prussia, 1843, where it was patronized by His Royal Highness the then Crown Prince of Prussia, whose physician-in-ordinary was one of Hahnemann's most distinguished disciples.

"In Germany," says Granier, writing in about 1858, "homœopathy has scarcely anything to desire: its reign is perfectly established. It has its journals, chemical instruction, and official teaching everywhere, for educating homœopathic practitioners. Deep conviction sustains it; aristocratic purses supports it; and dukes, princes, and kings introduce it into their palaces."

Switzerland early adopted the new medical reform; and, small as the nation is, it has long been a focus from which these opinions have spread.

There is an affecting interest about its introduction into Spain, which must detain us a few moments longer than that brevity we have hitherto striven after.

While Hahnemann was in Paris, his disciples, then few in number, gathered around him to receive his instructions. Among them was a young Spanish physician, who expended nearly all his fortune in translating the works of his new master into Castilian. He reached Madrid, full of ardour; but his efforts to spread homœopathy were unsuccessful. He was received with coldness and derision, and he died a victim to bitter disappoint-

ment. But were his efforts indeed unavailing? His mournful fate has been followed up by unusual favour to his successors.

In the year 1847, Her Majesty Queen Isabella II., having fully satisfied herself of the services rendered by homœopathy, and by its excellent representative in Madrid, Dr. Nunez, bestowed upon him the honour of the Grand Cross of the Royal Order of Charles III., as a mark of her approbation, and, at the same time, appointed him as her physician-in-ordinary, which honourable post he still holds; and his illustrious Sovereign proves her interest in the progress of this system by her generous support of its followers, not only in her own country, but in ours also. She takes an enlightened interest in works published upon this subject, even in a foreign land; and has deigned to bestow marks of her favour on those whom a just appreciation of her patronage has led to venture to seek the honour of her approbation.

In the other countries of Europe, especially Italy, it has made similar progress, being, in the first instance, imperatively brought under the notice of those in authority by the benefits it conferred.

Even in Rome, the ancient mistress of the world, though the Pope had been at one time persuaded to issue a decree against it, he afterwards made inquiry for himself into its merits, and being solicited by several noble Roman families, the restrictions were taken off, and liberty to dispense medicines and practise homœopathy was granted.

In America, where no legal restrictions exist, and where there are none of those special obstacles to contend with which have met homœopathy in the established countries and systems of the old world, it was introduced in the year 1825; and though for some time its progress was slow, it now numbers its supporters by thousands. It has its colleges, its hospitals, and institutions for destitute children, and has established itself as one of the institutions of the country.

In South America, also, it has made considerable progress; and in many other places it is needless to speak of more particularly, —Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Poland, and Portugal—Turkey, both in Europe and Asia—Alexandria, Calcutta, and Australia.

It was legalized by an act of Legislation in England in the year 1858, though there was no previous law prohibiting it in this country. An inquiry had been instituted some time before into the effects of this treatment in cholera; the returns were brought before Parliament and regarded as satisfactory in their evidence.*

* During this recent disease which has been spreading among our cattle, the Author has heard privately of several cases which have been successfully treated by homœopathy. The reader is referred for information to Mr. Moore's pamphlet on the "Cattle Plague," second edition, which contains one of these instances, and other valuable information about it. Not to mention the recent letters in the *Times*, the Author of "The Cattle Plague of 1865, and its Cure," tells us, likewise, that, acting under the advice and suggestions of Mr. Moore, he has treated his own cattle, and those of his

In the "British and Continental Homœopathic Medical Directory for 1863," the reader will find the names of several thousand physicians and surgeons now practising homœopathy in various parts of the five great continents of the world; also those who are honoured by royal patronage as court physicians and as physicians to the troops in various countries, and other public institutions.

I can, in this place, only refer the general reader to this small book, and its successors, if he wishes to verify my statements; and also to Granier's "Conferences," Fischer's "Biographical Monument to Hahnemann," Sharp's "Tracts," &c., and others, which he will find advertised in these works. To the medical profession I do not speak, either here or in the text, as their research, if deemed worth making at all, must be of a much deeper nature.

The large circulation of numerous books on homœopathy proves their general estimation with the public. Dr. Laurie's large work on "Domestic Medicine" has reached the twentieth thousand, and his small one the twenty-fifth thousand; while Dr. Ruddock's "Stepping-Stone to Homœopathy and Health" has gone to the fortieth thousand, and the circulation of Dr. Sharp's "Tracts on Homœopathy" may be counted, in this country and in America, by its hundreds of thousands.

In conclusion, let me once more earnestly bring before those who interest themselves in the spreading of Christianity throughout the world the very important handmaid to religion which homœopathy may prove, and entreat them fairly and dispassionately to consider its claims. Why do we look with half-desponding heart, in spite of the assurances of our Divine Master, upon the narrow red margin and occasional dots, marking, in our missionary map, the track of the Gospel? Why are we open to the sneers and ridicule of the assailants of missionary labour, from the small vantage-ground we have gained in the field? Why are we told of the thousands of pounds wasted every year in this warfare without any apparent result? Why are we assured, in almost as

---

neighbours, with some success. Out of twenty-eight cases attacked twenty recovered; and three of those lost were almost dying before the measures were attempted for their restoration. He informs us that he has for thirteen years treated his own cattle, horses, and dogs, with unvarying success, under the instructions given by this gentleman (Mr. Moore), in his "Veterinary Homœopathy."

The animals of the Duke of Marlborough, Earl Percy, Lord Llanover, Earl Denbigh, Lady Franklin, and many others, including about two hundred horses of the Midland Railway Company; and those belonging to the large contractors, Messrs. Mowlem, Burt, and Freeman, are, he informs us, under the care of Mr. Moore, M.R.C.V.S., to whose last pamphlet the reader is again referred.

This present book being in no sense a medical work, any further remarks on this subject would be out of place here.

many words, that though the Son of God Himself came down from heaven to die for men, to purchase their salvation,—it positively is not worth the outlay to the Christian to communicate these good tidings to his fellow-beings? That it actually costs more to save the soul of one Jew, one Turk, or one Heathen, than it is worth! If I may be allowed to say so, "my brethren, these things ought not so to be." But let me ask again, why are they thus? Is it not because, in our desire to preach the Gospel, according to our Saviour's command, to every creature, we have too much forgotten His equally binding command—to "heal the sick?" Have we not too much passed over this most important element of conversion,—and may we not find in this one great cause of our failure? Why must our Livingstones return from the ground they have so nobly entered at the peril of their lives? Why must our Mackenzies sink victims to a day's illness on those shores of death to our nation? Is there not still in our hands a remedy, small and insignificant as it may appear, that shall yet carry us in safety amid those hostile tribes, and win their gratitude and love,—that shall yet save those noble pioneers of religion from falling a sacrifice themselves to the dangers they incur as heralds of the Gospel of peace? The simplicity of the system, the remedies comprised within so small a space, its wonderful success if rightly administered,—all these, in the hands of a person of ordinary intelligence and patience, if properly instructed, command far greater facility in their use than the ordinary style of practice, where the important element of bulk in travelling cannot be overlooked. On horseback, or even on foot, the missionary cannot be incommoded by carrying this small chest; and once convinced of its beneficial agency, and instructed in its use, may it not be a means still untried, which, in the providence of God, may yet win thousands and tens of thousands to His Truth?

THE END.

J. AND W. RIDER, PRINTERS, LONDON.

EXTRACTS FROM NOTICES OF "WHO WINS?"

"Samuel Basil Carlingford was educated as a doctor of the old school, but by personal experience was convinced there was nothing like homœopathy. Through homœopathy he won a blooming bride; and by reason of homœopathy he has now three healthy children. Let all who are anxious to learn the marvels effected by the 'little chest' read the autobiography of Dr. Carlingford."—*Illustrated London News.*

"The incidents make no pretension to the sensational, and the love-passages—for of course there are love-passages even in a convert to homœopathy—are devoid of all mawkish sentimentality. The large class of readers who range themselves on neither side will find in the volume before us very pleasant reading."—*Cheltenham Examiner.*

"The tale, with of course many more accessories, is very pleasantly told. May add one strand to the rope which is to tow homœopathy into more general practice."—*Albion.*

"Tells his own story with a good deal of hearty simplicity. Bears the impress of reality about its pages."—*Bristol Mercury.*

"An account of the various influences which converted him into a believer and a practitioner on the new system."—*Guardian.*

"It is well done, and deserves to be successful. We cannot do better than recommend our readers to study 'Who Wins?' "—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

"Very neatly got up, and well printed. The author appends to his story a chapter containing the life of Hahnemann, and mentions some other leading homœopathists and their medical works."—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

"The interest of the reader is always kept alive. There are ever-varying scenes and incidents, while the truth of the homœopathic principle and practice seems almost imperceptibly enforced."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

"Written throughout in a very pleasant and agreeable style. Has the charm of a graceful narrative, which carries the reader unwearied to the end—'the laughing and winning.' "—*Rugby Advertiser.*

"A most singular book, whether his story be truth or fiction. Very well written and interesting. To say the least, decidedly new."—*Liverpool Courier.*

"Contains some very pleasant reading, in a light gossiping style. The book is worth reading, and we recommend it to all those who are seeking the means of spending a pleasant hour on a winter evening."—*London Mirror.*

"An ardent friend of homœopathy has here interwoven in a very readable tale the claims of that system."—*Friend.*

"Well and earnestly written. Keeps up the attention. The arguments in favour of homœopathy are forcibly and fairly advanced. The love story, instead of seeming out of place, sounds sweetly and pleasantly. Exceedingly good and most readable."—*Monthly Homœopathic Review.*

HOMŒOPATHIC MANUALS, ETC.,

BY DR. RUDDOCK.

Crown 8vo., 608 pp., second edition, greatly improved and enlarged, superior paper and elegant binding, price 7s. 6d.; cheap edition, 5s.; post free.

THE HOMŒOPATHIC VADE-MECUM OF MODERN MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

For the use of Junior Practitioners, Students, Clergymen, Missionaries, Heads of Families, etc.

Just ready, fcap. 8vo., elegant binding, price 3s.; forwarded secure for 36 stamps.

THE LADY'S MANUAL OF HOMŒOPATHIC TREATMENT,

In the various Derangements incident to her Sex.

Now ready, fifth enlarged edition, 40th thousand, 270 pp. Price—cloth limp, 1s.; superior paper and binding, 1s. 6d.; ditto, interleaved, 2s. 9d.; elegant, in morocco, gilt edges, gold letters, suitable for presents, 3s. 6d.

THE STEPPING-STONE TO HOMŒOPATHY AND HEALTH.

Just published, second edition, enlarged, 164 pp., price 1s.; post free for 13 stamps.

THE POCKET MANUAL OF HOMŒOPATHIC VETERINARY MEDICINE;

Including the Treatment of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, and Dogs.

Edited by Dr. RUDDOCK.

Published monthly, price 4d.; post free, 5d.; or 5s. for one year.

THE HOMŒOPATHIC WORLD.

A Monthly Magazine of Medical News, Literature, Cases from Practice, Social and Sanitary Science, and Correspondence.

Edited by Dr. RUDDOCK.

The Yearly Volume for 1866, price 5s., now ready, and is strongly recommended for presentation as a Homœopathic Missionary Volume.

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 12, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.,

And all Homœopathic Chemists and Booksellers.

AUG 19 1936